



Also: *Tommy* TOMORROW SPACE PLANETEER



10c

ACTION COMICS

NO. 177 FEB.

CAN YOU SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF..
"THE ANTI-SUPERMAN WEAPON"

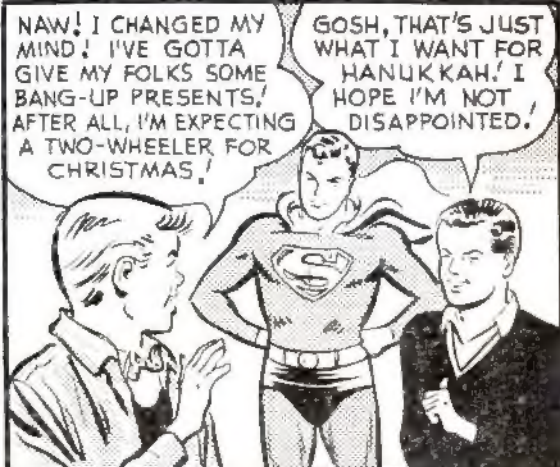
YOU'VE DESTROYED ALL MY SECRET WEAPONS, SUPERMAN-- BUT **THIS** ONE WILL SURELY DESTROY **YOU!**

WHAT CAN BE IN THAT BOX? IT'S LEAD-LINED-- AND EVEN MY X-RAY VISION CAN'T HELP ME!



SUPERBOY

TALKS ABOUT...
"The HOLIDAY SPIRIT!"



THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS

SUPERMAN

WALL & L. PAT. OFF.

FROM MURKY ARCHIVES, WHERE THEY WERE HIDDEN BY A DEFEATED ENEMY, COME PLANS FOR FANTASTIC **SECRET WEAPONS** THAT WERE TO HAVE CONQUERED THE EARTH! BUT NOW, INSTEAD OF MILITARY AGGRESSION, THEY BECOME BLUEPRINTS FOR **MACHINES OF CRIME!** HERE IS A STARTLING BATTLE BETWEEN THESE PRODUCTS OF SOME OF THE WORLD'S KEENEST SCIENTIFIC MINDS AND **SUPERMAN!** YOU'LL THRILL TO THUNDEROUS, CRUSHING ACTION AS THE **MAN OF STEEL** FIGHTS ALONE TO SAVE HIMSELF FROM THE TERRIFYING

ANTI-SUPERMAN WEAPON

BUT, "GENERAL"...
SUPERMAN'S
CRUSHING
OUR NEWEST
WEAPONS!

AH--YOU FORGET...
HE HAS YET
TO ENCOUNTER
THE ONE SECRET
WEAPON
SPECIFICALLY
DESIGNED TO
DESTROY **HIM!**



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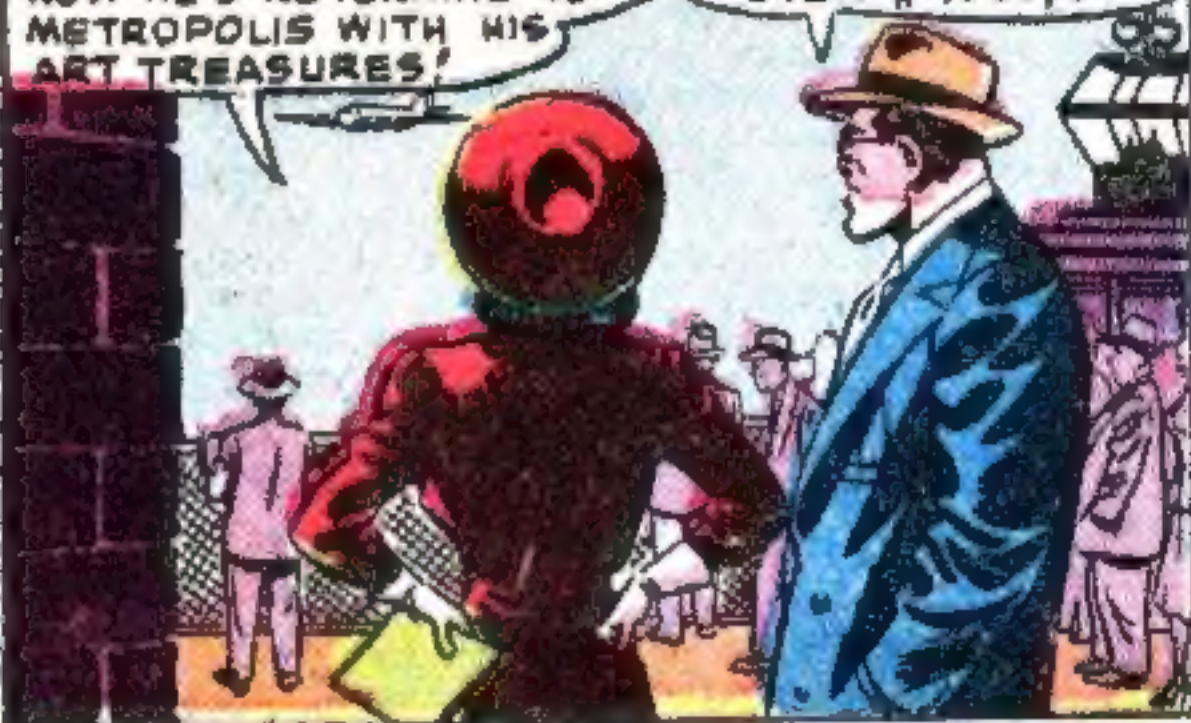
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ONE DAY, AS REPORTERS CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE COVER THE METROPOLIS AIRPORT FOR THE DAILY PLANET...

INTERESTING ASSIGNMENT, EH, CLARK? OLD ERIK COLTON HAS TOURED ALL EUROPE, AND NOW HE'S RETURNING TO METROPOLIS WITH HIS ART TREASURES!

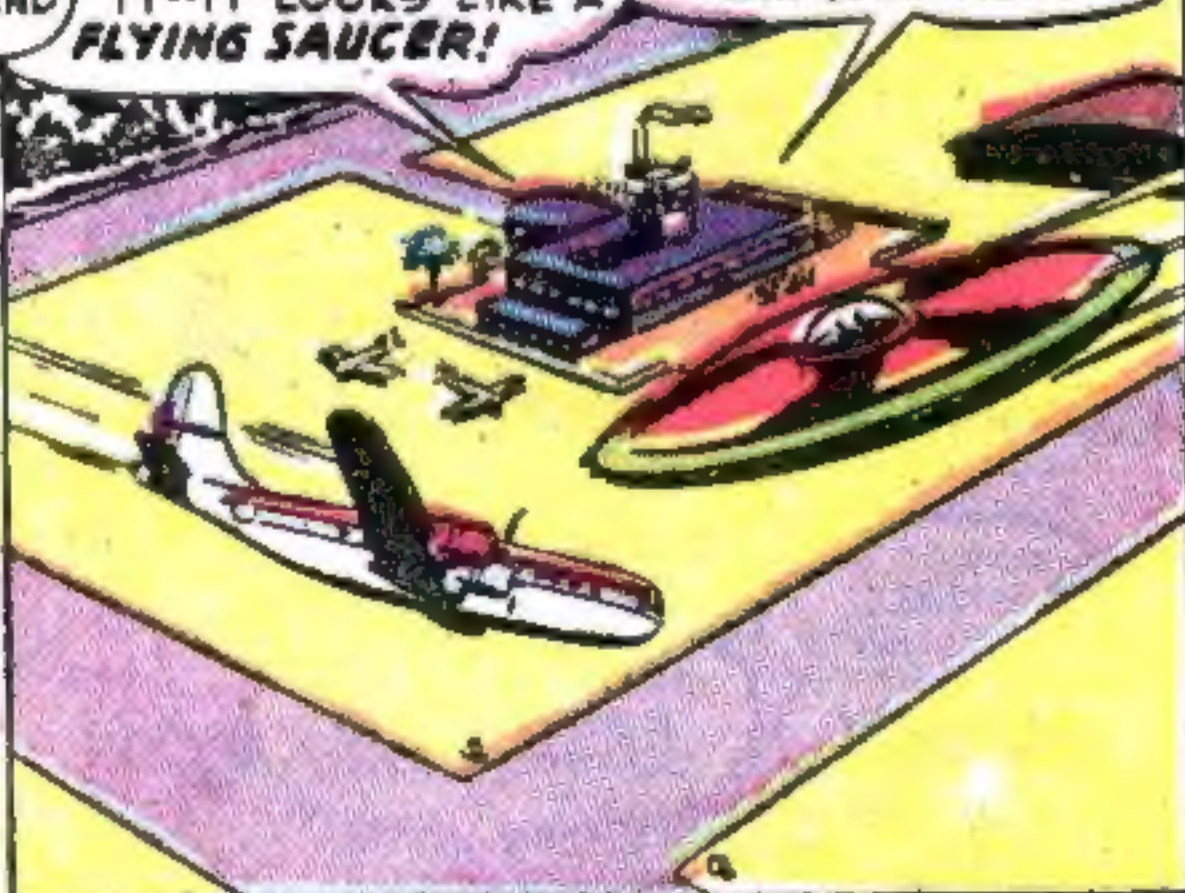
YES, LOIS--AND THERE COMES HIS PLANE NOW! I UNDERSTAND IT'S INSURED FOR OVER \$1,000,000!



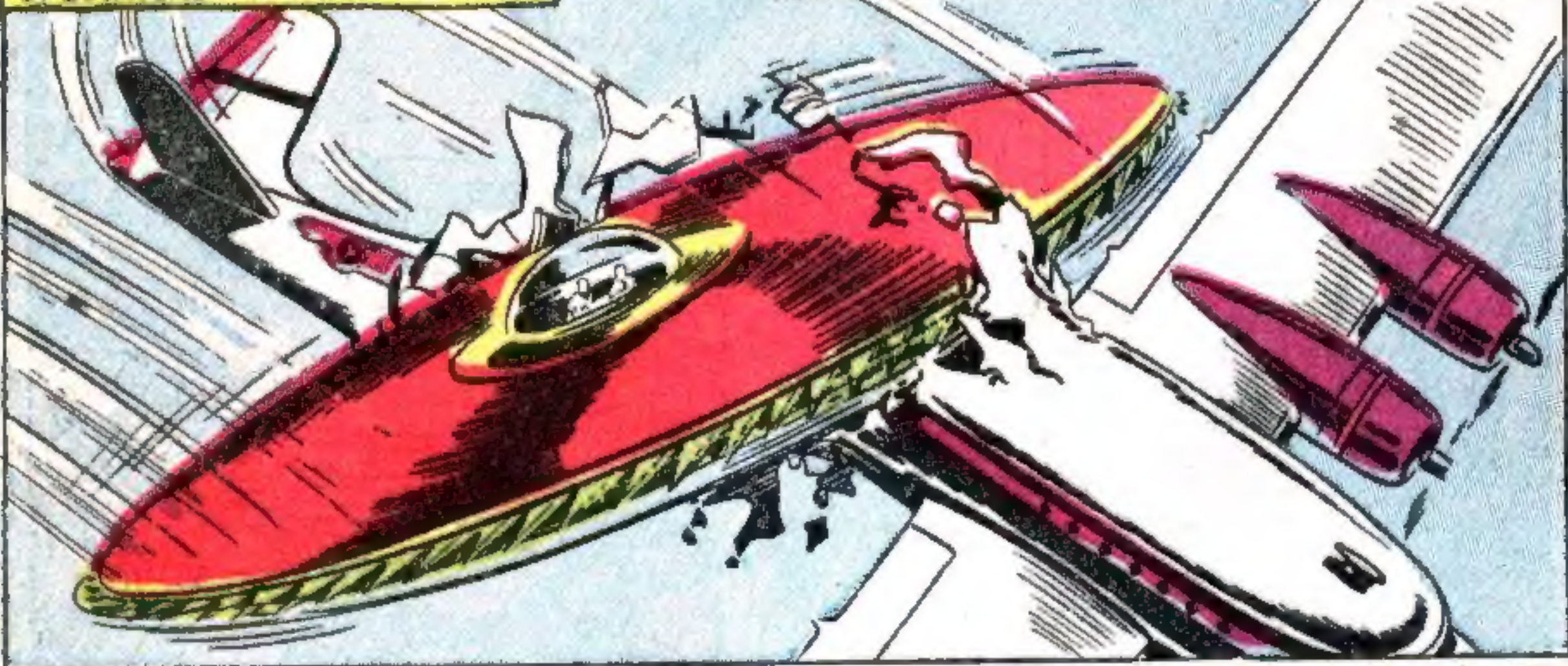
JUST THEN...

CLARK! AM I SEEING THINGS? TH-THAT OBJECT HEADING TOWARD US... IT--IT LOOKS LIKE A FLYING SAUCER!

A FLYING SAUCER? IMPOSSIBLE, LOIS-- THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER EXPLANATION!



IMPOSSIBLE! SUDDENLY, BEFORE THE SPECTATORS' SHOCKED EYES...



AND AT THIS VERY INSTANT, IN THE SHADOWS OF A NEARBY HANGAR...

EEK! IT'S A HUGE REVOLVING SAW-- MANNED BY HUMANS!

THOSE GIANT TEETH... THEY'RE RIPPING RIGHT THROUGH THE PLANE!

IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT, I WAS ABLE TO SLIP AWAY FROM LOIS! MUST SWITCH TO SUPERMAN FAST-- THE PLANE'S ALREADY DESTROYED BUT I CAN STILL SAVE THE PASSENGERS!

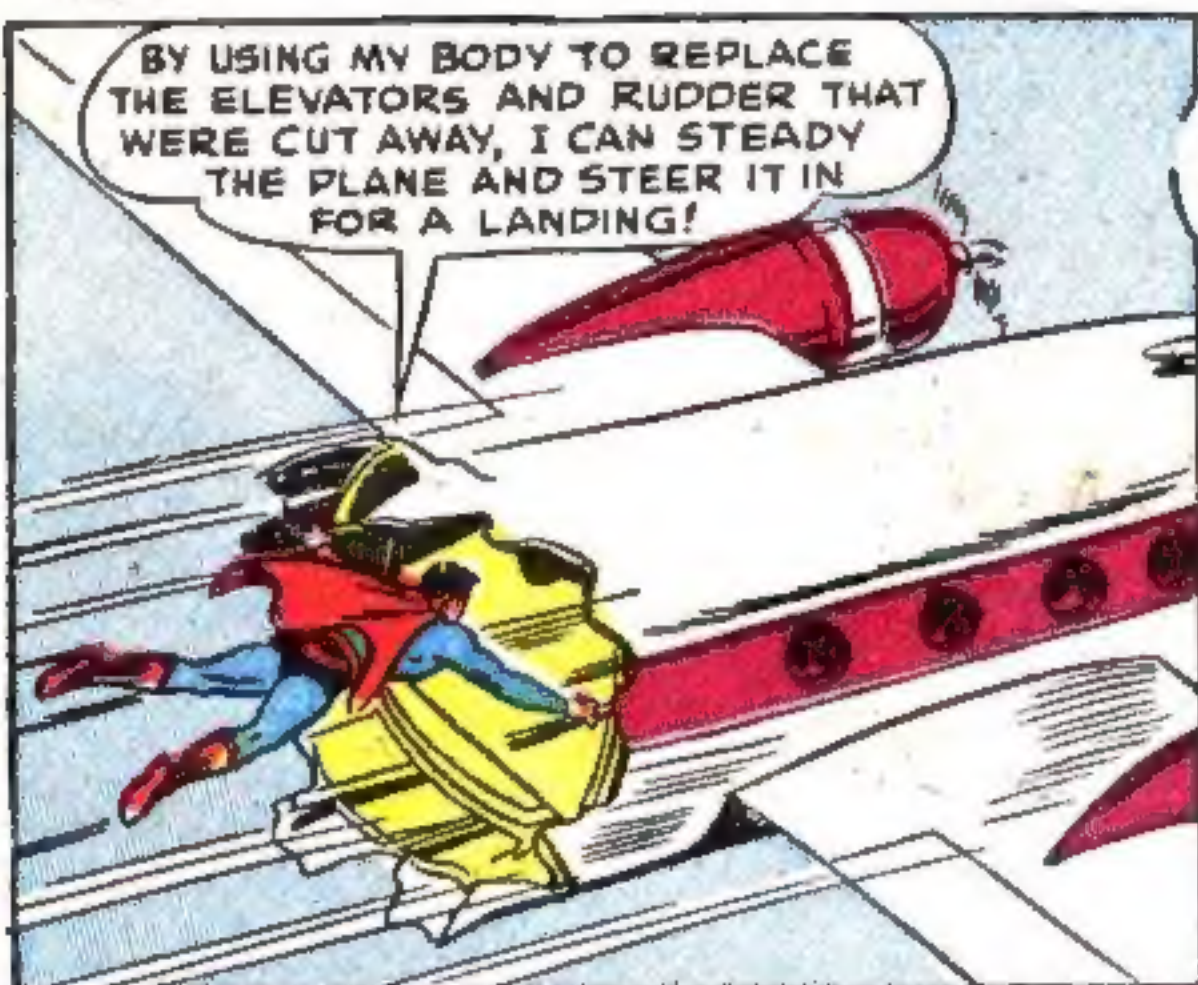


A SPLIT SECOND LATER, HIGH ABOVE THE AIRFIELD...

LOOK! IT'S SUPERMAN!



LUCKILY, THE PASSENGERS ARE ALL IN THE FORWARD HALF OF THE PLANE!



BY USING MY BODY TO REPLACE THE ELEVATORS AND RUDDER THAT WERE CUT AWAY, I CAN STEADY THE PLANE AND STEER IT IN FOR A LANDING!

BUT SHORTLY AFTER...

GONE! THE PRICELESS TREASURES OF EUROPE THAT I'VE SPENT YEARS COLLECTING-- ALL STOLEN! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAVE THEM, **SUPERMAN?**

BECAUSE, MR. COLTON, I WAS BUSY SAVING YOUR LIFE AND THE LIVES OF YOUR CREW MEMBERS! I'LL TAKE AFTER THAT FANTASTIC **FLYING SAUCER** RIGHT NOW!



NO, **SUPERMAN**-- YOU'RE TOO LATE! THE MEN IN THAT MACHINE DESERTED IT AND MADE OFF WITH MR. COLTON'S ART TREASURES IN A WAITING CAR!

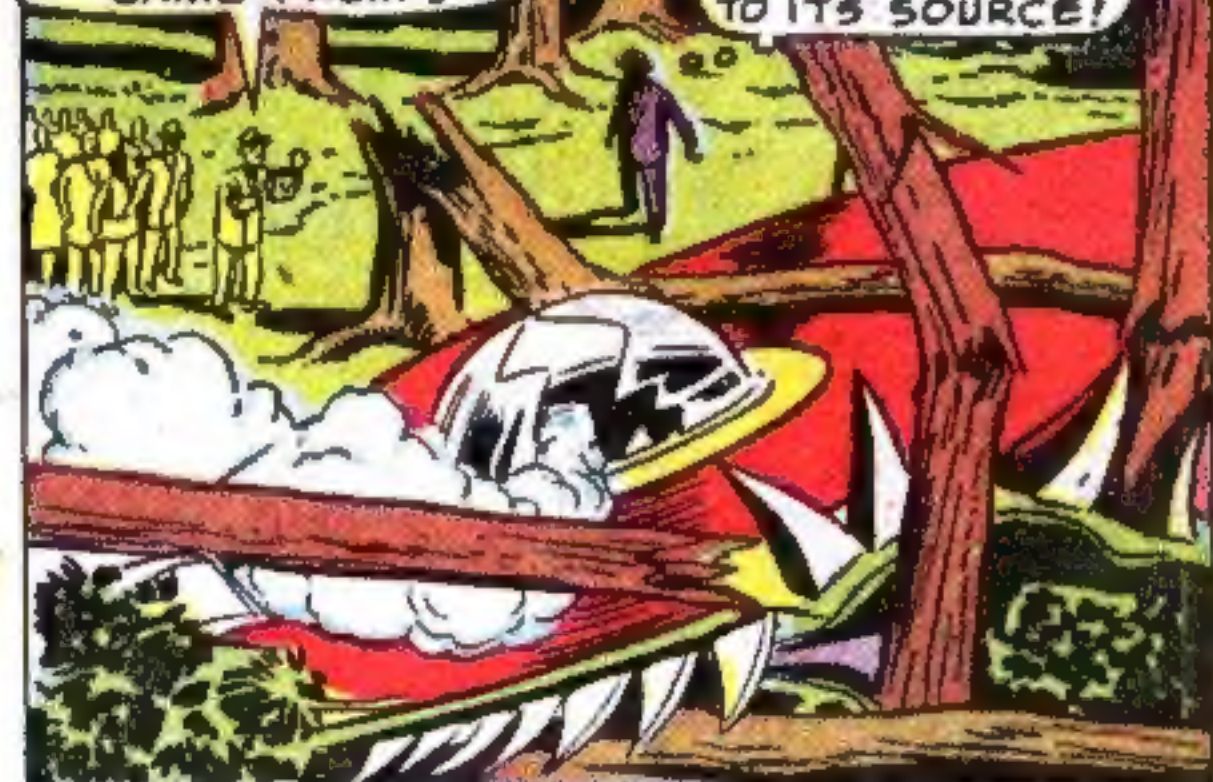
GOSH-- THAT'S TOO BAD! BY THIS TIME, THEIR GETAWAY CAR WILL BE MILES FROM HERE-- LOST IN THE CITY'S HEAVY TRAFFIC! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SPOT THEM NOW!



AND SO, AFTER SECRETLY SWITCHING BACK TO CLARK KENT...

WOW! A **FLYING SAUCER**-- A FANTASTIC MACHINE USED TO COMMIT CRIME! WONDER WHERE IT CAME FROM?

I'M WONDERING THE SAME THING! BY ABANDONING THIS MACHINE, THE CROOKS GAVE ME NO CHANCE TO FOLLOW IT BACK TO ITS SOURCE!



WHERE, INDEED, DID THE STARTLING NEW WEAPON ORIGINATE? SEVERAL DAYS LATER, ATOP METROPOLIS' TALLEST BUILDING...

TODAY, VISIBILITY IS ONLY ABOUT HALF A MILE... BUT WHEN THE WEATHER'S CLEAR, YOU CAN SEE ALL THE WAY TO THE NEXT CITY!

MOM, LOOK! THAT CLOUD IN THE DISTANCE! IT MUST BE A GIANT DUST STORM!

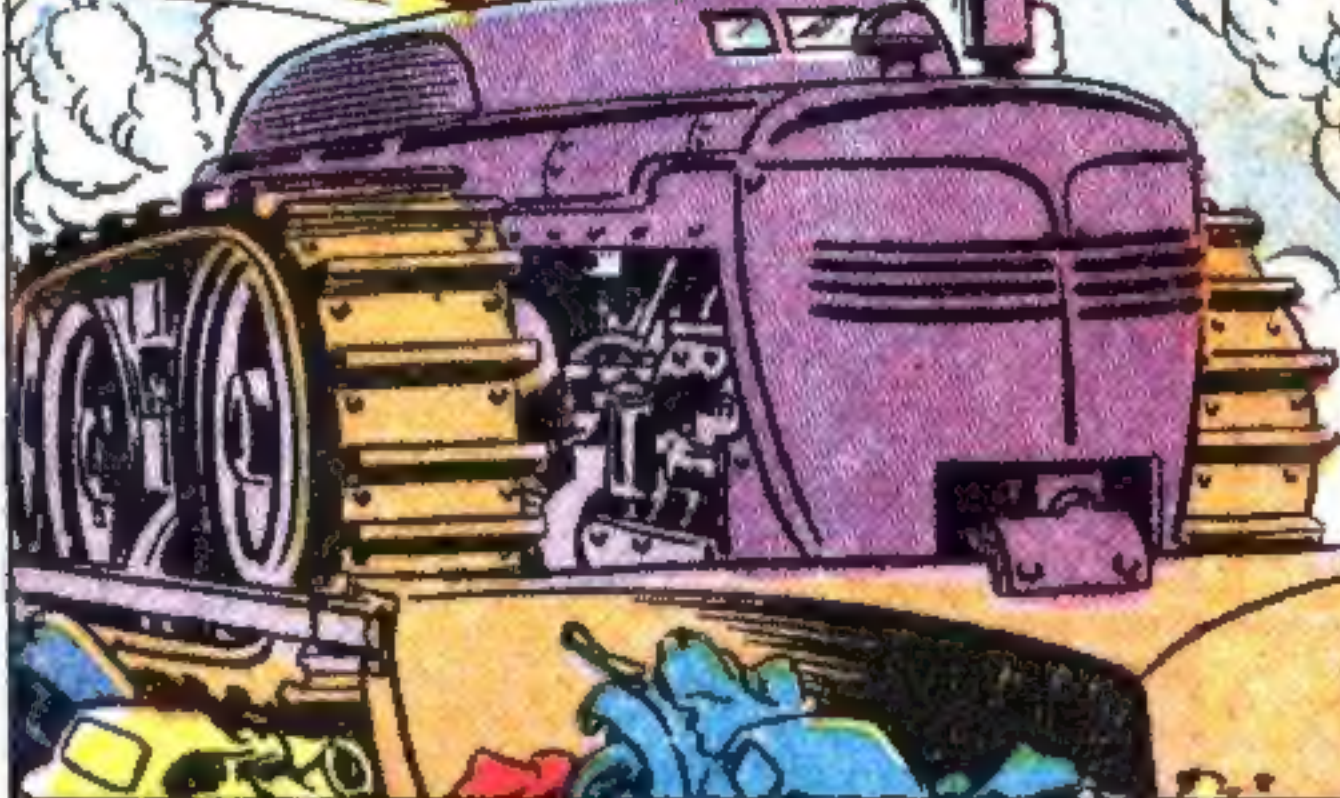


WHY--WHY, THIS IS AMAZING! THERE'S NEVER BEEN A DUST STORM IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY!



ALL OF A SUDDEN, FROM OUT OF THE OMINOUS CLOUD, AN AWESOME SHAPE APPEARS...

R-ROAR



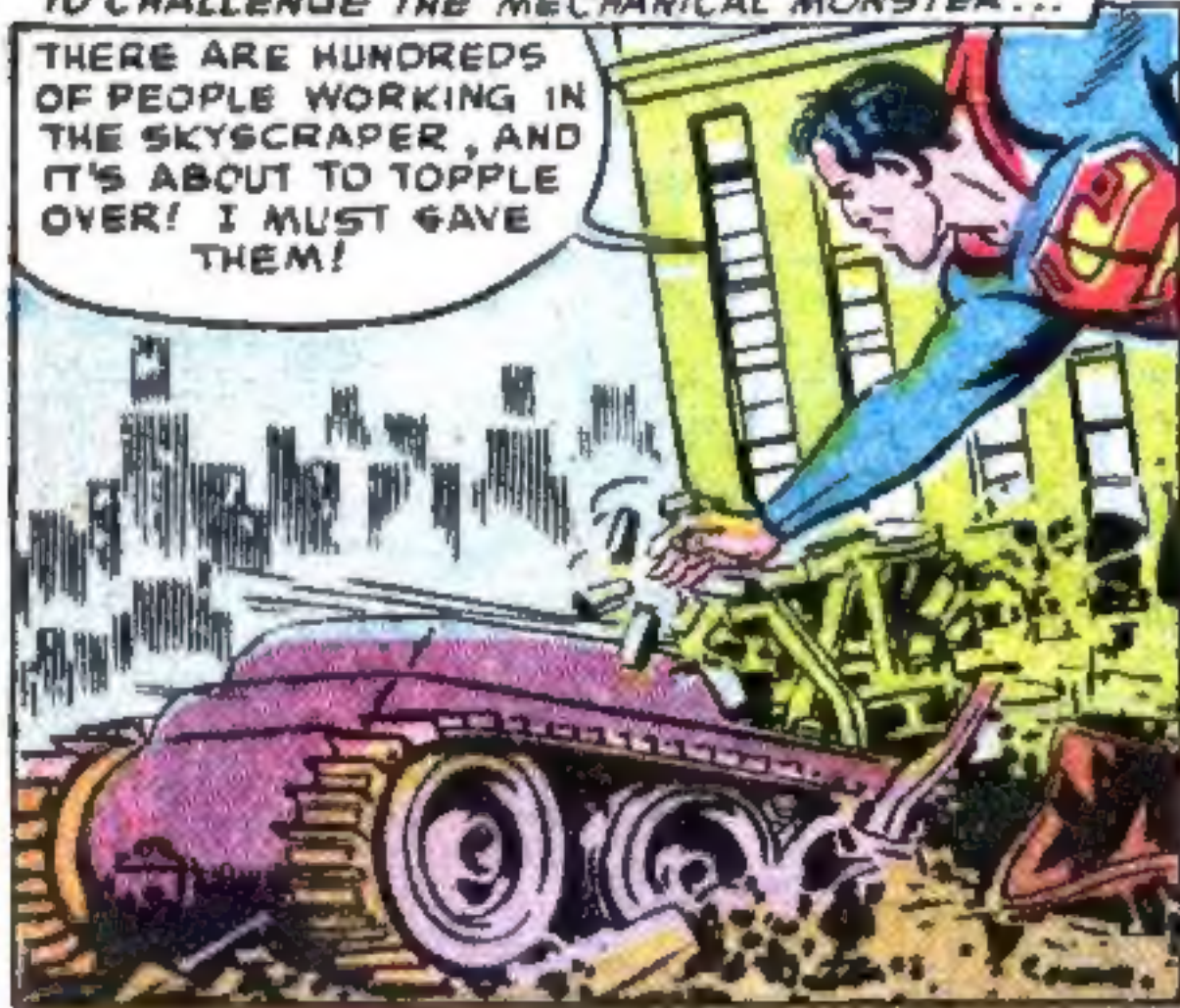
IT'S A GIANT **BULLDOZER**, SWEEPING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH!

QUICK! INTO THE ELEVATORS! THAT THING IS HEADED FOR THIS BUILDING! WE'LL TOPPLE LIKE A HOUSE OF STRAW!



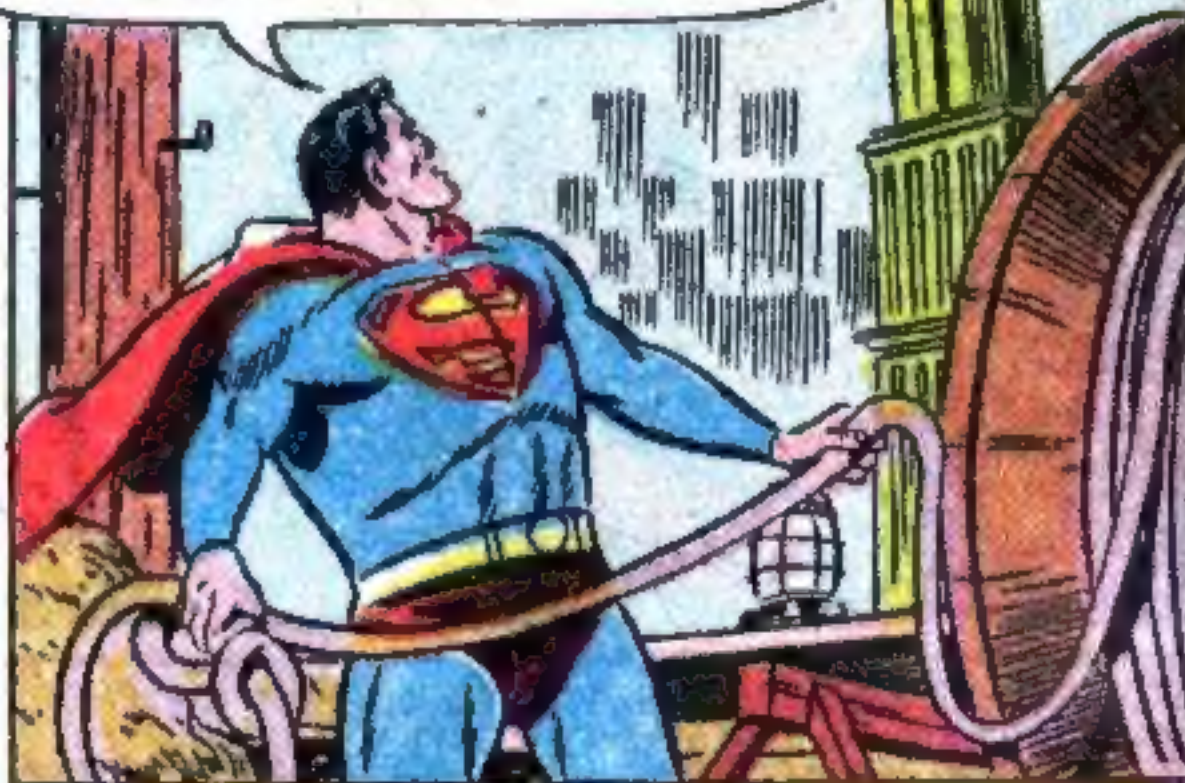
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A HUMAN WEAPON ARRIVES TO CHALLENGE THE MECHANICAL MONSTER...

THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE WORKING IN THE SKYSCRAPER, AND IT'S ABOUT TO TOPPLE OVER! I MUST SAVE THEM!



AT LIGHTNING-SPEED, THE MAN OF STEEL UNREELS A HEAVY 'PHONE CABLE...

BY TYING A SLIP KNOT WITH THIS THICK, LEAD-SHEATHED WIRE...

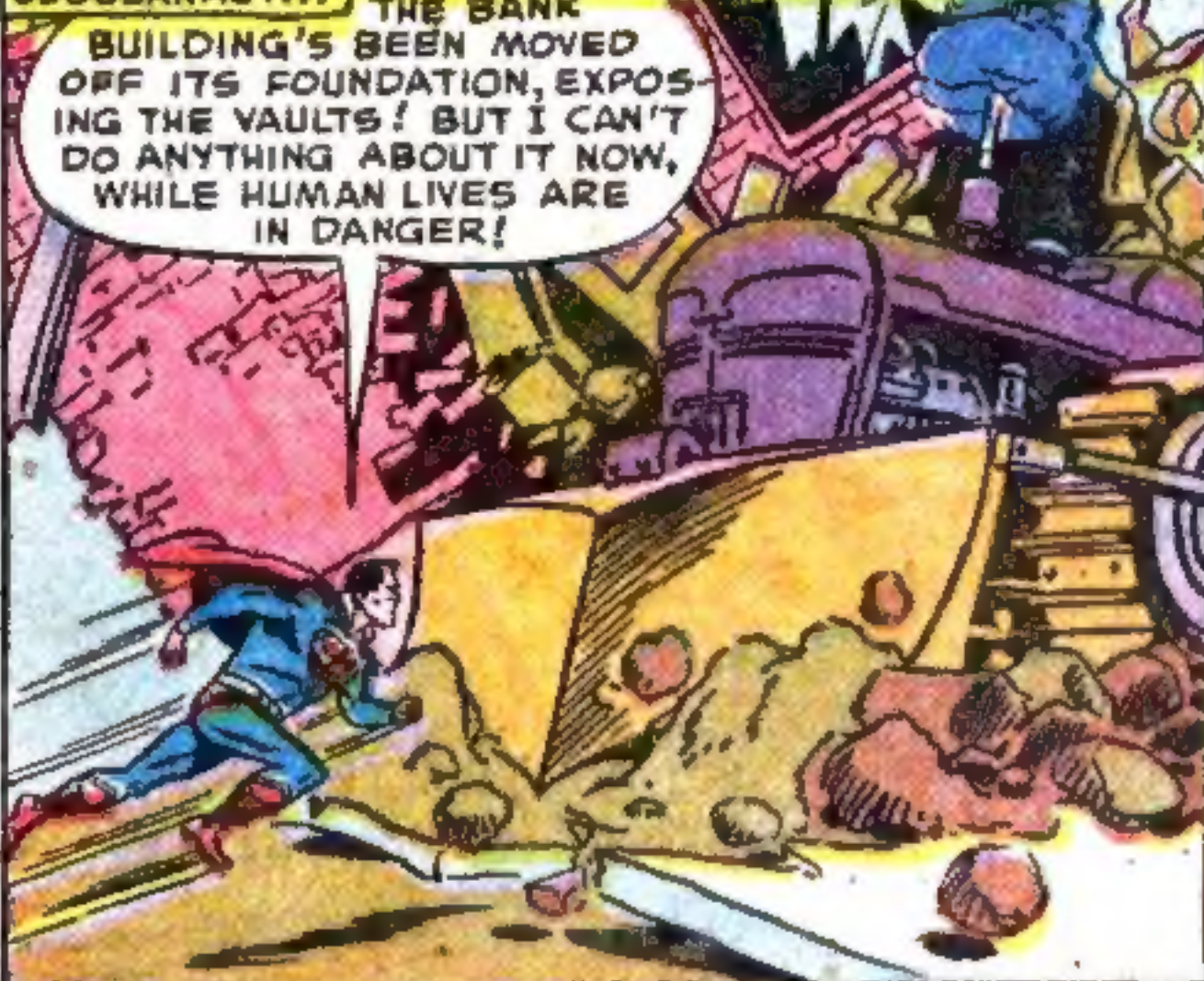


THERE! NOW THE PEOPLE INSIDE CAN ESCAPE IN PERFECT SAFETY! BUT THAT GIANT BULLDOZER HAS TAKEN ANOTHER PATH! I MUST STOP IT BEFORE IT DOES ANY MORE DAMAGE!

...I CAN USE IT AS A **HUGE LASSO** THAT'LL HOLD BACK THE FALLING BUILDING!



MOMENTS LATER, IN THE FACE OF THE ONCOMING JUGGERNAUT...



THE BANK BUILDING'S BEEN MOVED OFF ITS FOUNDATION, EXPOSING THE VAULTS! BUT I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT NOW, WHILE HUMAN LIVES ARE IN DANGER!



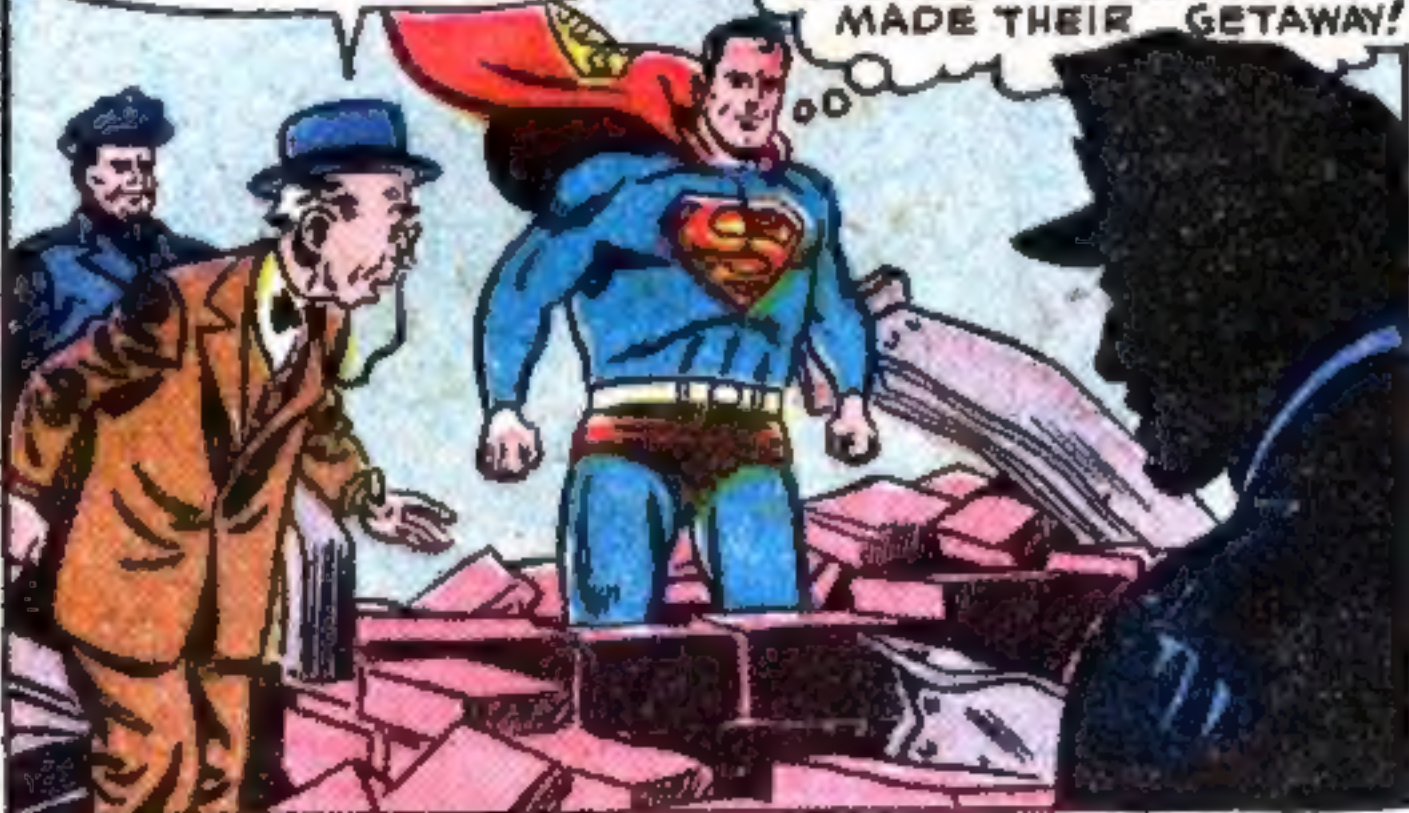
STRANGE... I ACTUALLY FELT RESISTANCE WHEN I HIT THAT GIANT BLADE! IT MUST BE MADE OF SPECIALLY HARDENED STEEL!

BOOM

CRASH!

SO PRESENTLY...

THEY GOT AWAY WITH OVER \$1,000,000 IN CURRENCY AND SECURITIES! IT'S ONE OF THE BIGGEST HAULS IN HISTORY!

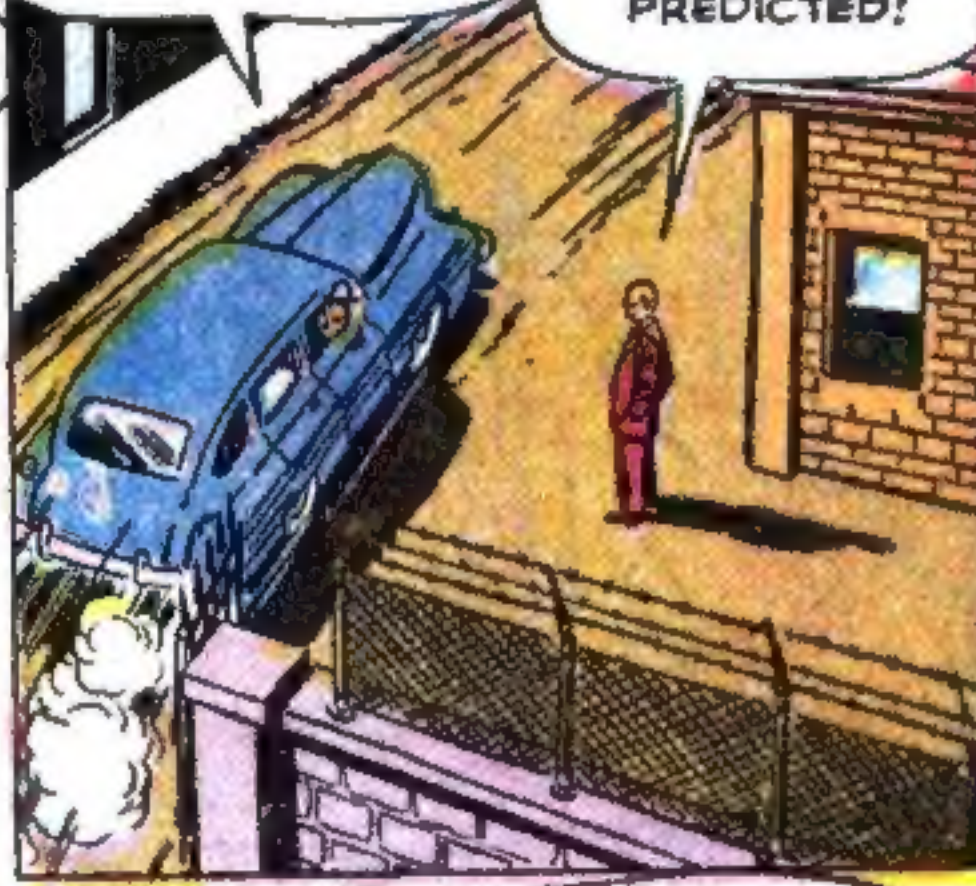


THESE CROOKS DESERTED THE MACHINE AND LEFT IT RUNNING SO THAT I'D BE OCCUPIED HALTING IT! THAT'S WHEN THEY LOOTED THE BANK AND MADE THEIR GETAWAY!

MEANWHILE, IN A DESERTED VALLEY MANY MILES FROM THE CITY...

IT WORKED AGAIN, "GENERAL!" WE MILKED THAT BANK DRY!

EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT! IT'S ALL AS I'VE PREDICTED!



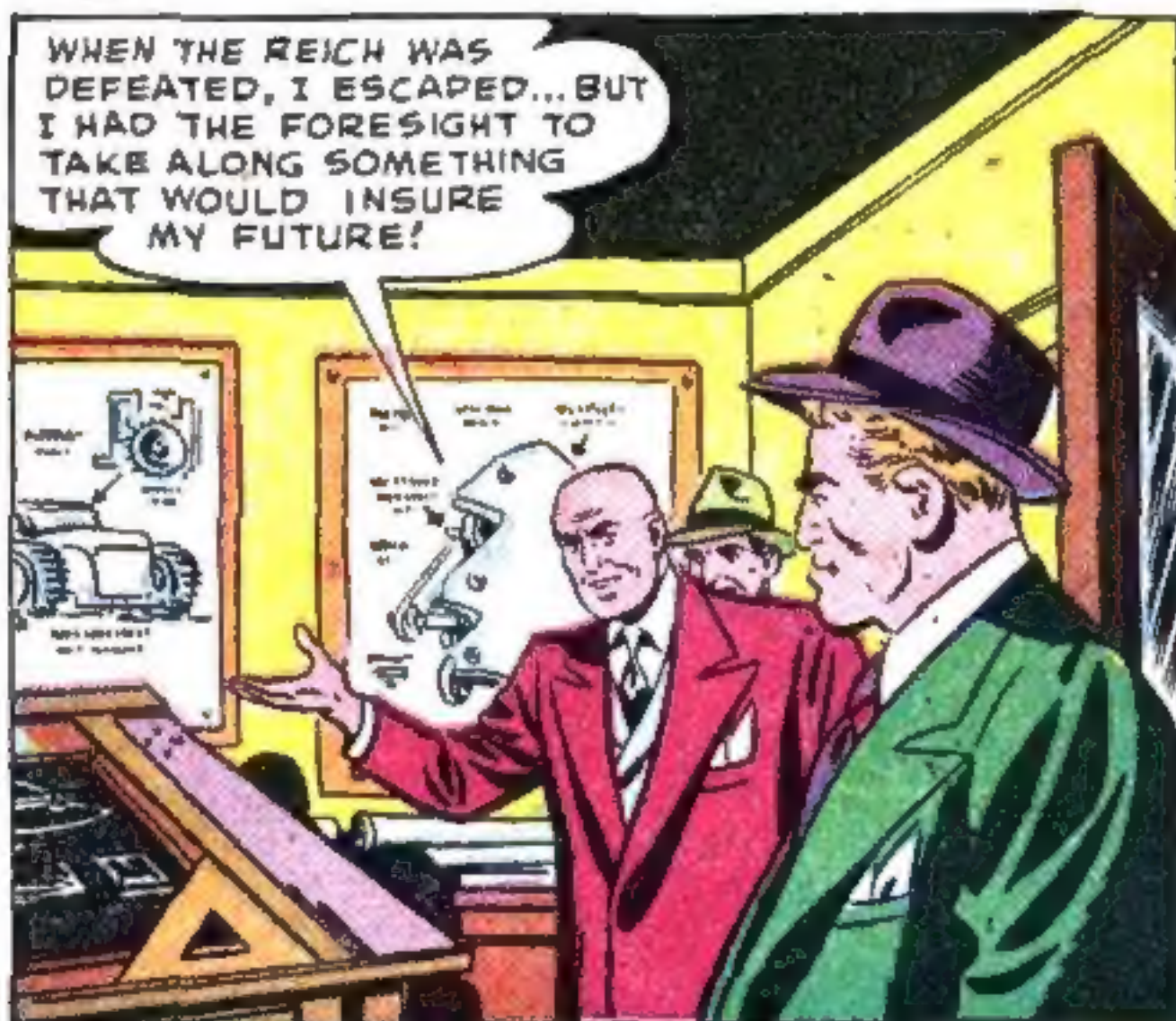
THIS IS SURE BETTER THAN THE OLD-FASHIONED STICK-UPS WE USED TO PULL! WHAT MACHINE DO WE USE NEXT, "GENERAL?"



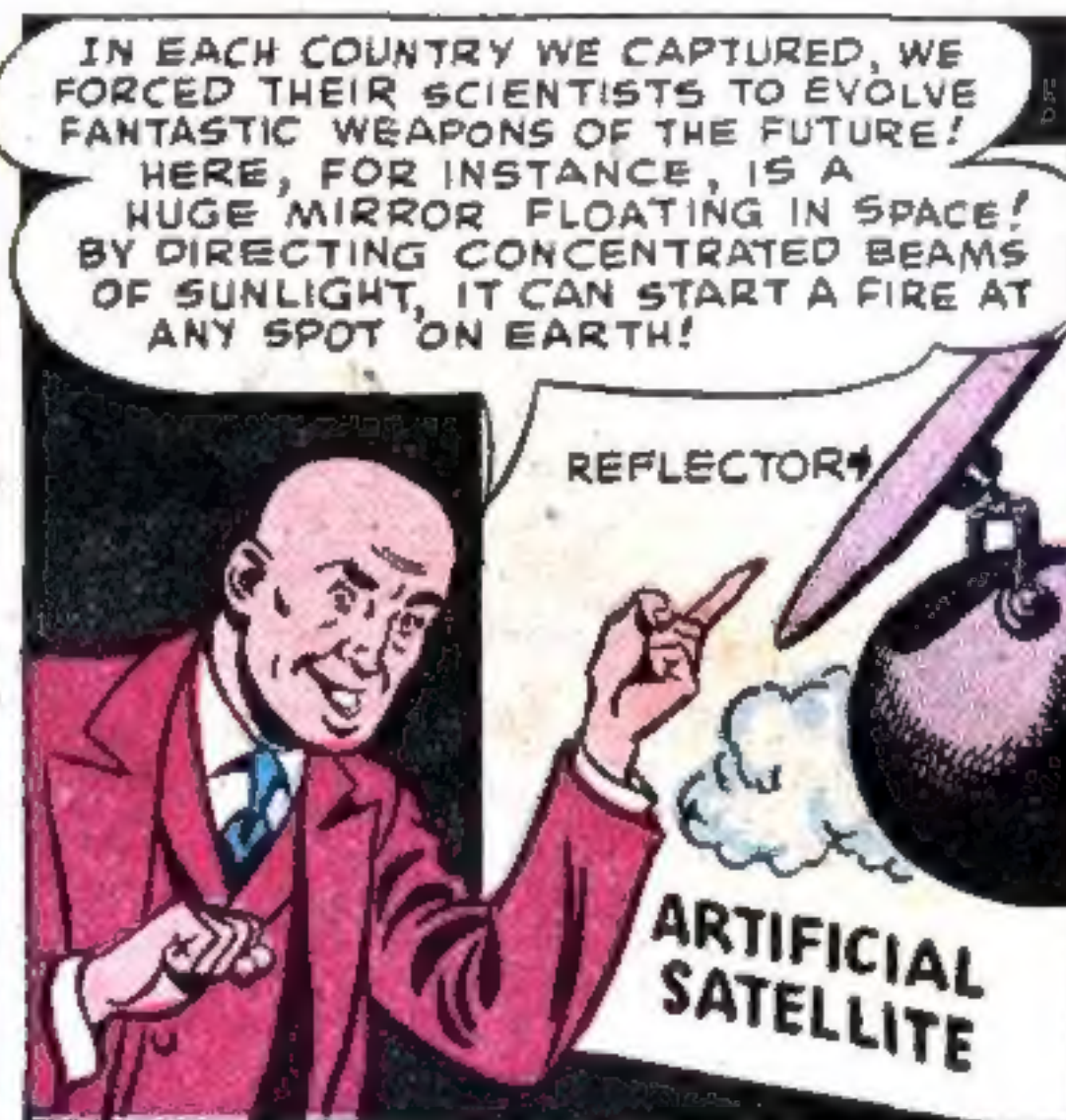
HERE IN THE TESTING GROUNDS, SEVERAL ARE BEING TRIED OUT! AFTER STUDYING THE RESULTS OF THE TESTS, I'LL LET YOU KNOW!

WHEN THE NAZIS WERE DEFEATED, THEY THOUGHT I WAS THROUGH -- FINISHED! BUT NOW, FABULOUS SUCCESS WILL BE MINE -- PERHAPS EVEN GREATER THAN THAT DREAMED OF BY OUR LEADER!





WHEN THE REICH WAS DEFEATED, I ESCAPED... BUT I HAD THE FORESIGHT TO TAKE ALONG SOMETHING THAT WOULD INSURE MY FUTURE!



IN EACH COUNTRY WE CAPTURED, WE FORCED THEIR SCIENTISTS TO EVOLVE FANTASTIC WEAPONS OF THE FUTURE! HERE, FOR INSTANCE, IS A HUGE MIRROR FLOATING IN SPACE! BY DIRECTING CONCENTRATED BEAMS OF SUNLIGHT, IT CAN START A FIRE AT ANY SPOT ON EARTH!

REFLECTOR!

ARTIFICIAL SATELLITE



UNFORTUNATELY, WE LOST THE WAR BEFORE WE COULD CONSTRUCT MANY OF THESE DEVICES! THINK WHAT WE COULD HAVE DONE IF TIME HAD ALLOWED US TO USE THEM!

SUPERSONIC ROCKET--CAPACITY:
ONE REGIMENT, FIELD ARTILLERY WITH EQUIPMENT

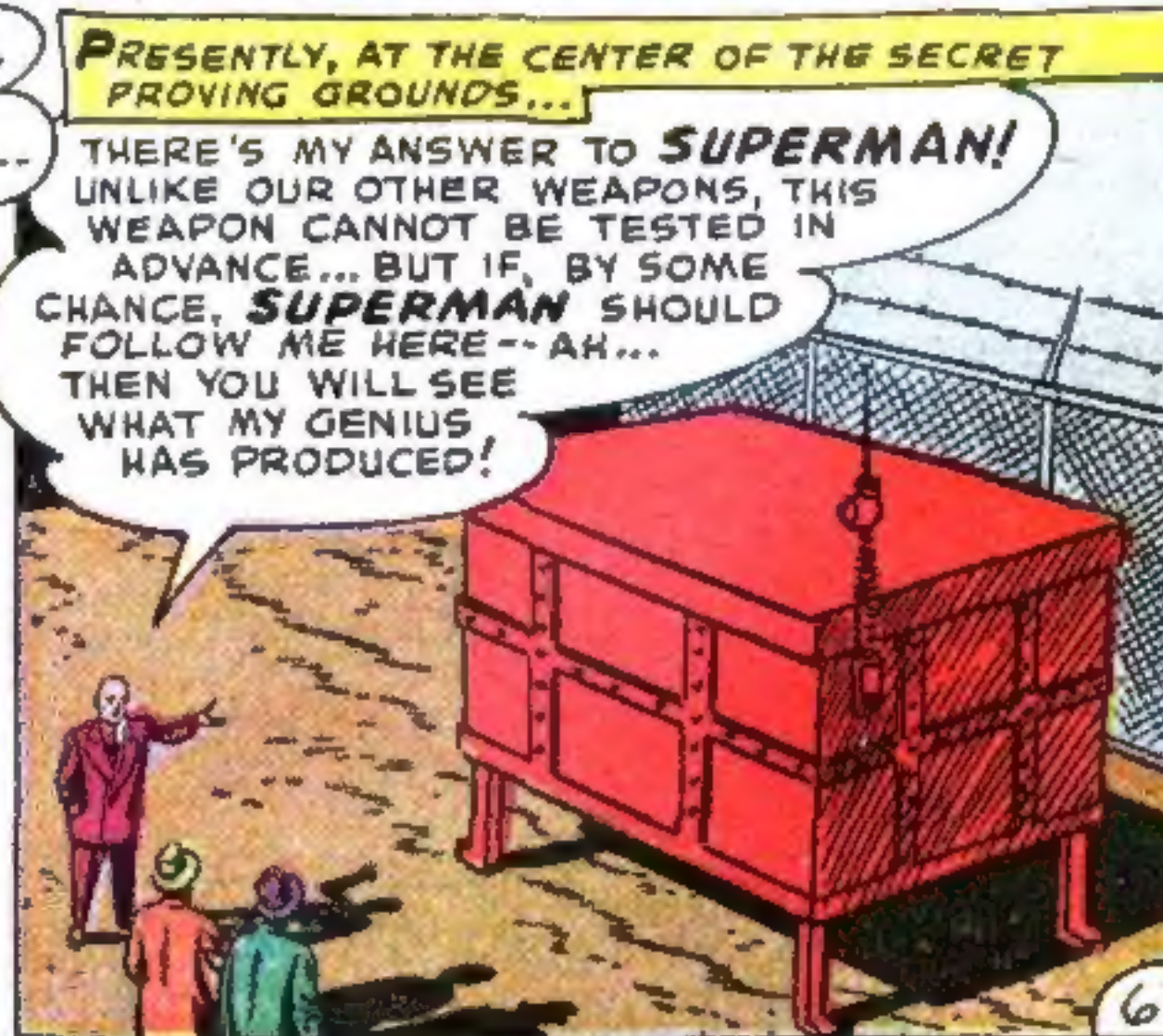


BUT I **SHALL** USE THEM-- FOR **CRIME!** FOR I HAVE ALL THE DETAILED PLANS OF THE MOST FANTASTIC MEANS OF DESTRUCTION EVER CONCEIVED BY MAN!



THERE'S ONLY ONE TROUBLE, "GENERAL!" SUPPOSE **SUPERMAN** FINDS OUT WHERE THIS PLACE IS? THEN WE ARE LICKED!

HA! MY DEAR MOUSY, IN MY **MASTER PLAN**, NOTHING IS OVERLOOKED! COME-- I'LL SHOW YOU!



PRESENTLY, AT THE CENTER OF THE SECRET PROVING GROUNDS...

THERE'S MY ANSWER TO **SUPERMAN!** UNLIKE OUR OTHER WEAPONS, THIS WEAPON CANNOT BE TESTED IN ADVANCE... BUT IF, BY SOME CHANCE, **SUPERMAN** SHOULD FOLLOW ME HERE-- AH... THEN YOU WILL SEE WHAT MY GENIUS HAS PRODUCED!

SOME TIME AFTER, AT THE DAILY PLANET...

THE ARMY'S SENDING ITS LATEST WEAPONS TO DEFEND THE CITY, CLARK... BUT DO YOU THINK THEY CAN STOP THESE THINGS WHEN EVEN SUPERMAN HAS FAILED?

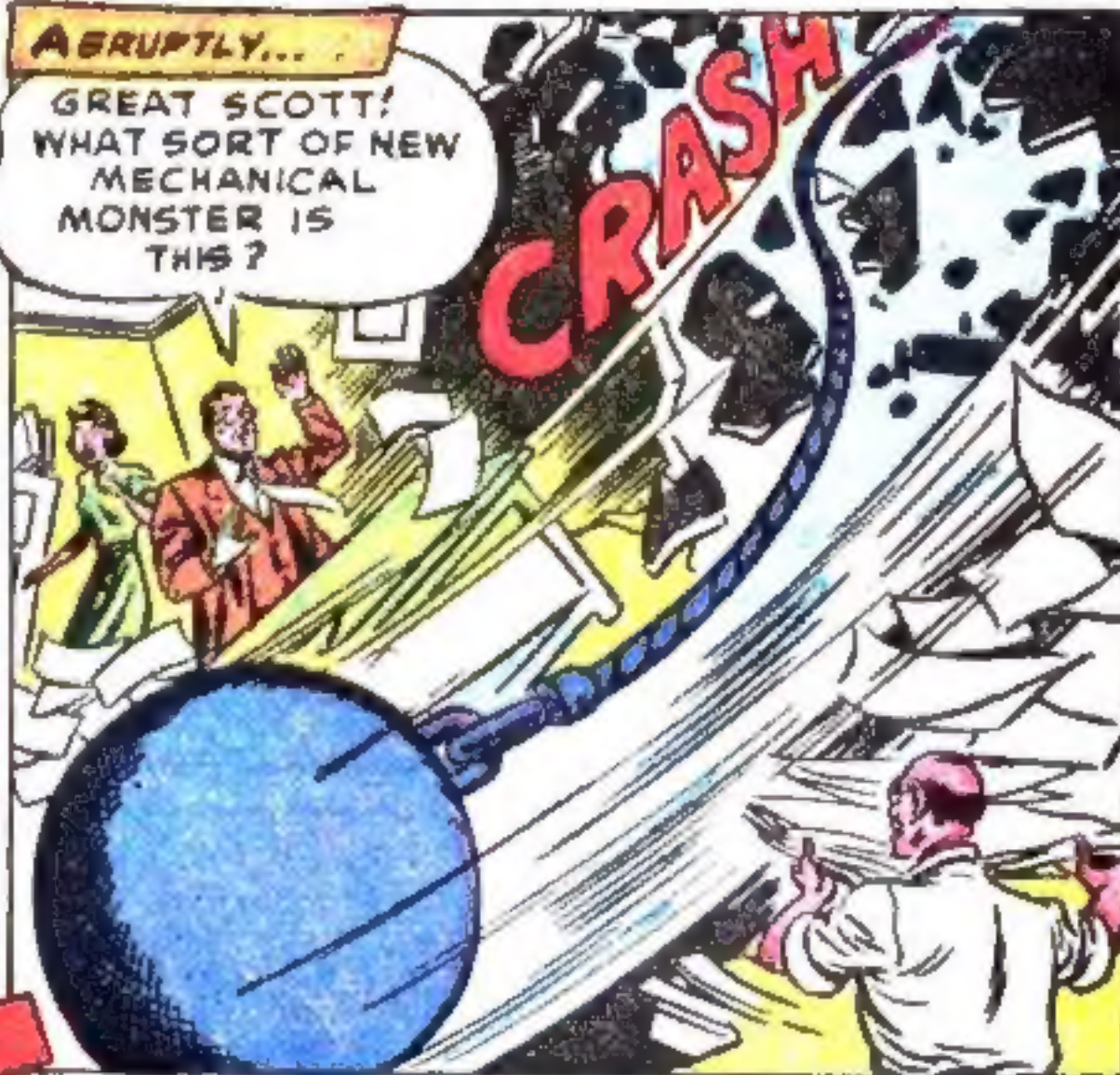
WELL, PERHAPS WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF THEM ANYHOW, LOIS!



AND AFTER A LIGHTNING CHANGE OF COSTUME...

ABRUPTLY...

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT SORT OF NEW MECHANICAL MONSTER IS THIS?

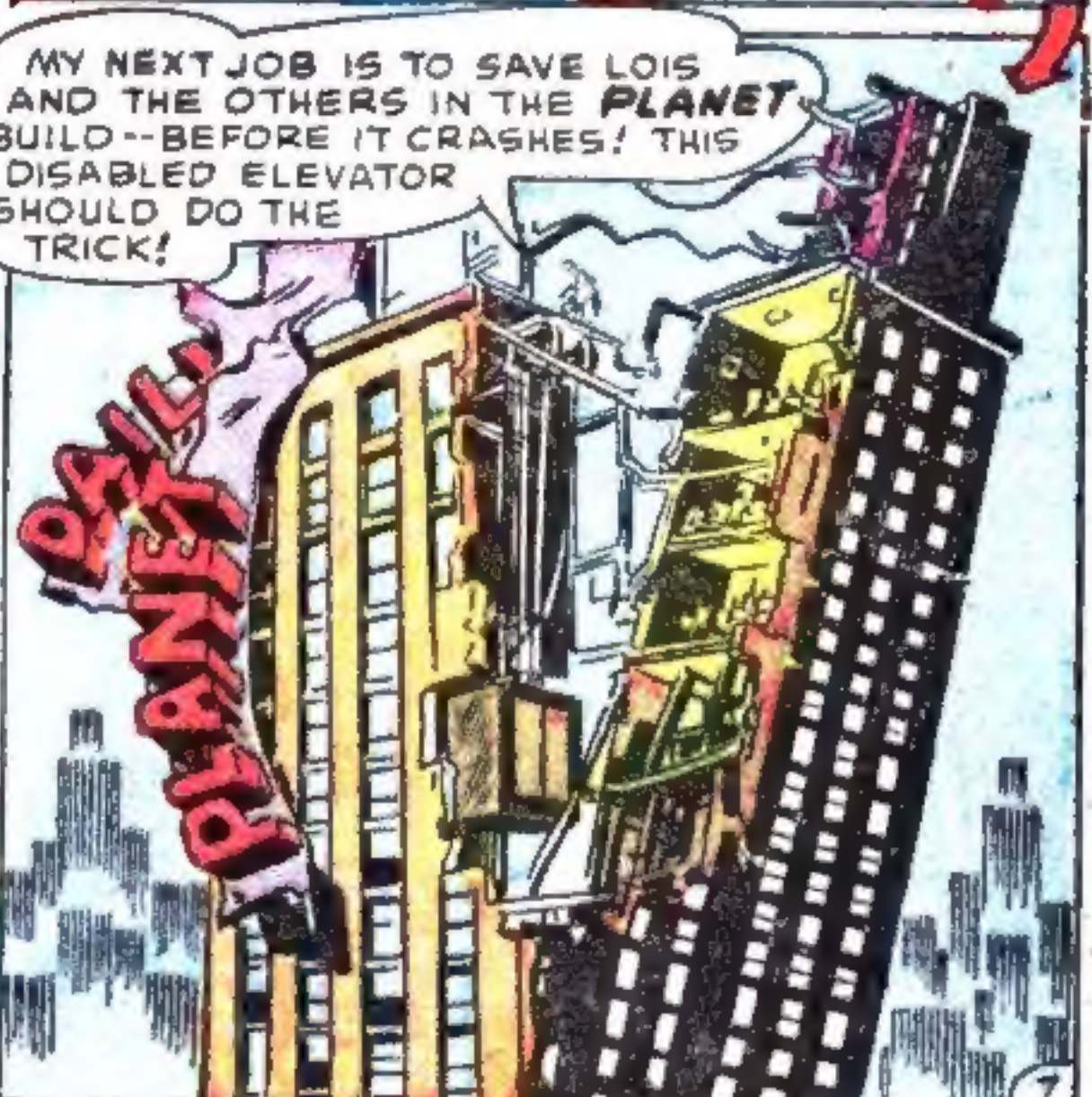


A FLYING WRECKING CRANE, LIKE THE ONES USED BY WRECKING CREWS-- ONLY TEN TIMES AS LARGE!

I'LL BET THE INVENTOR OF THIS THING NEVER EXPECTED IT TO BE USED AS A PUNCHING BAG! NOW THIS GLOBE OF DESTRUCTION IS NOTHING BUT A MASS OF IRON FILINGS!



MY NEXT JOB IS TO SAVE LOIS AND THE OTHERS IN THE PLANET BUILD--BEFORE IT CRASHES! THIS DISABLED ELEVATOR SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



THUS, WITH HIS SUPER-STURDY ARMS, THE MAN OF STEEL BECOMES A HUMAN ELEVATOR MOTOR!

TRouble is, while I'm busy here, the operators of that machine again have a chance to loot the city! If I could only learn who's the brains behind all these ingenious weapons!



PRESENTLY...

A CLOSE CHECK OF THAT FLYING WRECKER REVEALED THAT IT WAS OPERATED BY AN AUTOMATIC PILOT! I'LL START TRYING TO TRACE IT DOWN AS SOON AS I GET THE DAILY PLANET ROLLING AGAIN!

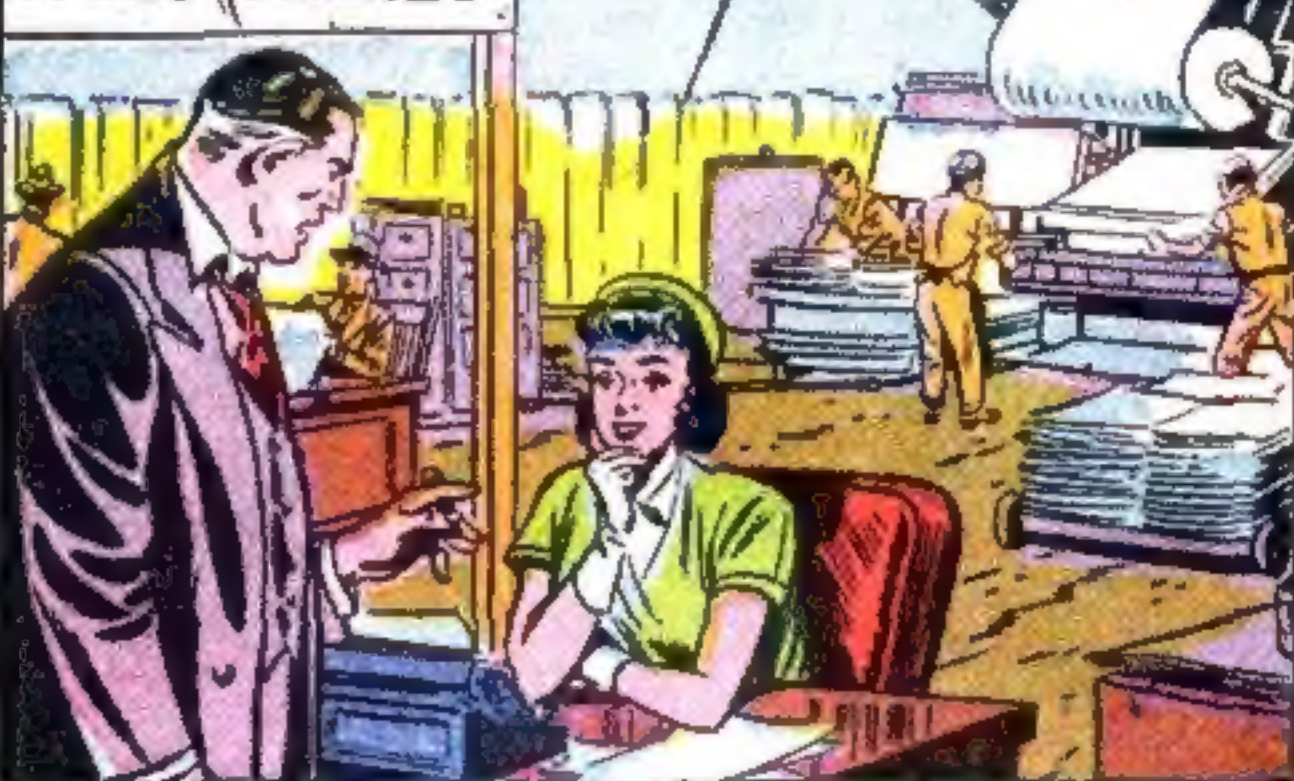


SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

SUPERMAN'S TOO BUSY PROTECTING THE CITY FROM FURTHER ATTACKS TO REBUILD OUR OFFICE NOW, LOIS, BUT I'M SURE GLAD HE MOVED THE PRESSES HERE! WE'LL STILL GET OUT A PAPER, EVEN IN THE FIELD!

I WISH I COULD FIND CLARK! I WANT HIM TO HELP ME COVER THE ARMY SIDE OF THIS STORY!

DAILY PLANET



OH, CLARK SHOULD BE HERE SOON! IN THE MEANTIME, LOIS, CALL A PHOTOGRAPHER AND GET SOME SHOTS OF THE BARRAGE BALLOONS THE ARMY'S PUTTING UP ALL AROUND THE CITY!

RIGHT, CHIEF!



SOON...

WOW! BARRAGE BALLOONS AND EVEN TANK TRAPS! IF ALL THIS DOESN'T STOP THE MACHINE MENACE, I SUPPOSE NOTHING WILL!

AH-- I'VE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU AT LAST, MISS LANE! YOU MUST SEE MY INVENTION!

NO ONE WILL LISTEN TO ME, BUT YOU CAN WRITE ABOUT MY INVENTION IN YOUR PAPER! YOU SEE, IT'S A ROCKET WHICH CAN LIFT FANTASTIC WEIGHTS!

ER... AH... VERY INTERESTING, I'M SURE! BUT RIGHT NOW, I'M ON ASSIGNMENT! PERHAPS YOU CAN SEE ME SOME OTHER TIME!



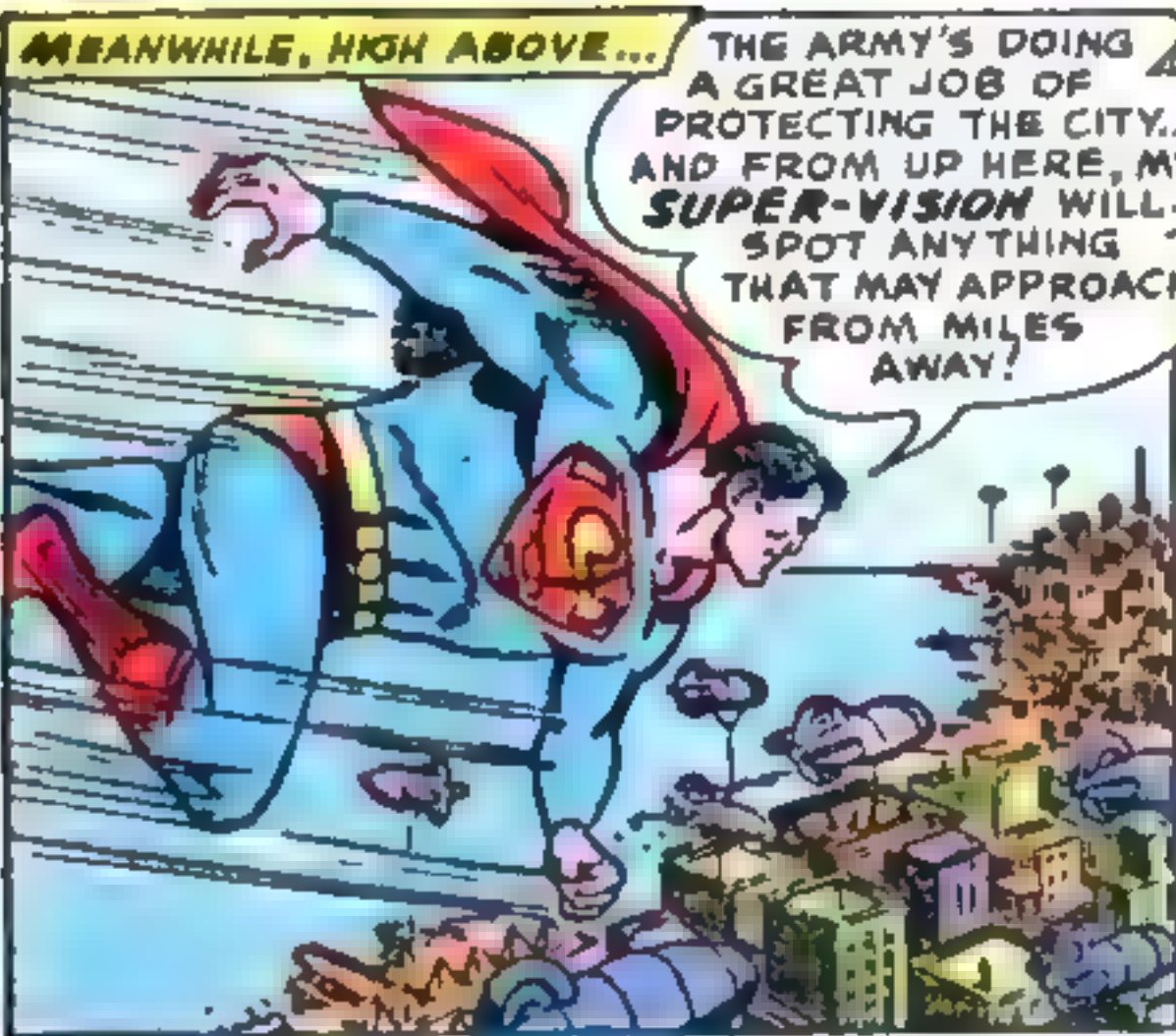


ACTION COMICS



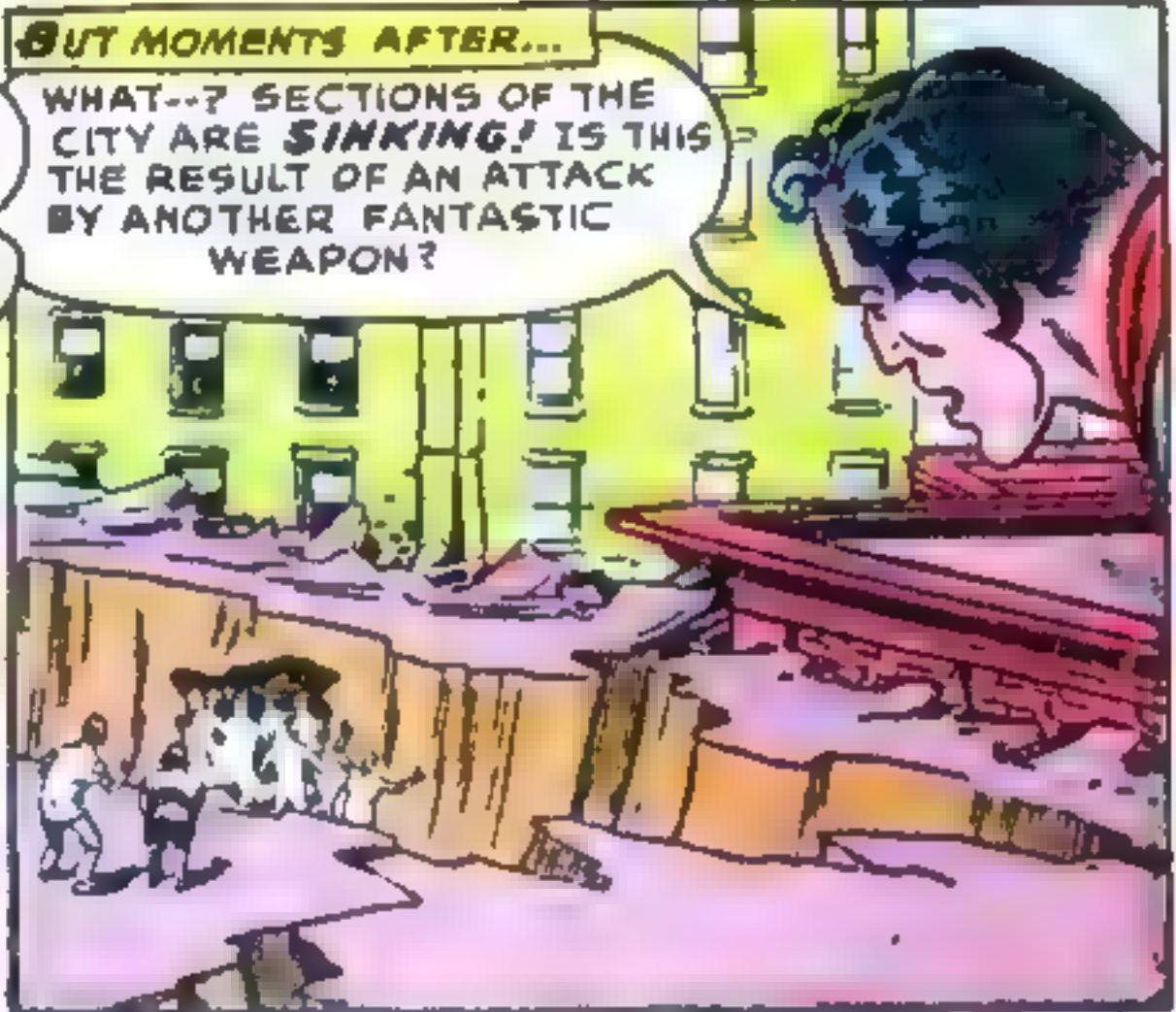
MEANWHILE, HIGH ABOVE...

THE ARMY'S DOING A GREAT JOB OF PROTECTING THE CITY... AND FROM UP HERE, MY **SUPER-VISION** WILL SPOT ANYTHING THAT MAY APPROACH FROM MILES AWAY!

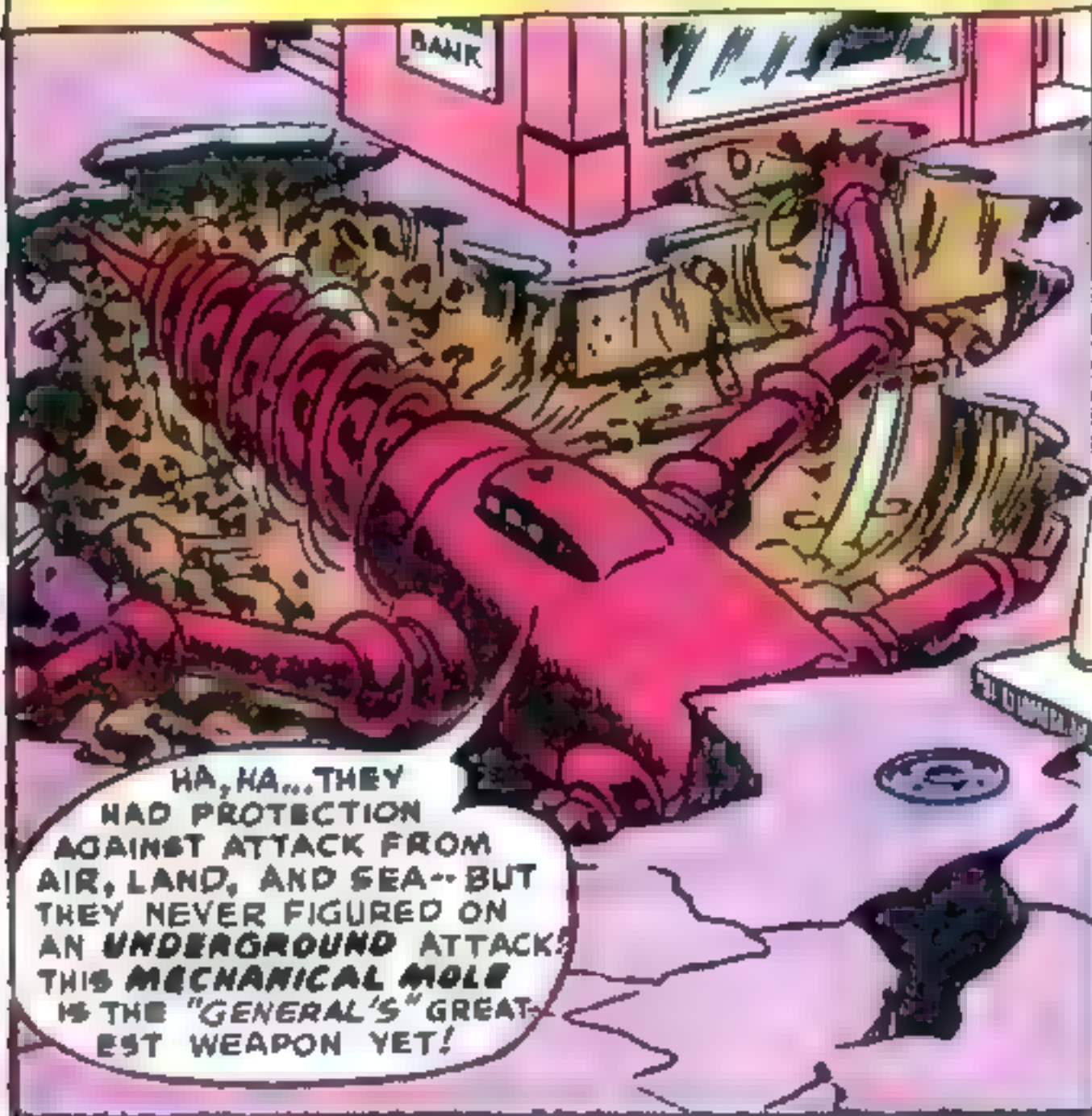


BUT MOMENTS AFTER...

WHAT--? SECTIONS OF THE CITY ARE **SINKING**! IS THIS THE RESULT OF AN ATTACK BY ANOTHER FANTASTIC WEAPON?



AT THIS VERY INSTANT, FAR BENEATH THE CITY STREETS...



HA, HA... THEY HAD PROTECTION AGAINST ATTACK FROM AIR, LAND, AND SEA-- BUT THEY NEVER FIGURED ON AN **UNDERGROUND** ATTACK! THIS **MECHANICAL MOLE** IS THE "GENERAL'S" GREATEST WEAPON YET!

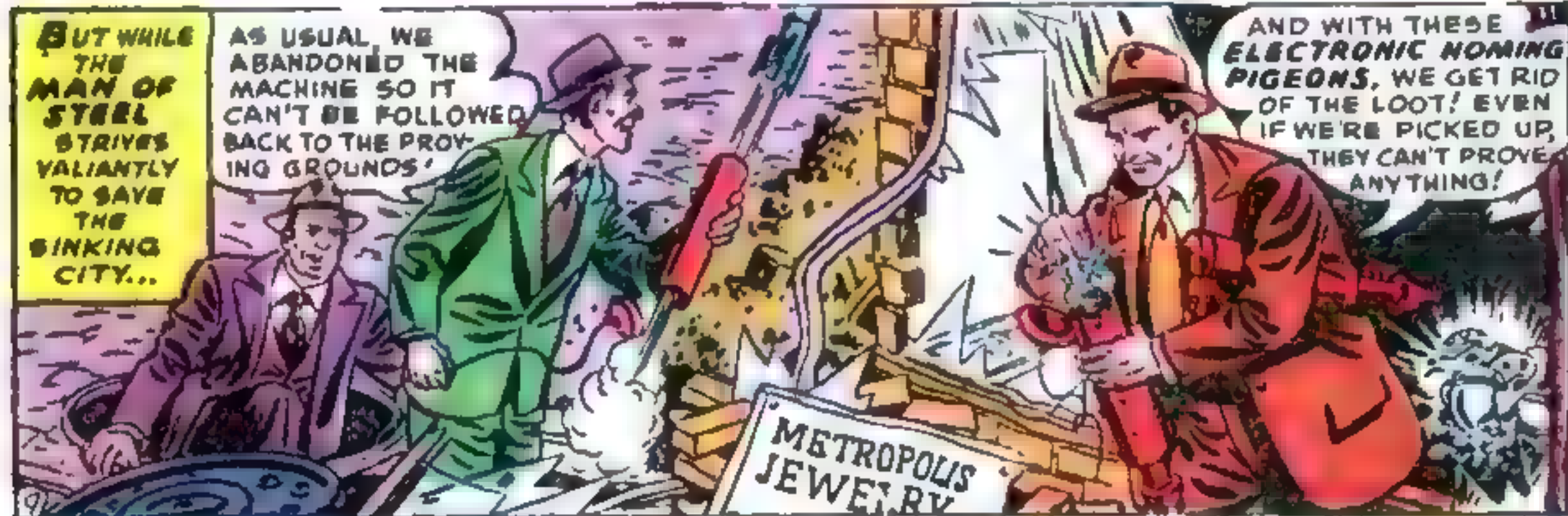
AND AS **SUPERMAN** RACES TO THE RESCUE...



THESE TREES I CUT FROM THE FOREST AT **SUPER-SPEED** WILL SHORE UP THE STORES AND BUILDINGS TEMPORARILY, AND PREVENT FURTHER DAMAGE!

BUT WHILE THE **MAN OF STEEL** STRIVES VALIANTLY TO SAVE THE SINKING CITY...

AS USUAL, WE ABANDONED THE MACHINE SO IT CAN'T BE FOLLOWED BACK TO THE PROVING GROUNDS!

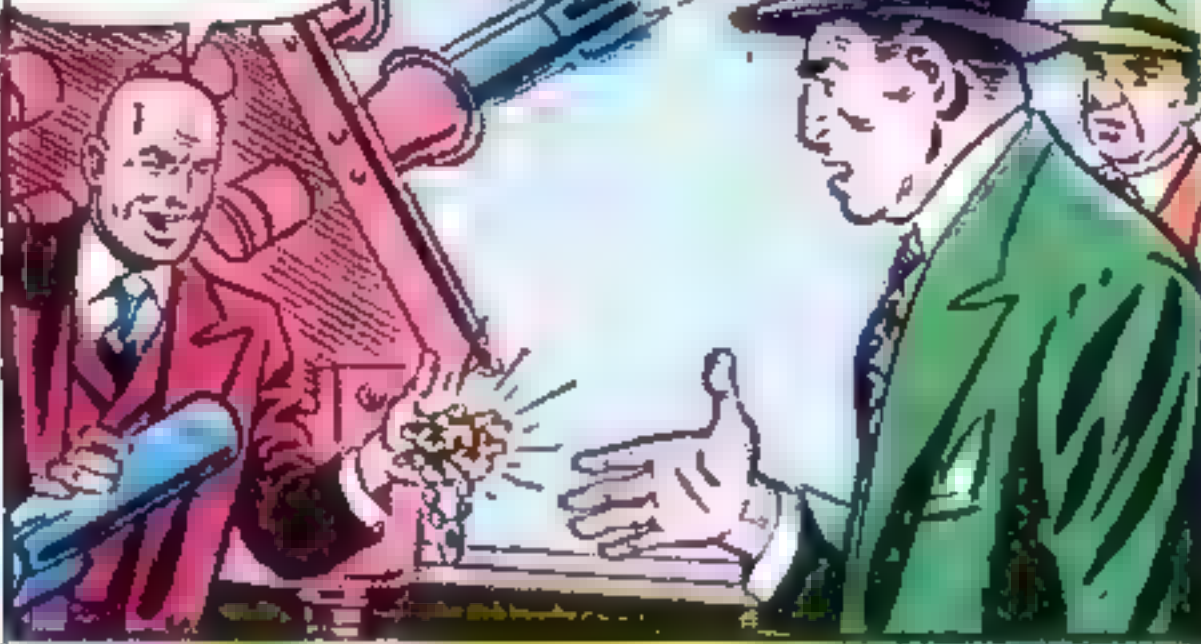


AND WITH THESE **ELECTRONIC HOMING PIGEONS**, WE GET RID OF THE LOOT! EVEN IF WE'RE PICKED UP, THEY CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING!

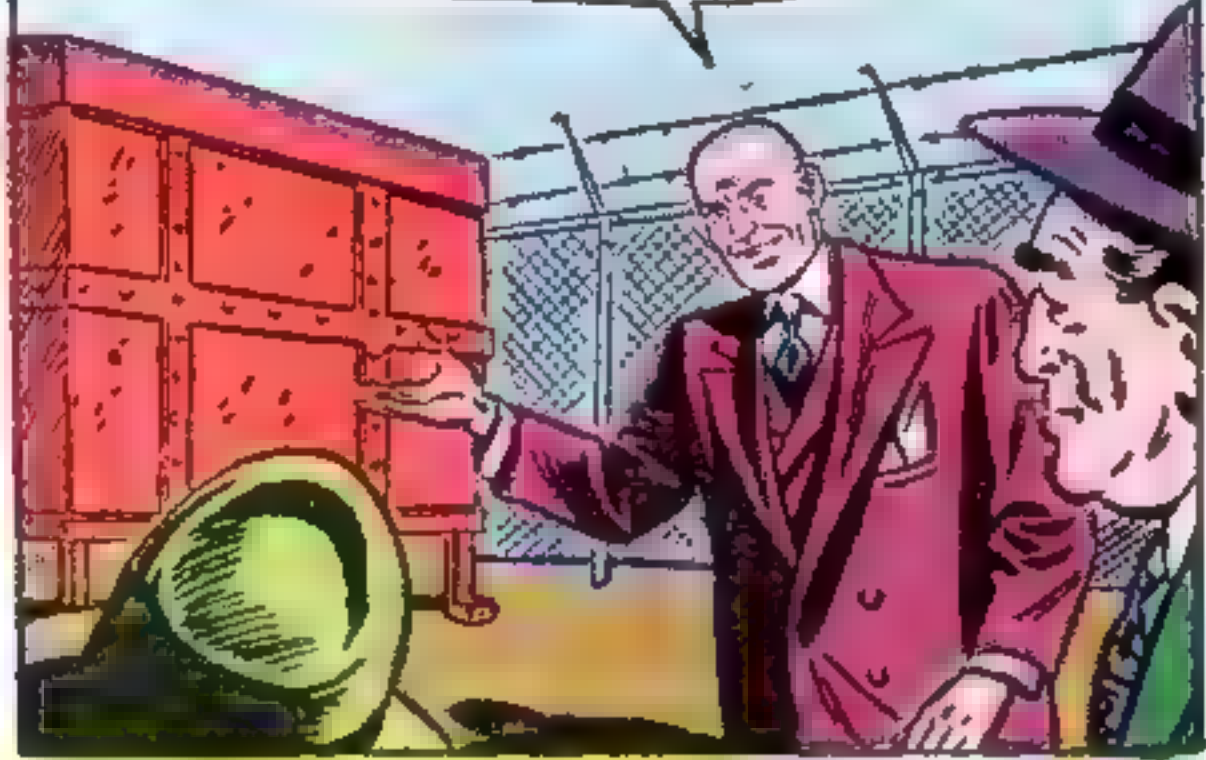
MINUTES LATER, AT THE WEAPONS PROVING GROUNDS...

AM-- SUCCESS AGAIN! OUR LEADER HAD THESE ELECTRONIC "PIGEONS" DESIGNED FOR USE BY SPIES-- BUT TOO LATE TO EVER USE THEM! NOW THEY ARE SERVING **ME** VERY WELL!

BUT "GENERAL"... AREN'T YOU AFRAID **SUPERMAN** WILL FOLLOW THEM HERE?



YOU FORGET, MY BOY--OUR **ANTI-SUPERMAN WEAPON!** I, ALONE, KNOW WHAT'S IN IT! IT IS SHEATHED WITH **LEAD**, SO THAT EVEN **SUPERMAN'S X-RAY VISION** COULD NOT PENETRATE IT IF HE WERE HERE! HE WON'T KNOW ITS SECRET UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE... HA, HA, HA!



NOW FOR OUR NEXT TARGET. THE FREIGHTER "**FLYING CLOUD**" ARRIVES IN METROPOLIS WITH \$10,000,000 IN GOLD BULLION! NO OTHER CRIMINAL COULD HOPE TO MOVE TREASURE OF SUCH FABULOUS WEIGHT-- BUT I HAVE A SECRET WEAPON THAT CAN ACCOMPLISH EVEN THIS!



SO THAT NIGHT, IN METROPOLIS HARBOR...

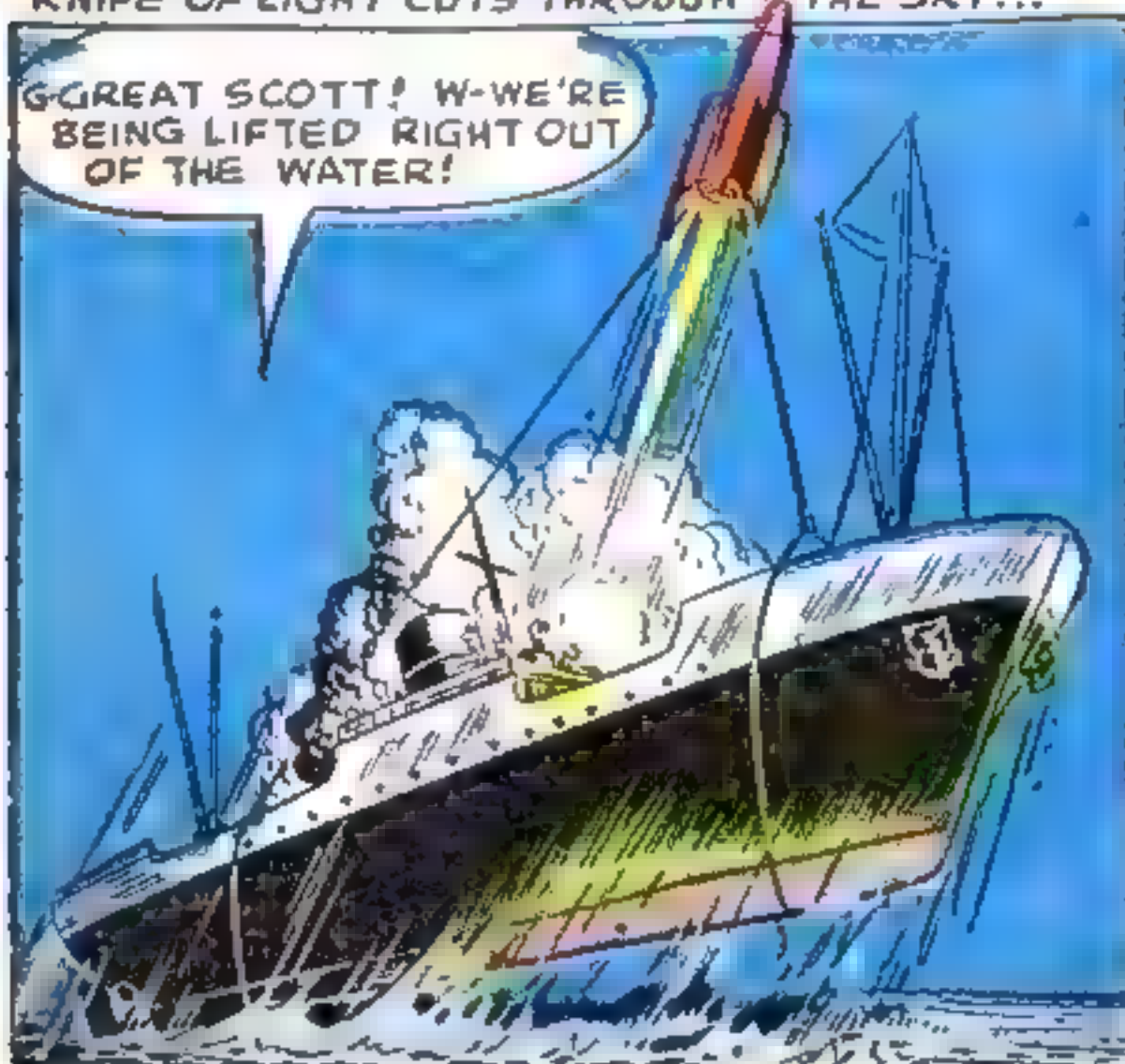
THE "GENERAL'S" ORDERS ARE TO RUN SEVERAL LOOPS OF CABLE UNDER THE HULL OF THAT FREIGHTER!

WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME! THE SECRET WEAPON IS DUE IN 20 MINUTES, TO CARRY OUT THE REST OF THE JOB!



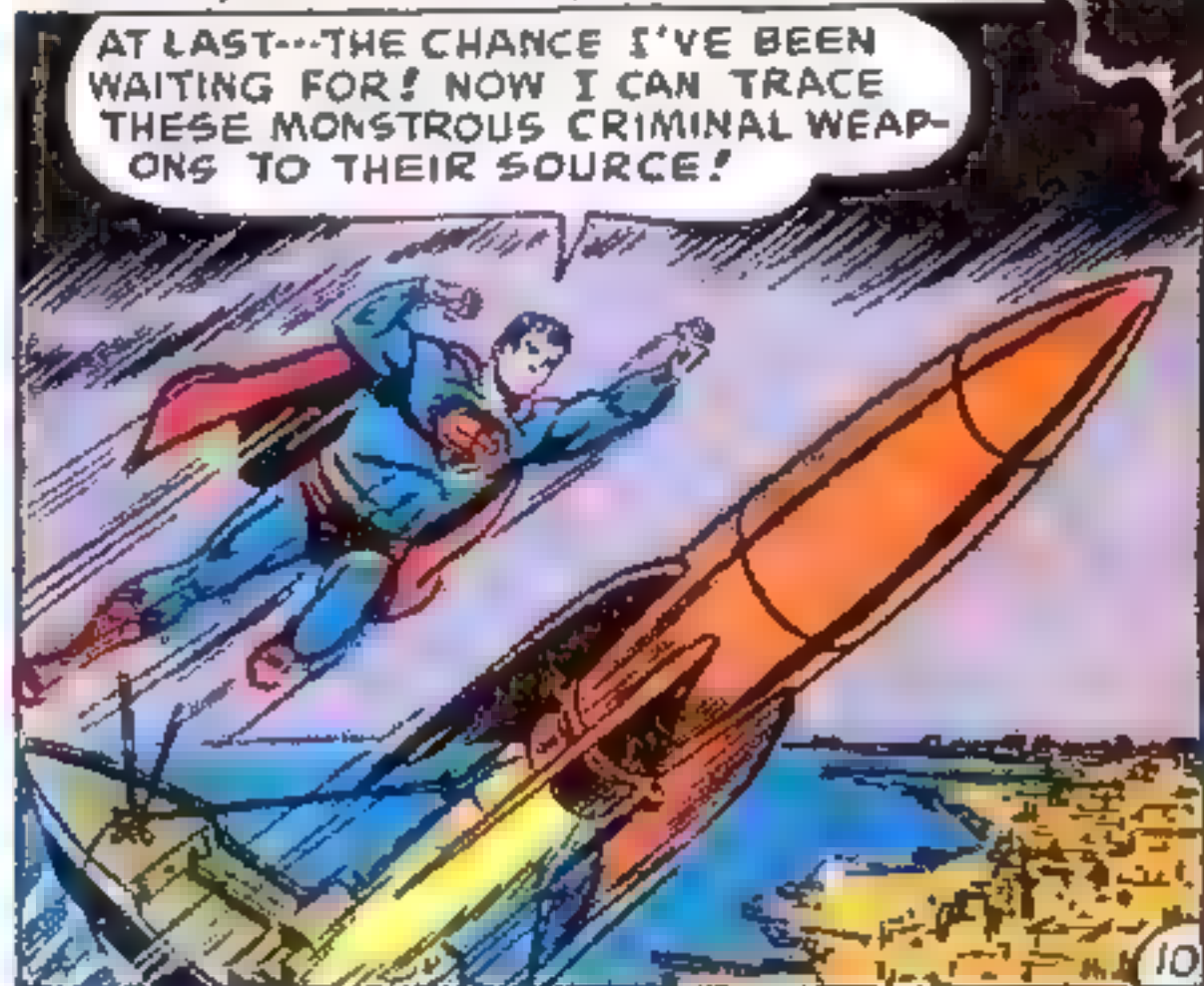
AND EXACTLY 20 MINUTES LATER, THE MOST INCREDIBLE SPECTACLE OF ALL, AS A PIERCING KNIFE OF LIGHT CUTS THROUGH THE SKY...

G-GREAT SCOTT! W-WE'RE BEING LIFTED RIGHT OUT OF THE WATER!



BUT THIS TIME, RIGHT NEXT TO THE AMAZING MISSILE, FLIES ANOTHER COLORFUL FIGURE...

AT LAST--THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! NOW I CAN TRACE THESE MONSTROUS CRIMINAL WEAPONS TO THEIR SOURCE!



WHILE DOWN BELOW...

I TELL YOU, I SAW IT! A ROCKET TOOK OFF AND CARRIED THE **FLYING CLOUD** BEHIND IT! AN ENTIRE FREIGHTER FILLED WITH TONS OF GOLD BULLION!

A ROCKET CAPABLE OF LIFTING FANTASTIC WEIGHT! WHY, THAT'S THE VERY INVENTION THE MAN WITH THE BEARD WAS TRYING TO TELL ME ABOUT THE OTHER DAY... BUT I WOULDN'T LISTEN!

WAIT A MINUTE! THERE HE GOES NOW! HE MUST HAVE COME TO SEE HIS BRAINCHILD IN USE! HM... IF I FOLLOW HIM, I MAY LEARN THE SOURCE OF ALL THESE MACHINES!

SOME TIME LATER, AT THE SECRET PROVING GROUNDS...

LOOK--- **SUPERMAN!** HE FOLLOWED THE GIANT ROCKET! I KNEW HE WOULD!

AND WHERE'S THE "GENERAL" WITH HIS **ANTI-SUPERMAN WEAPON**? HE'S GONE-- LEFT US TO BE SCOOPED UP LIKE A NETFUL OF FISH!

BUT SUDDENLY...

STOP, **SUPERMAN**... YOU'RE ZEROED IN! TAKE ONE STEP OUTS DE TH'S CIRCLE OF LIGHT, AND THE MOST STARTLING SUPER-WEAPON OF ALL WILL BE SET OFF!

AN **ANTI-SUPERMAN WEAPON**? HM... MY **X-RAY VISION** CAN'T PENETRATE THOSE LEAD WALLS-- BUT I WON'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THIS!

NO MATTER WHAT IT IS, I'M STILL COMING AFTER YOU!

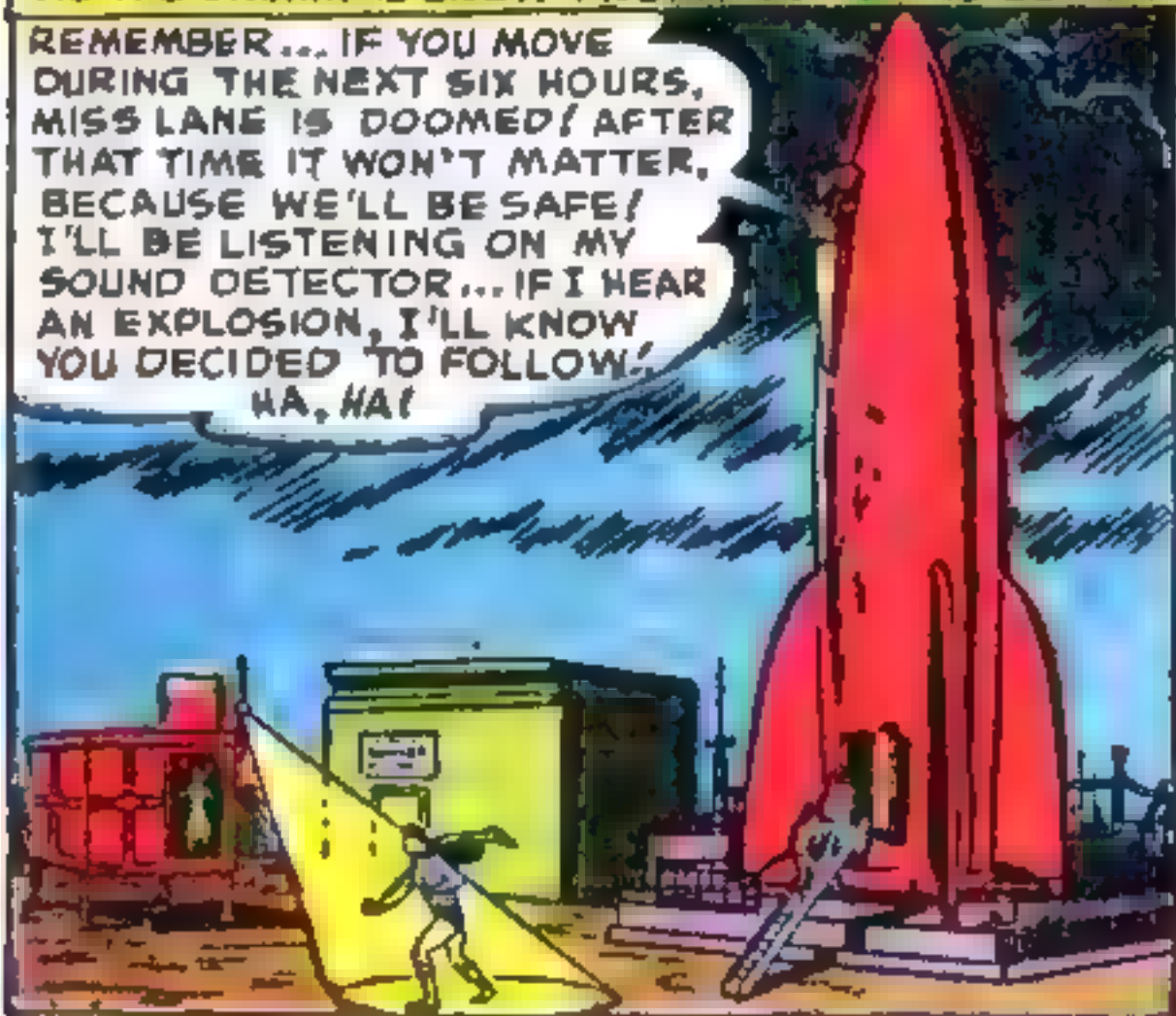
THIS WEAPON IS NO BLUFF, **SUPERMAN!** STEP OUTSIDE THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT, AND DELICATE RADIO WAVES EXPLODE THIS BOX, WITH **LOIS LANE** INSIDE IT! HA, HA, YOU SEE, MISS LANE IS THE SECRET OF MY **ANTI-SUPERMAN WEAPON!**

WHAT HAVE I DONE, **SUPERMAN**? I THOUGHT I COULD HELP--SO I FOLLOWED A MAN WHO SAID HE INVENTED THESE HORRIBLE MACHINES, AND...

THAT "INVENTOR" DISGUISE WAS A CLEVER RUSE TO LURE YOU HERE, MISS LANE! BUT NOW TO BUSINESS! THE WEAPON IS ACTIVATED FOR SIX HOURS--THE AMOUNT OF TIME WE NEED TO TAKE OUR LOOT WHERE YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT, **SUPERMAN!**

THUS THE MAN OF STEEL STANDS BY HELPLESSLY AS THE CRIMINAL CREW PREPARES FOR ITS GETAWAY.

REMEMBER... IF YOU MOVE DURING THE NEXT SIX HOURS, MISS LANE IS DOOMED! AFTER THAT TIME IT WON'T MATTER, BECAUSE WE'LL BE SAFE! I'LL BE LISTENING ON MY SOUND DETECTOR... IF I HEAR AN EXPLOSION, I'LL KNOW YOU DECIDED TO FOLLOW!
HA, HA!



MINUTES BECOME HOURS -- HOURS OF AGONY FOR THE LAW'S MOST POWERFUL DEFENDER, NOW DOOMED TO INACTIVITY...

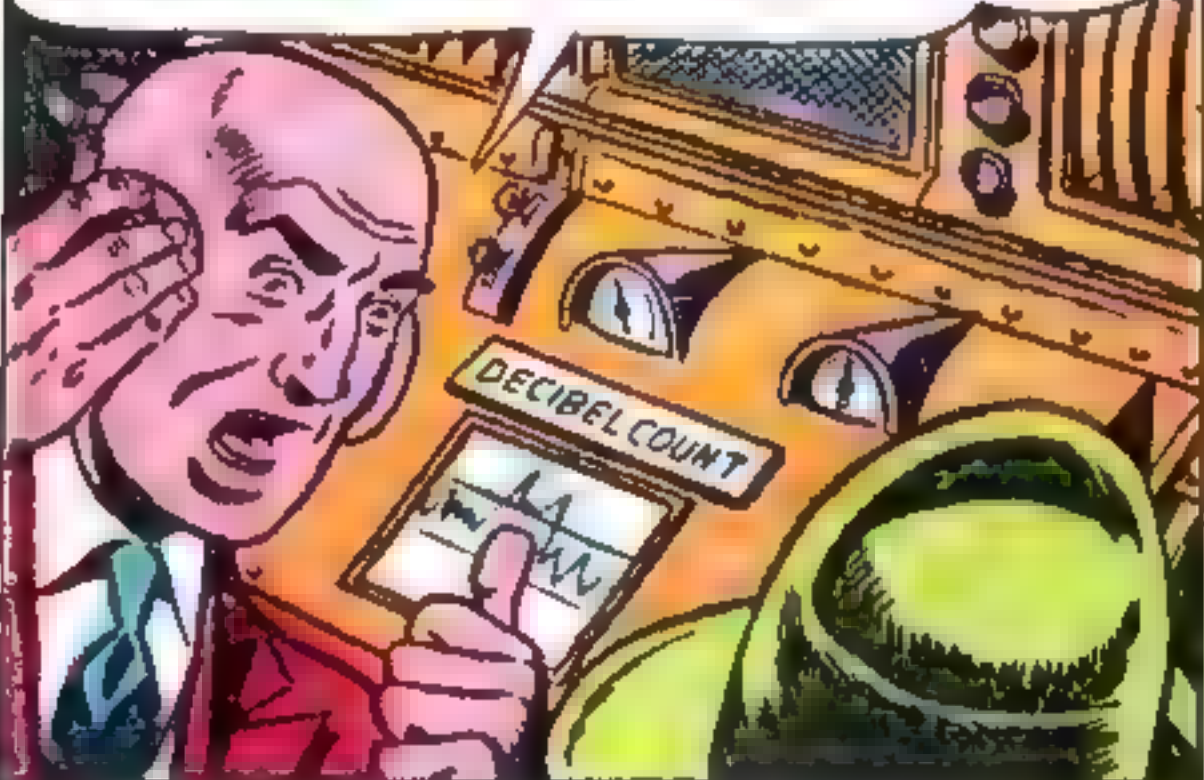
SUPERMAN! LISTEN TO ME! THEY MAY USE THEIR SECRET WEAPONS AGAIN... COUNTLESS LIVES MAY BE LOST! YOU MUST GO AFTER THEM, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME!

THREE HOURS GONE-- HALF THE TIME THEY NEEDED TO ESCAPE FOREVER! HMM... THERE'S JUST A SLIM CHANCE-- BUT IT'S WORTH TRYING!



ABRUPTLY, IN THE ESCAPE ROCKET...

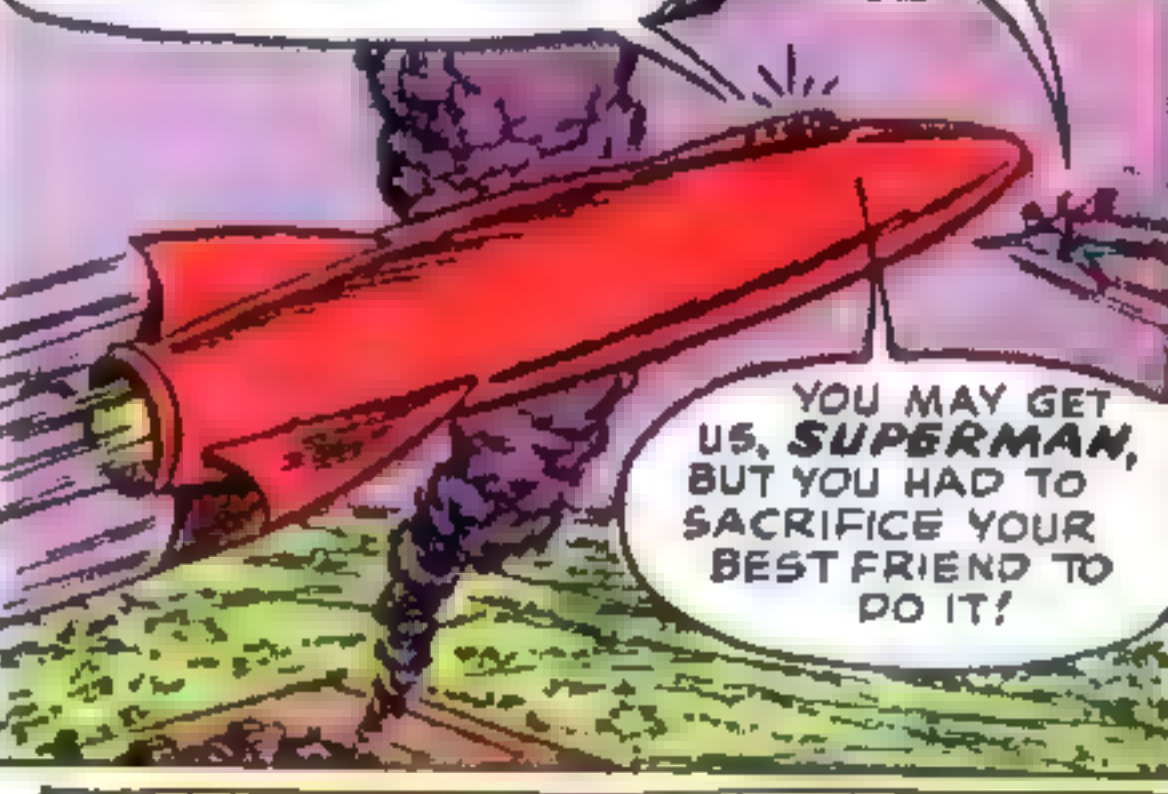
WELL, WE'RE JUST HALF WAY TO THE SPOT WHERE... WAIT! ON MY EARPHONES... A GIGANTIC EXPLOSION AT THE PROVING GROUNDS! **SUPERMAN** HAS SET OFF THE WEAPON... HE SACRIFICED LOIS LANE TO GET US!



SOME HOURS AFTER, OVER THE PROVING GROUNDS

I CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE OUT ANYTHING BELOW YET! PERHAPS WE CAN GET CLOSER AND... **SUPERMAN!** YOU'RE STILL HERE!

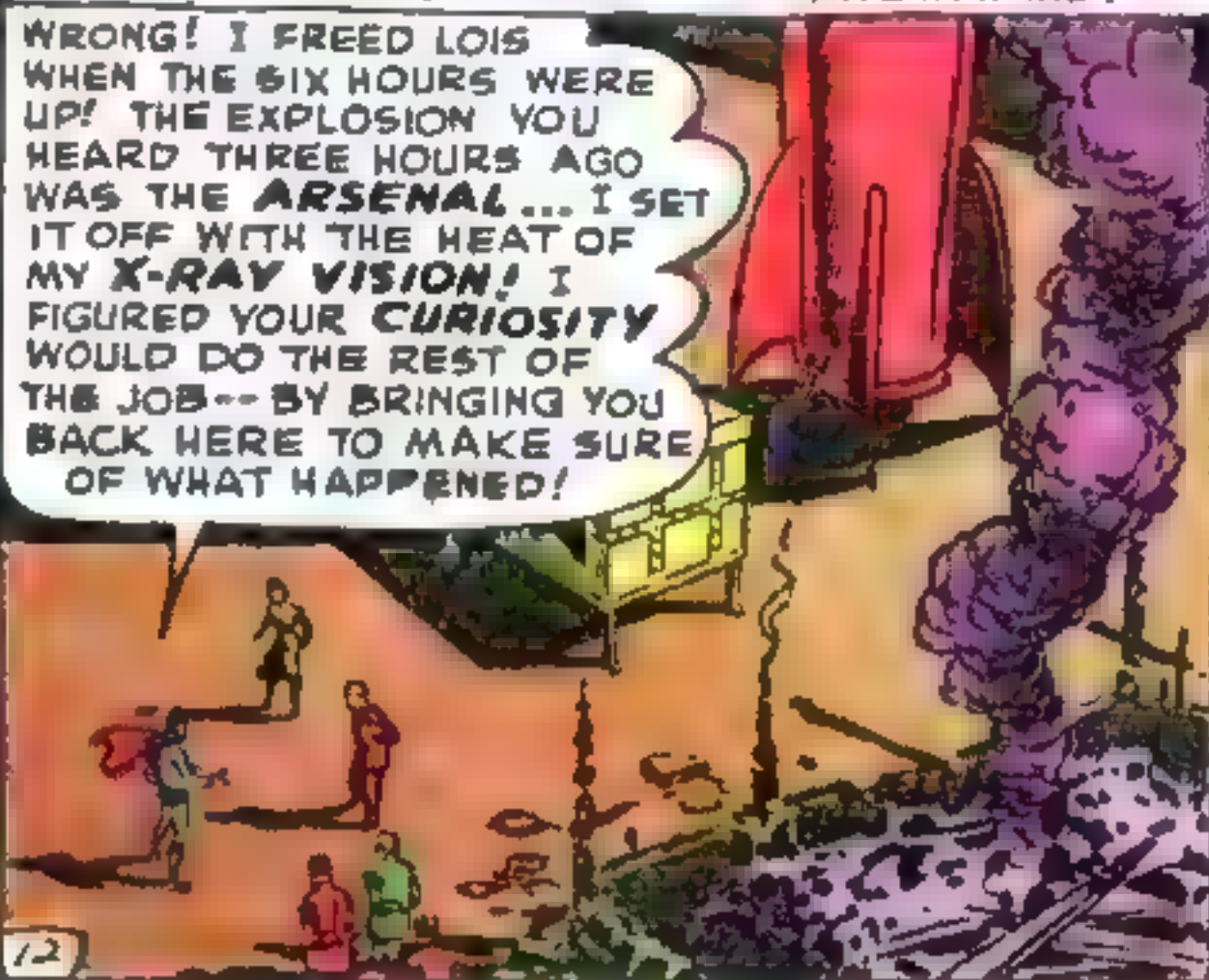
I FIGURED YOU'D BE COMING BACK HERE!



YOU MAY GET US, **SUPERMAN**, BUT YOU HAD TO SACRIFICE YOUR BEST FRIEND TO DO IT!

MOMENTS LATER, **SUPERMAN** BRINGS THE GREAT ROCKET TO EARTH, WITH ITS CREW WELL IN HAND!

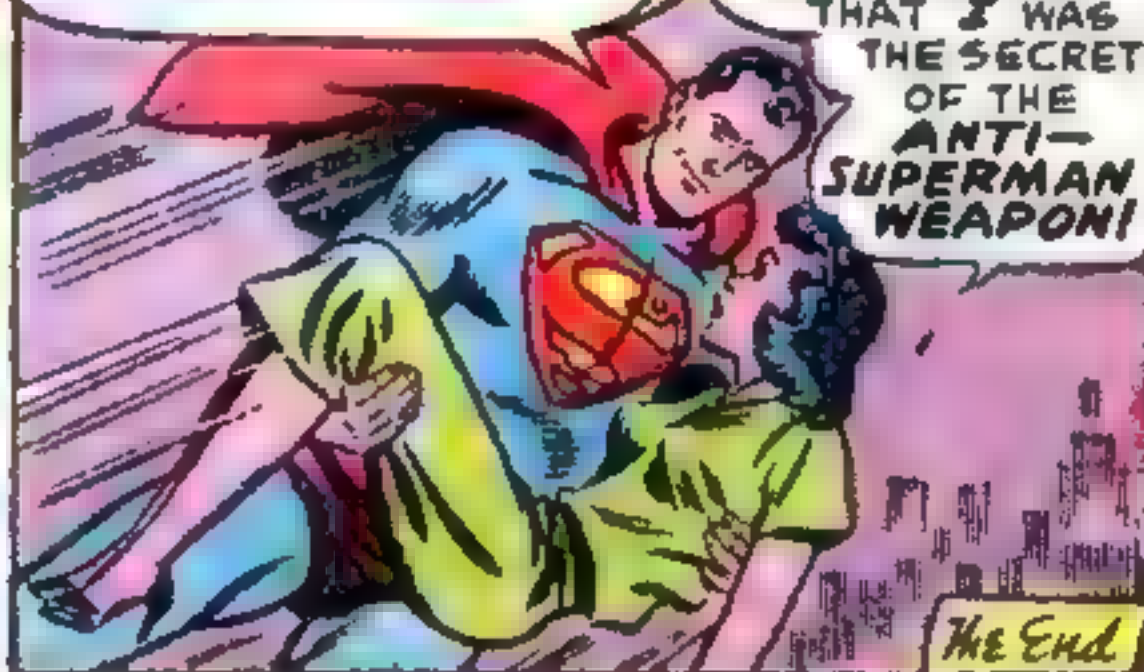
WRONG! I FREED LOIS WHEN THE SIX HOURS WERE UP! THE EXPLOSION YOU HEARD THREE HOURS AGO WAS THE **ARSENAL**... I SET IT OFF WITH THE HEAT OF MY **X-RAY VISION**! I FIGURED YOUR **CURIOSITY** WOULD DO THE REST OF THE JOB-- BY BRINGING YOU BACK HERE TO MAKE SURE OF WHAT HAPPENED!



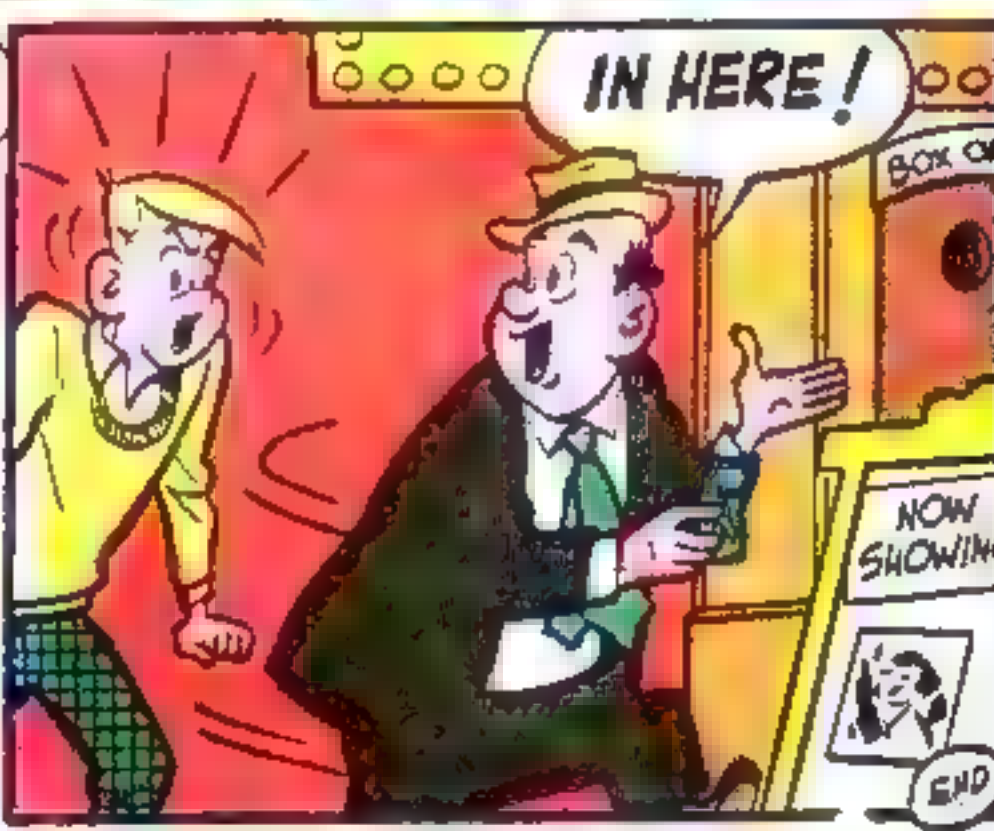
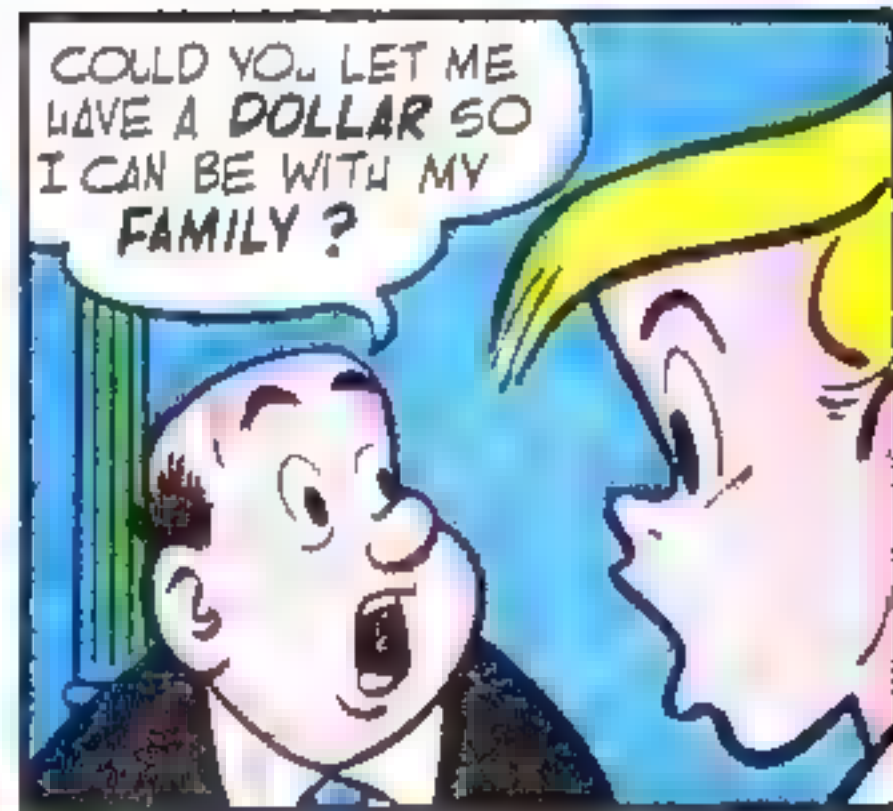
AND SO, AFTER DELIVERING THE CRIMINALS TO THE POLICE...

YOU SEE, LOIS, BY SETTING OFF THE EXPLOSION WHEN THEY WERE THREE HOURS AWAY FROM THE PROVING GROUNDS, I KNEW THEY'D TAKE **ANOTHER** THREE HOURS TO RETURN... A TOTAL OF SIX HOURS!

AND AT THE END OF SIX HOURS, YOU COULD MOVE WITHOUT HARMING ME! **WHEW!** THAT WAS MY CLOSEST CALL YET, CONSIDERING THAT I WAS THE SECRET OF THE **ANTI-SUPERMAN WEAPON!**



The End



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1. The names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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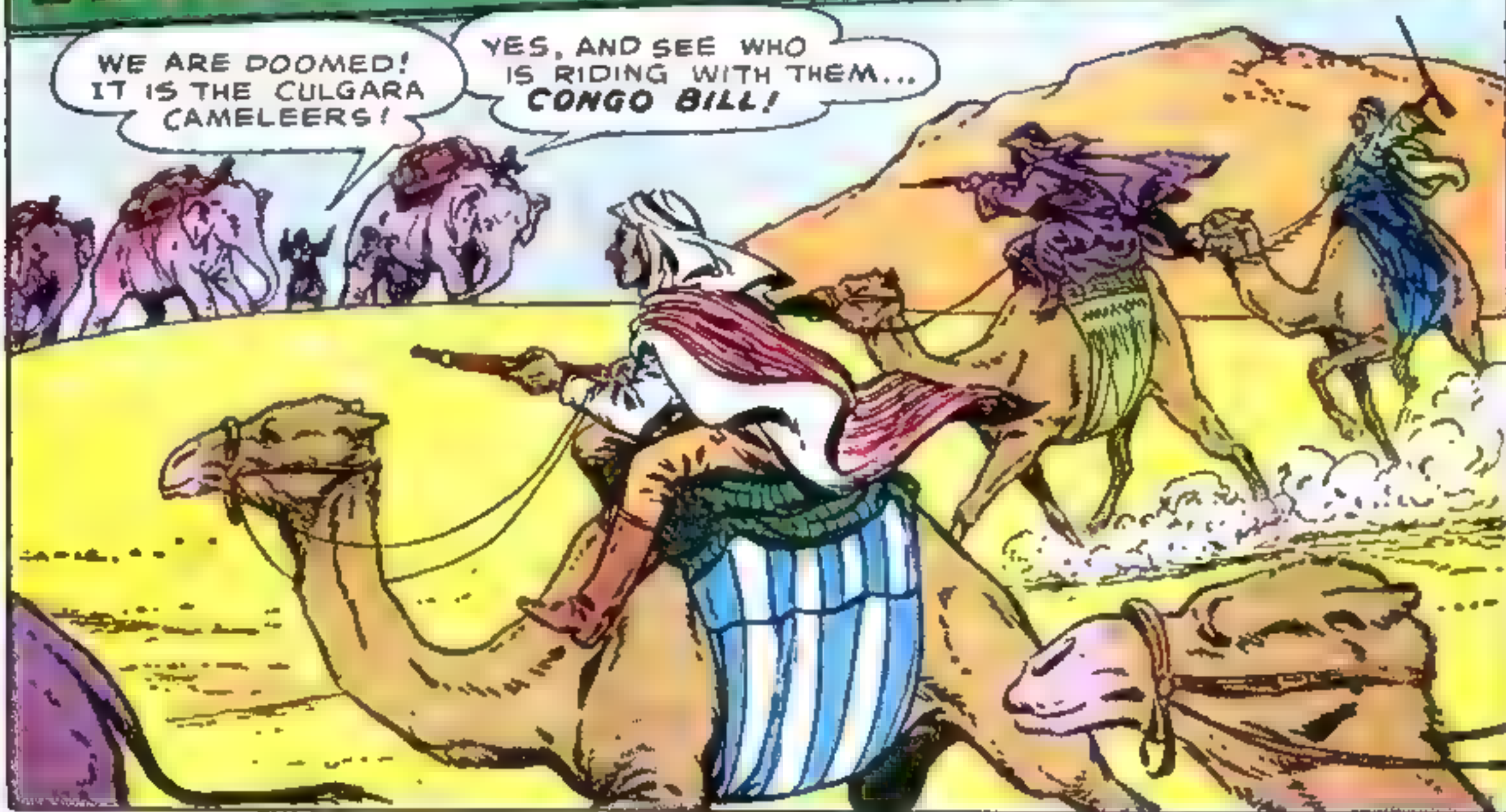
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1952.

ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public
(My Commission expires March 30, 1954)

Congo Bill

SUDDEN DEATH STRUCK SWIFTLY ON THE STEAMING SANDS OF THE LIBYAN DESERT, AS CULGARA, BANDIT KING OF THE CAMELEERS, MADE EVERY PASSING CARAVAN HIS TARGET! BUT LET CONGO BILL RELATE THIS STRANGE STORY, FOR IT WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE FAR-FAMED ADVENTURER HIMSELF WHO SENT IN THE STARTLING ACCOUNT, UNDER THE AMAZING TITLE OF...

I RODE WITH THE OUTLAW CAMELEERS



WE ARE DOOMED!
IT IS THE CULGARA
CAMELEERS!

YES, AND SEE WHO
IS RIDING WITH THEM...
CONGO BILL!

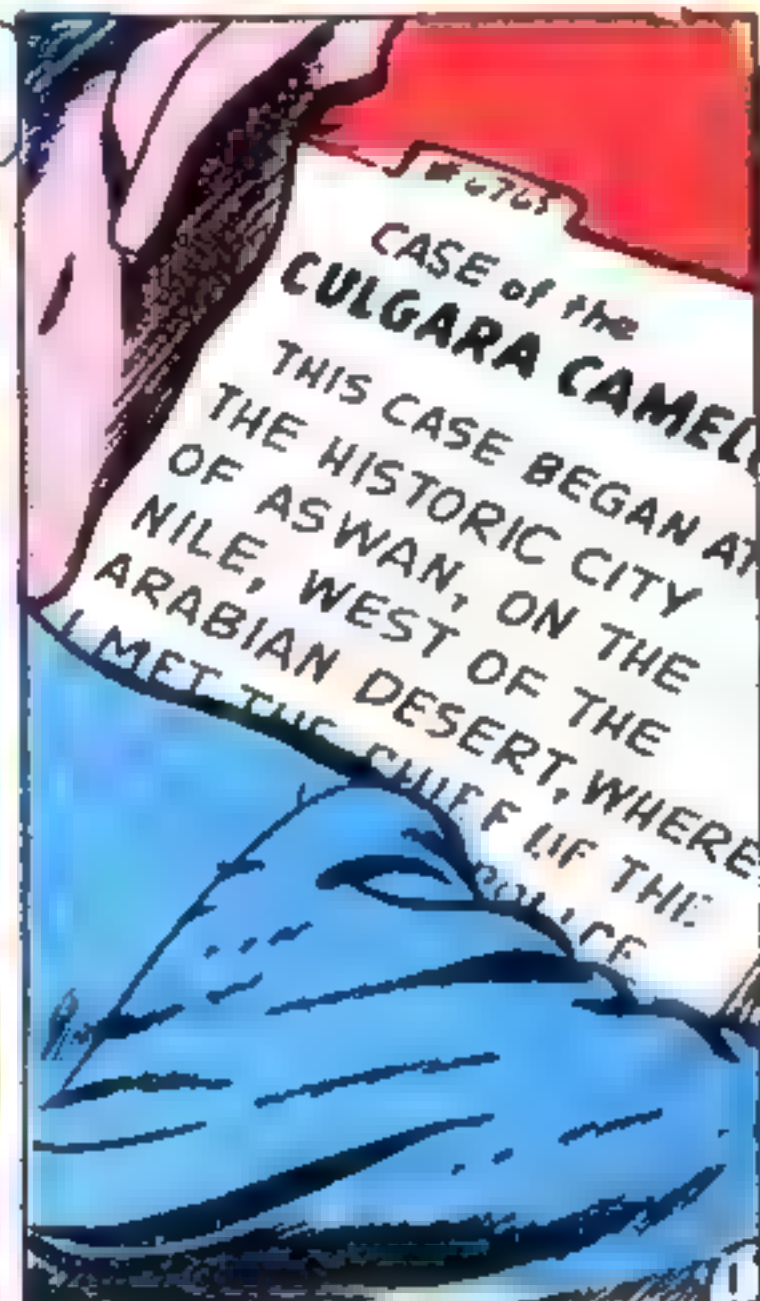
ONE DAY, IN THE LONDON OFFICE
OF **WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE
COMPANY...**

MISS CALHOUN, YOU MAY
MARK THE CASE OF THE
CULGARA CAMELEERS
CLOSED!

THE
WHAT--?

CONGO BILL'S
LATEST CASE!
CARE TO
READ
IT?

I
CERTAINLY
WOULD!



...CAPTAIN NIAPU, OF THE EGYPTIAN DESERT POLICE, WAS WORRIED--AND FOR A GOOD REASON!

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT CULGARA, BILL! LAST WEEK, HE PLUNDERED TWO CARAVANS. THIS WEEK, HE TAPPED THE OIL LINES NEAR ARMINA! WHAT CAN I DO? I HAVEN'T ENOUGH MEN TO PATROL THE ENTIRE DESERT!



I THINK YOU'VE BEEN ATTACKING THIS PROBLEM FROM THE WRONG ANGLE, CAPTAIN! INSTEAD OF GOING OUT AFTER CULGARA, WHO COULD BE ANYWHERE, THE THING TO DO IS MAKE HIM COME TO US!



BUT HOW?

THAT LAST RAID OF CULGARA'S COST HIM QUITE A FEW MEN, ACCORDING TO YOUR REPORT---WHICH MEANS HE'LL BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR REPLACEMENTS! I CAN EASILY DISGUISE MYSELF AS A DESERT HIJACKER AND GET A JOB WITH HIM!



THEN WHAT?

IF YOU TAKE 25 GOOD MEN AND STATION YOURSELVES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE PASS AT EL FARAFRA OASIS, I'LL TRY TO THINK UP SOME WAY OF LEADING THOSE CUTTHROATS INTO AMBUSH!



HMM... IT MIGHT WORK AT THAT! BUT IF YOU'RE EVER FOUND OUT, IT WILL BE THE END OF YOU, CONGO BILL! CULGARA IS A RUTHLESS KILLER!

JUST THEN...

GOOD GRIEF! A LITTER OF PERSIAN KITTENS! I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD! WHAT ARE THEY DOING OUT HERE IN THE DESERT?



HA, HA... THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY TO A CHIEFTAIN IN LIBYA, AS A PRESENT FOR HIS BRIDE! CUTE, AREN'T THEY?

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, I RUBBED SOME STAIN INTO MY SKIN, PURCHASED A CAMEL AND SET OUT TO FIND CULGARA'S RAIDERS...

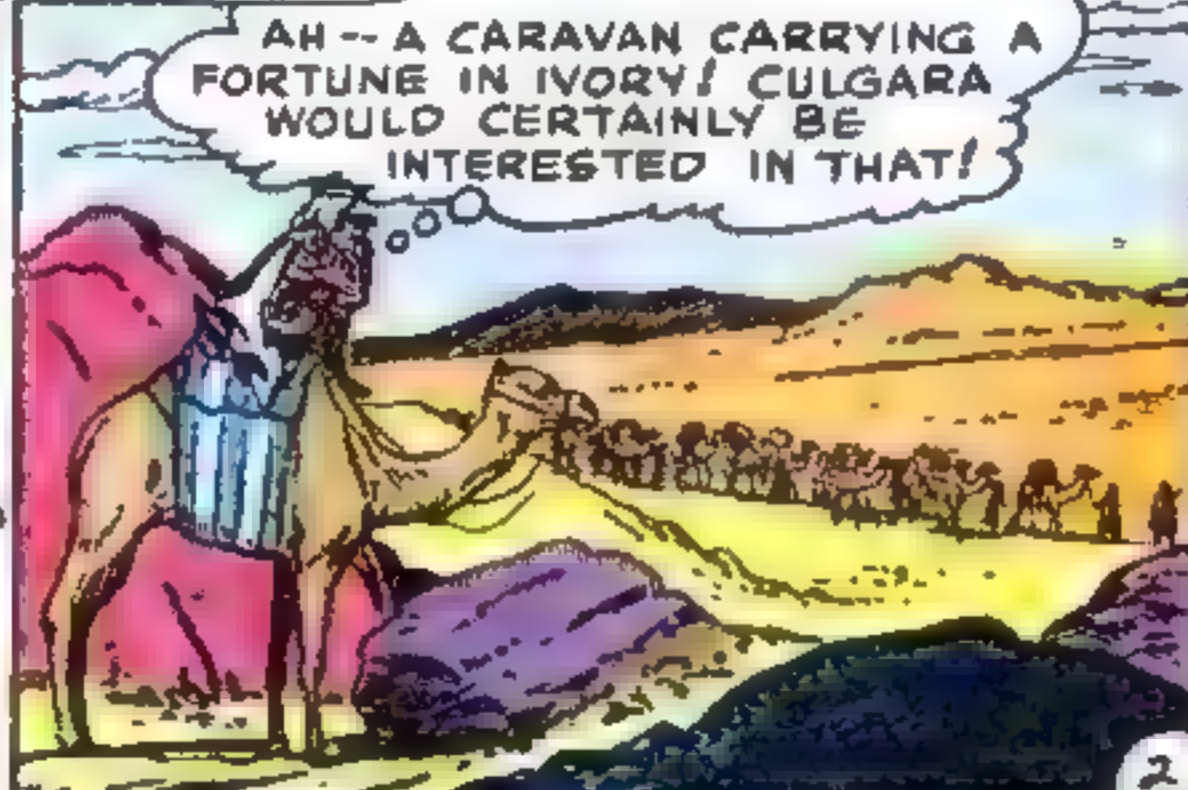
GOOD LUCK, BILL!

THANKS, CAPTAIN NIAPU, I'LL NEED IT!



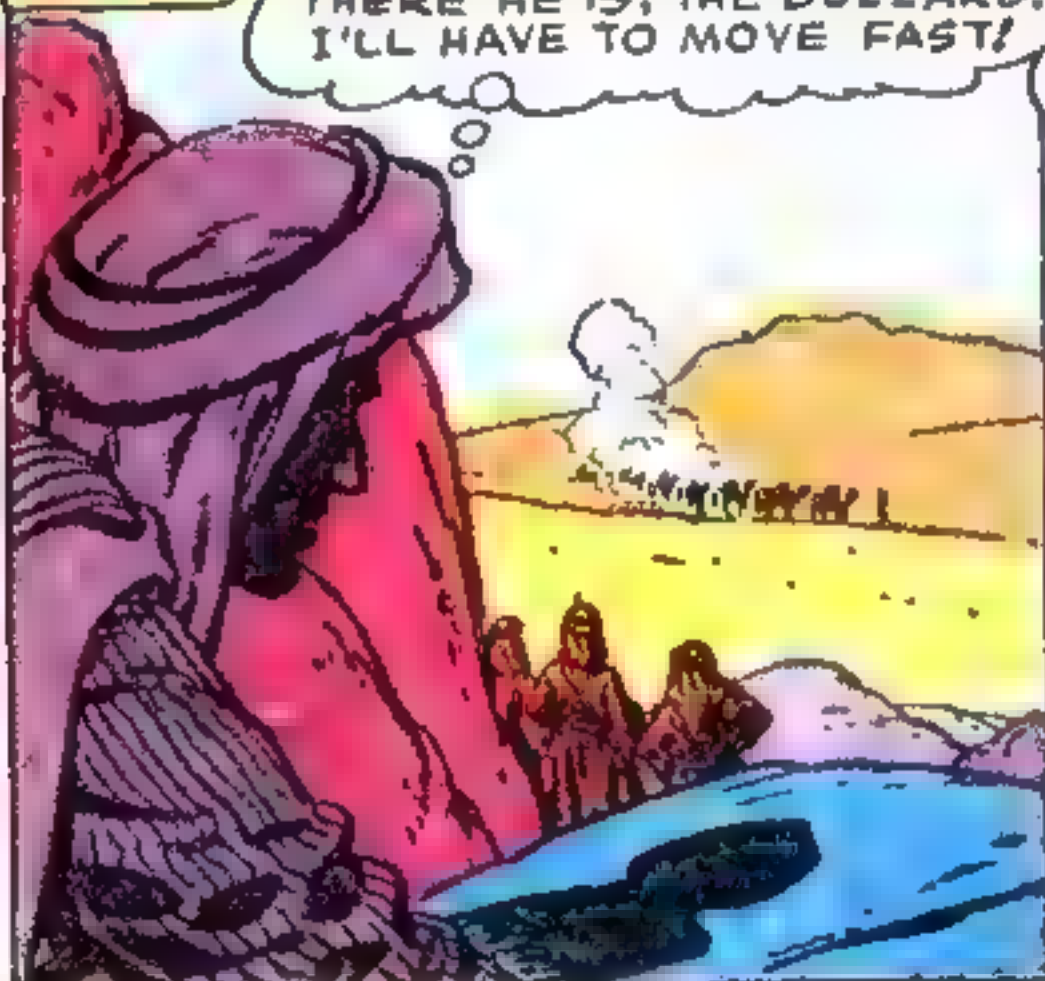
TWO DAYS LATER, I WAS IN THE HEART OF THE LIBYAN DESERT, ON THE MAIN CARAVAN ROUTE TO THE INTERIOR. MY PLAN WAS SIMPLE, BUT I'D NEED SOME LUCKY BREAKS...

AH-- A CARAVAN CARRYING A FORTUNE IN IVORY! CULGARA WOULD CERTAINLY BE INTERESTED IN THAT!



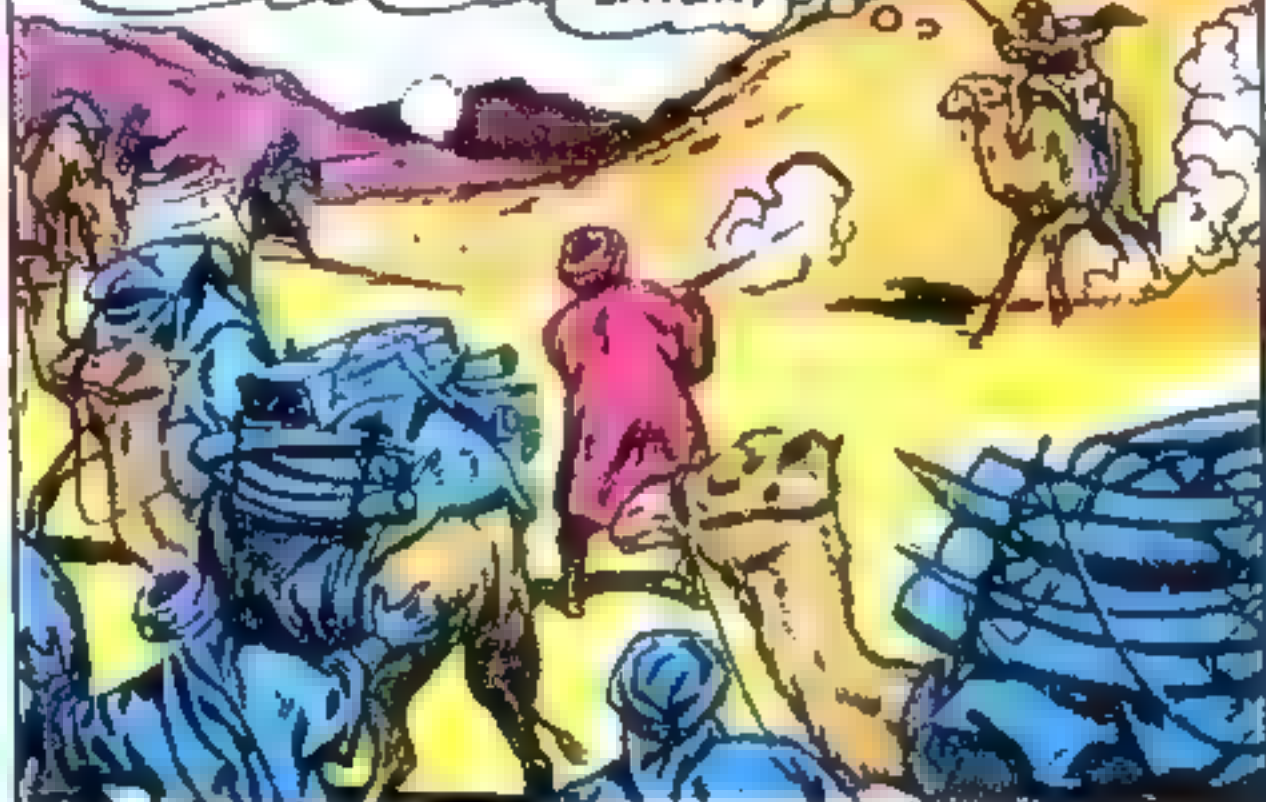
AND I WAS RIGHT! IN FACT, CULGARA WAS A LOT CLOSER THAN I BARGAINED FOR...

THERE HE IS, THE BUZZARD! I'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST!



IMMEDIATELY, I SPURRED MY CAMEL AND SWOOPED DOWN ON THE CARAVAN, SHOOTING AS I WENT...

MUST BE CAREFUL NOT TO HIT ANY OF THOSE GUARDS! WHATEVER I "STEAL" NOW I CAN RETURN LATER!



MY PERFORMANCE, MEANWHILE, WAS HAVING THE DESIRED EFFECT...

LOOK, CULGARA-- SOMEONE ELSE IS ROBBING THE CARAVAN! SHALL WE RIDE HIM DOWN?

WAIT, YOU FOOL! SEE HOW WELL HE RIDES? HE IS LIKE A ONE-MAN ARMY! WE CAN USE SUCH A FIGHTER IN OUR BAND, EH?



I PLAYED HARD TO GET, BUT FINALLY LET CULGARA "COAX" ME INTO JOINING HIS GANG OF CUTTHROATS! SO FAR, MY PLAN WAS WORKING PERFECTLY...

ER...THERE'S ONE JOB I COUNTED ON DOING MYSELF, CULGARA-- BUT NOW THAT I'M A MEMBER OF YOUR OUTFIT, I'LL LET YOU IN ON IT!

SEE? HE IS ALREADY BRINGING US BUSINESS! HA, HA... VERY GOOD! WHERE IS IT?

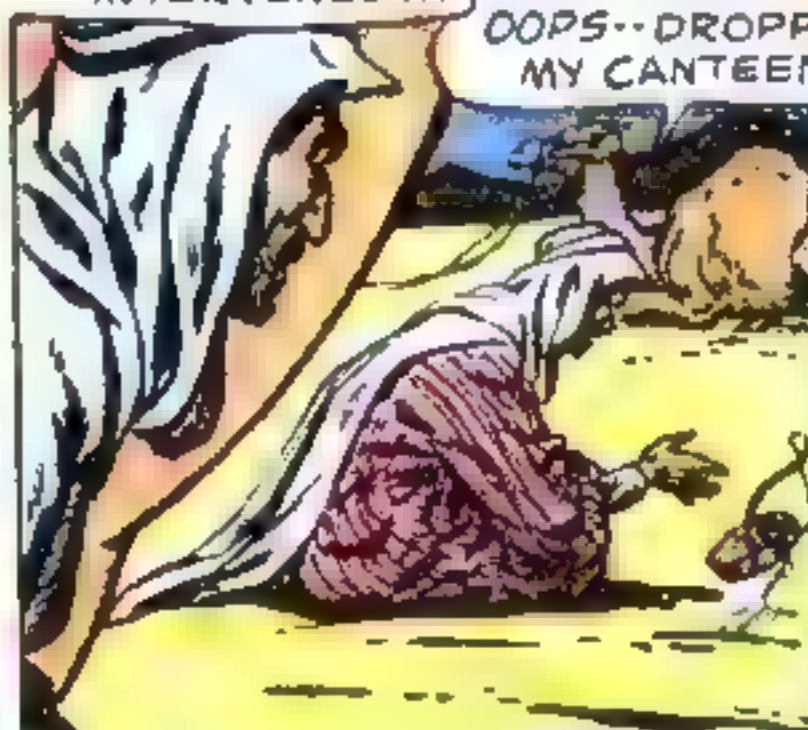


AT EL FARAFRA OASIS... A CARAVAN LADEN WITH... ER... GOLD, ON ITS WAY TO A CHIEFTAIN IN LIBYA! IN ORDER TO AVERT SUSPICION, THEY'RE VERY LIGHTLY ARMED!

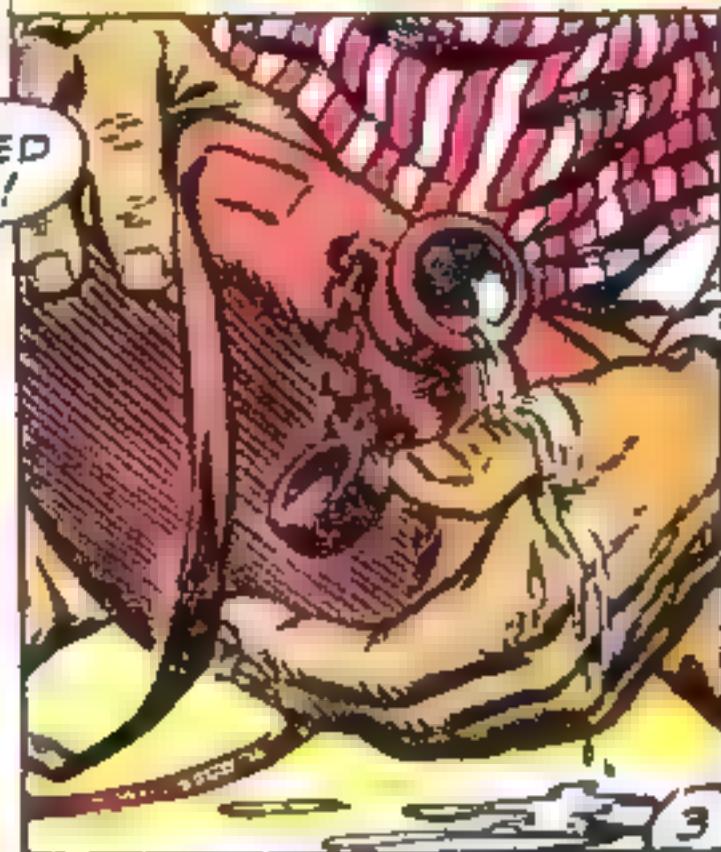
SOUNDS INTERESTING... WE'LL START OUT IN THE MORNING!

AT THAT POINT, THE WHOLE PROJECT LOOKED PRETTY SIMPLE! ALL I HAD TO DO WAS LEAD THEM TO THE OASIS, WHERE CAPTAIN NIAPU AND HIS MEN WERE WAITING TO TAKE OVER! BUT THAT NIGHT, FATE INTERVENED...

I GRABBED AT MY FALLEN CANTEEN, SPILLING ONLY A LITTLE OF ITS PRECIOUS CONTENTS. AT THE TIME, I THOUGHT NOTHING MORE ABOUT IT...



OOPS--DROPPED MY CANTEEN!



...BUT CULGARA WAS NOBODY'S FOOL! HE HADN'T ACCEPTED ME AT FACE VALUE--AND AS I WAS SOON TO LEARN, THE MAN ASSIGNED TO WATCH ME WAS REPORTING TO HIM ONLY MOMENTS LATER...

LOOK, CULGARA-- THIS IS THE NEW MAN'S CANTEEN! NOTICE HOW THE COVER IS BROWN-STAINED?

WHAT OF IT, YOU FOOL?

HE SPILLED SOME WATER OVER HIS HANDS, AND THE LOOSENED DYE ON HIS HANDS STAINED THE CANTEEN! THE MAN IS DISGUISED--- PROBABLY A SPY! SHALL I KILL HIM?

HMM... ONE OF CAPTAIN NIAPU'S DESERT POLICE, NO DOUBT! KILL HIM? NO! I HAVE A BETTER PLAN!

WE WILL PLAY ALONG WITH THIS TRICK TO LEAD US INTO AN AMBUSH AT EL FARAFRA! ONLY WE WILL DO THE AMBUSHING, NOT THEY! GO TO THE HIDEOUT AND BRING BACK OUR WHOLE SUPPLY OF SUB-MACHINE GUNS! HA, HA-- AT ONE BLOW, WE WILL WIPE OUT THE ENTIRE POLICE FORCE!

THUS, AS WE STARTED OUT THE NEXT MORNING, I IMAGINE CULGARA'S THOUGHTS WEREN'T MUCH DIFFERENT FROM MINE...

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! SOON, CULGARA AND HIS CAMELEER CUTTHROATS WILL BE SAFELY BEHIND BARS!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! SOON, THERE WON'T BE A MILITARY POLICEMAN ALIVE IN THE WHOLE DESERT!

SUDDENLY, MY HEART SKIPPED A BEAT AS I NOTICED, FROM OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE...

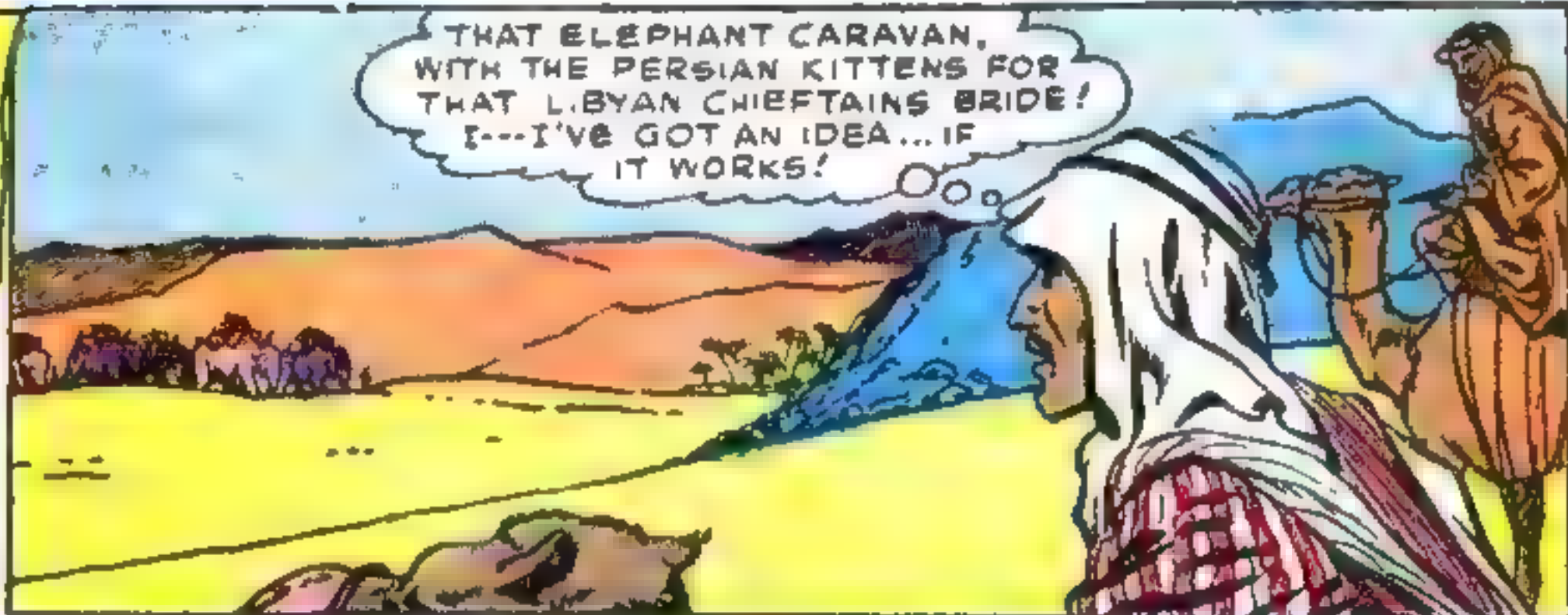
SUB-MACHINE GUNS! CULGARA MUST HAVE SENT FOR THEM DURING THE NIGHT! B-BUT WHY? I TOLD HIM THE CARAVAN WAS LIGHTLY ARMED! TH-THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING... SOMEHOW, THEY'RE WISE TO ME!

BUT KNOWING I WAS WALKING INTO A COUNTER-TRAP, AND DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT, WERE TWO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT MATTERS.

I CAN'T MAKE A BREAK FOR IT, BECAUSE THERE ARE A DOZEN RIFLES POINTED AT MY BACK! Y-YET, I CAN'T LET THEM WIPE OUT THAT WHOLE POLICE FORCE!

THE OASIS WAS ALREADY IN SIGHT, AND I WAS DESPERATE! I DIDN'T DARE FIRE A WARNING SIGNAL... THOSE CUTTHROATS WOULD HAVE SILENCED ME BEFORE I COULD LIFT MY HAND!

AT THAT MOMENT, SOMETHING HOPEFUL APPEARED ON THE HORIZON...



IT HAD TO WORK--IT WAS OUR ONLY CHANCE! ABRUPTLY, I MADE MY MOVE...

HE'S MAKING A BREAK FOR IT!

MISSED!

DON'T WORRY-- HE'LL STILL BE WIPE OUT WITH THE REST OF THE POLICE FORCE! GET READY TO CHARGE!

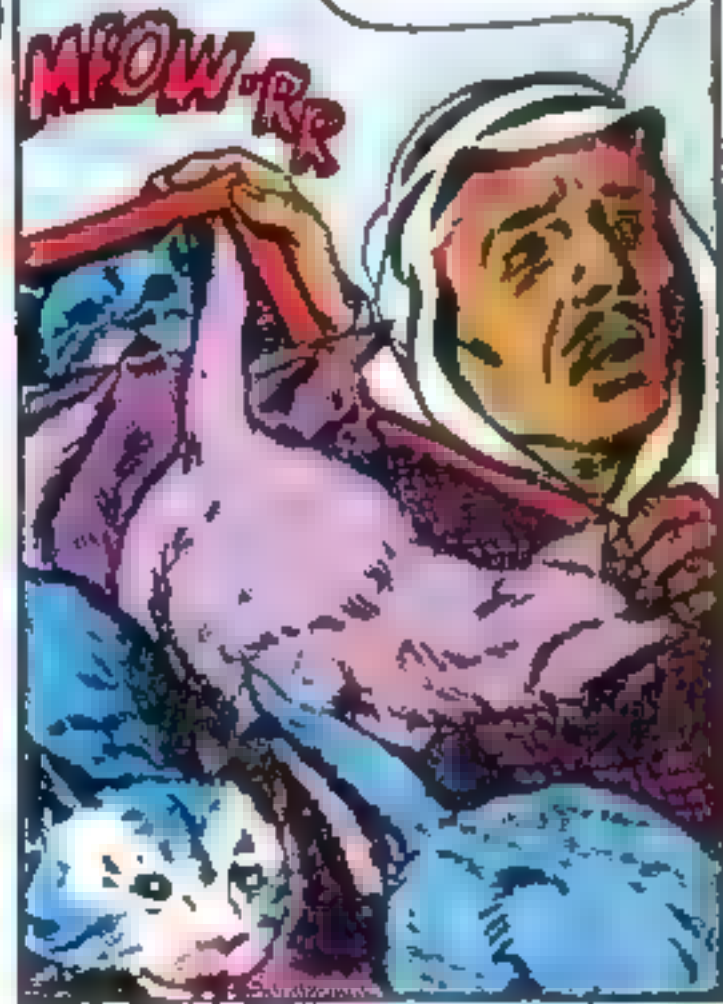
SECONDS LATER, WHEN I REACHED THE CARAVAN.

QUICKLY, IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIVES-- LET THOSE KITTENS OUT!

ARE YOU MAD? HERE COMES CULGARA'S CAMELEERS.. AND ALL YOU CAN TALK ABOUT ARE KITTENS!

THE CAMELEERS WERE ALMOST UPON US! THERE WAS NO MORE TIME TO ARGUE! I SMASHED THE CAGE AND RELEASED THE KITTENS...

RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



AND THEN, STRANGE THINGS HAPPENED AS CULOARA'S CAMELS NEARED THE CARAVAN...

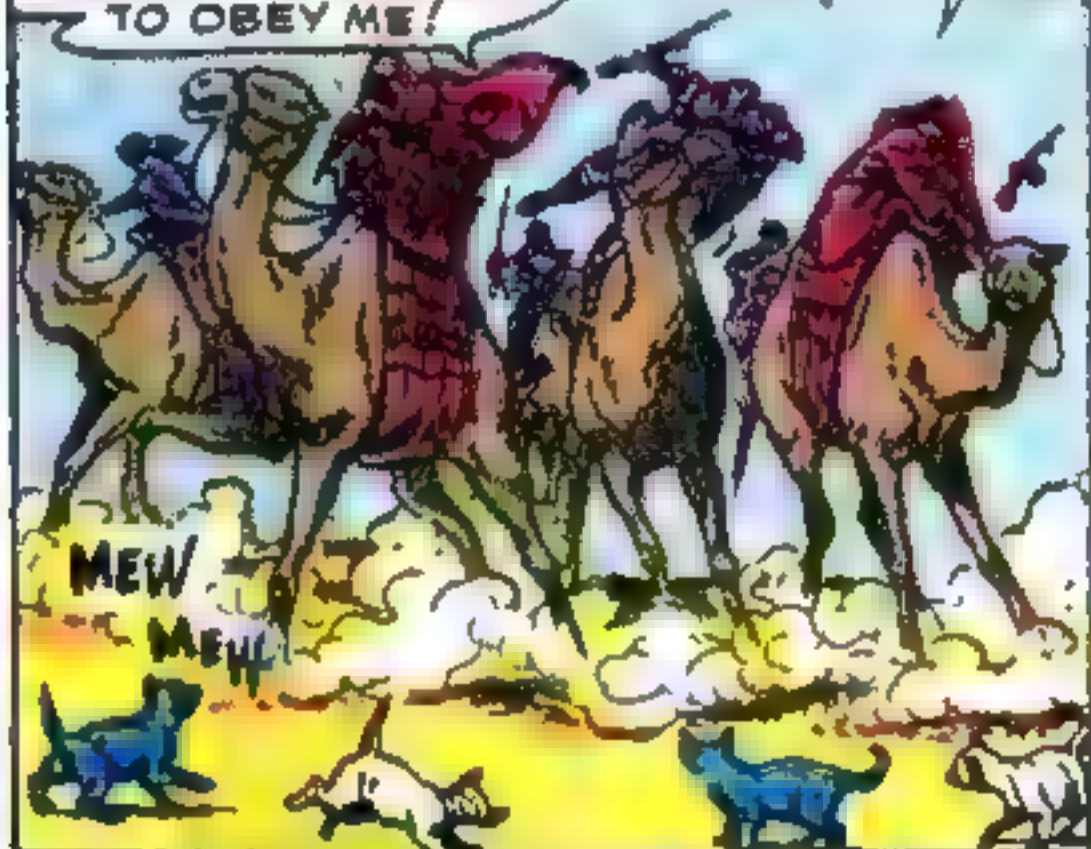
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS STUPID BEAST! IT REFUSES TO OBEY ME!

MINE, TOO! IT'S BACKING AWAY!

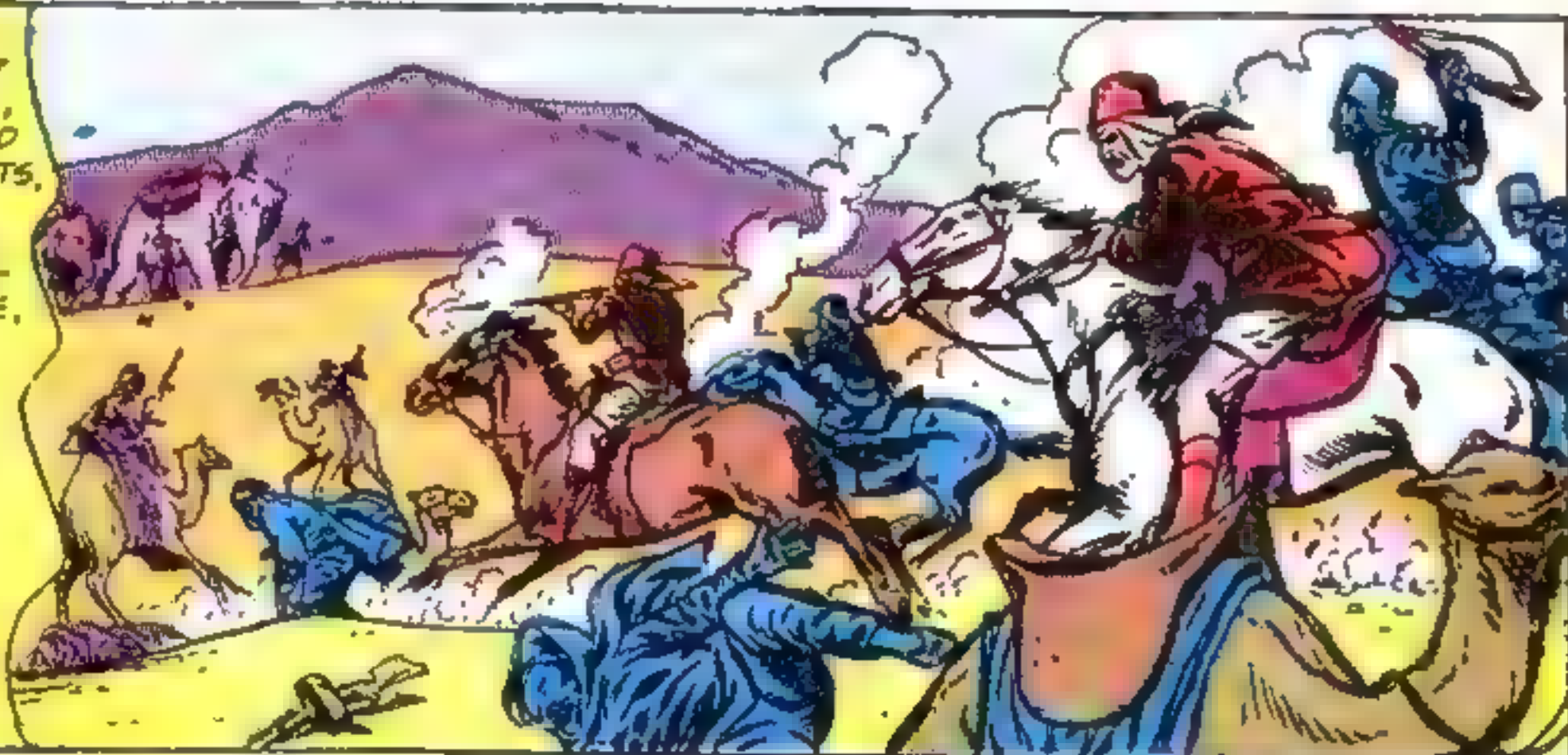
AND AS THE CAMELS BEGAN SCOOTING OFF IN ALL DIRECTIONS, I GAVE THE SIGNAL TO THE SOLDIERS IN HIDING AT THE OASIS..

STOP, YOU STUPID BEAST! WHERE ARE YOU FLEEING?

LET'S GO-- THERE'S CONGO BILL'S SIGNAL!



WITH THEIR ANIMALS OUT OF CONTROL, CULGARA AND HIS CUTTHROATS, ALTHOUGH OUTNUMBERING THE MILITARY POLICE, WERE IN NO CONDITION TO PUT UP A FIGHT! WE WERE ABLE TO PICK THEM OFF ONE BY ONE...



FINALLY...

DON'T SHOOT! WE SURRENDER!

CONGRATULATIONS, BILL! EVEN THOUGH YOU DIDN'T LEAD THEM TO THE OASIS AS WE ARRANGED, IT ALL CAME OUT RIGHT ANYWAY!

IT'S LUCKY FOR US ALL I COULDN'T LEAD THEM TO THE OASIS, CAPTAIN... CONSIDERING THE HEAVY ARMAMENT THEY WERE CARRYING!

LATER, A CONFUSED CULGARA ASKED ME THE QUESTION WHICH IS PROBABLY BOTHERING YOU, TOO...

WHAT IN BLAZES DID YOU DO TO THOSE CAMELS ANYWAY?

CULGARA, AS A CAMELEER, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT CAMELS ARE THE STUPIDEST BEASTS ON EARTH... THEY PANIC AT THE SIGHT OF ANY CREATURE WHICH THEY'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

KNOWING THAT CATS ARE VERY RARELY-- IF EVER-- SEEN ON THE DESERT, I SIMPLY RELEASED THESE CUTE LITTLE KITTENS, AND LET THEM DO THE JOB FOR ME!



THE END

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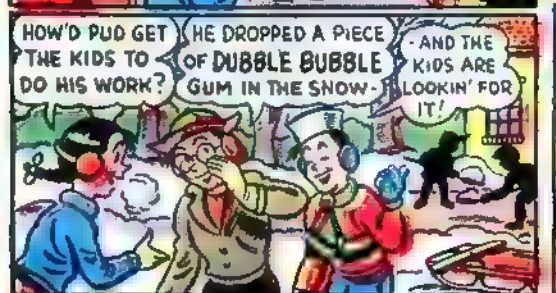
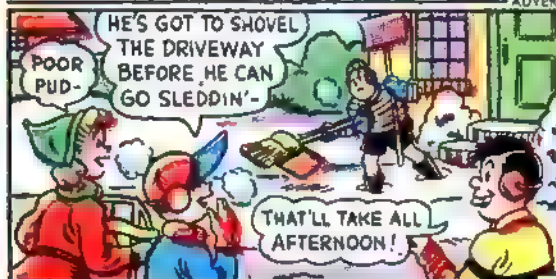


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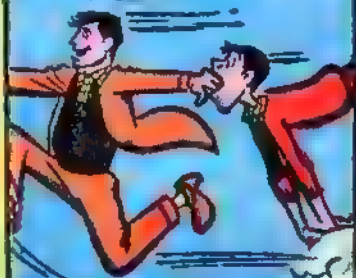
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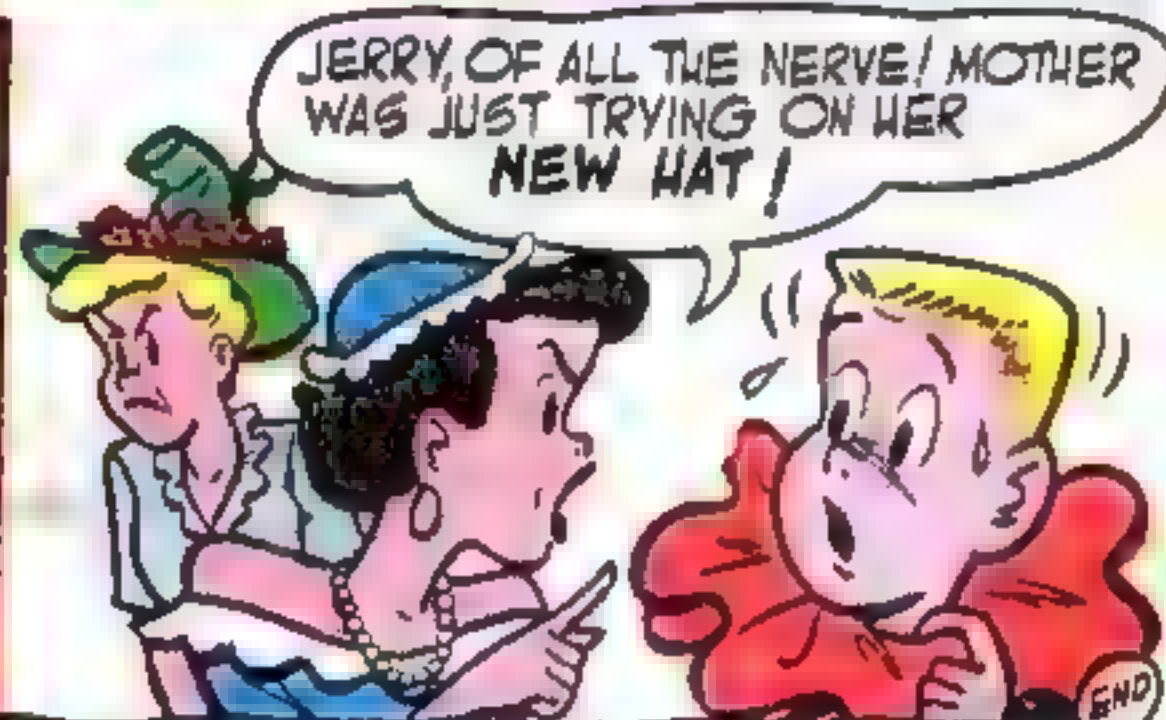
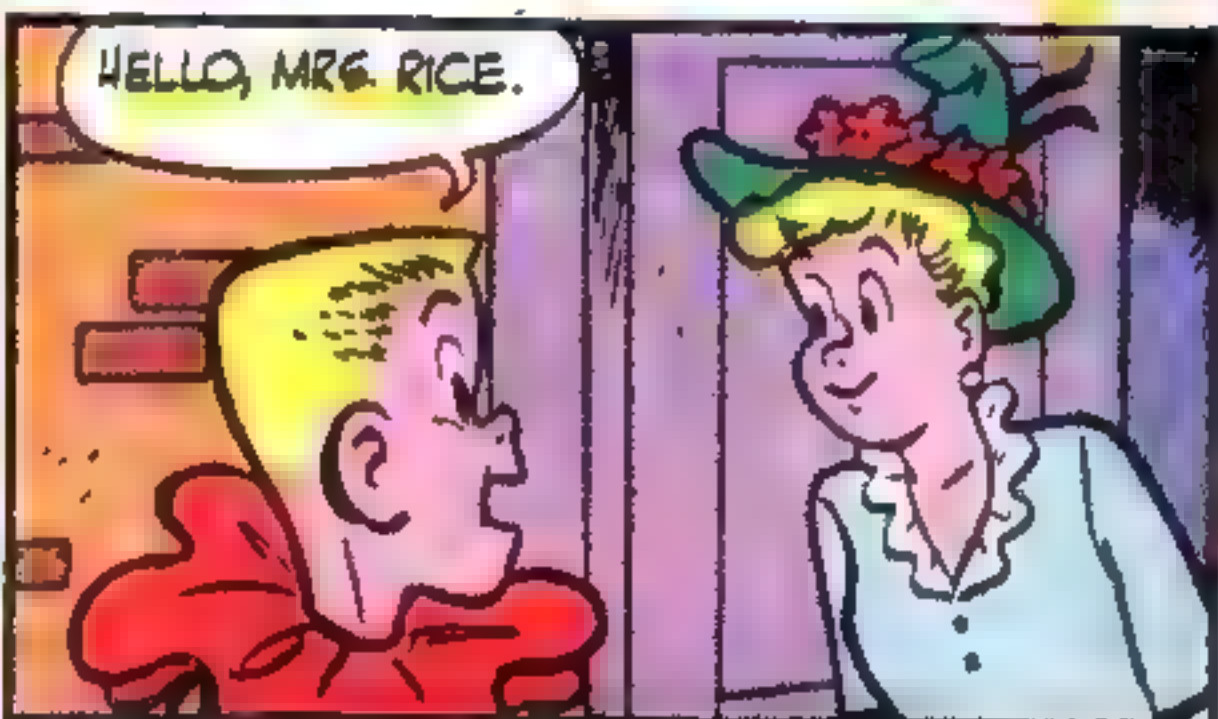
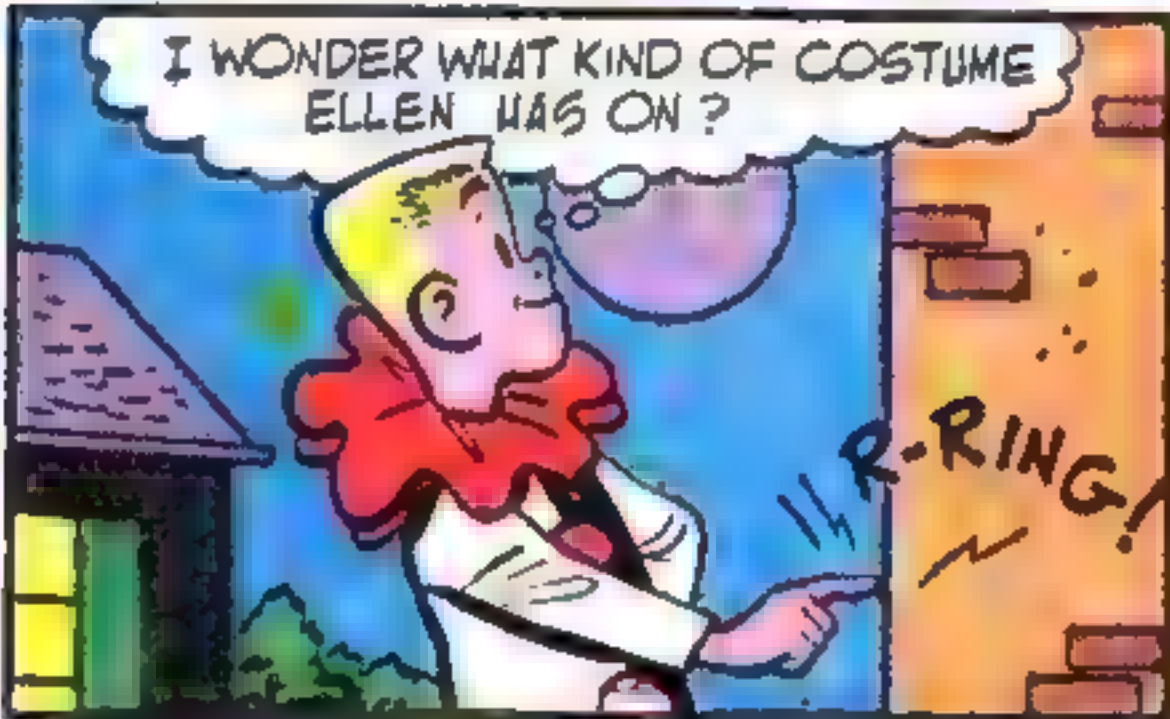
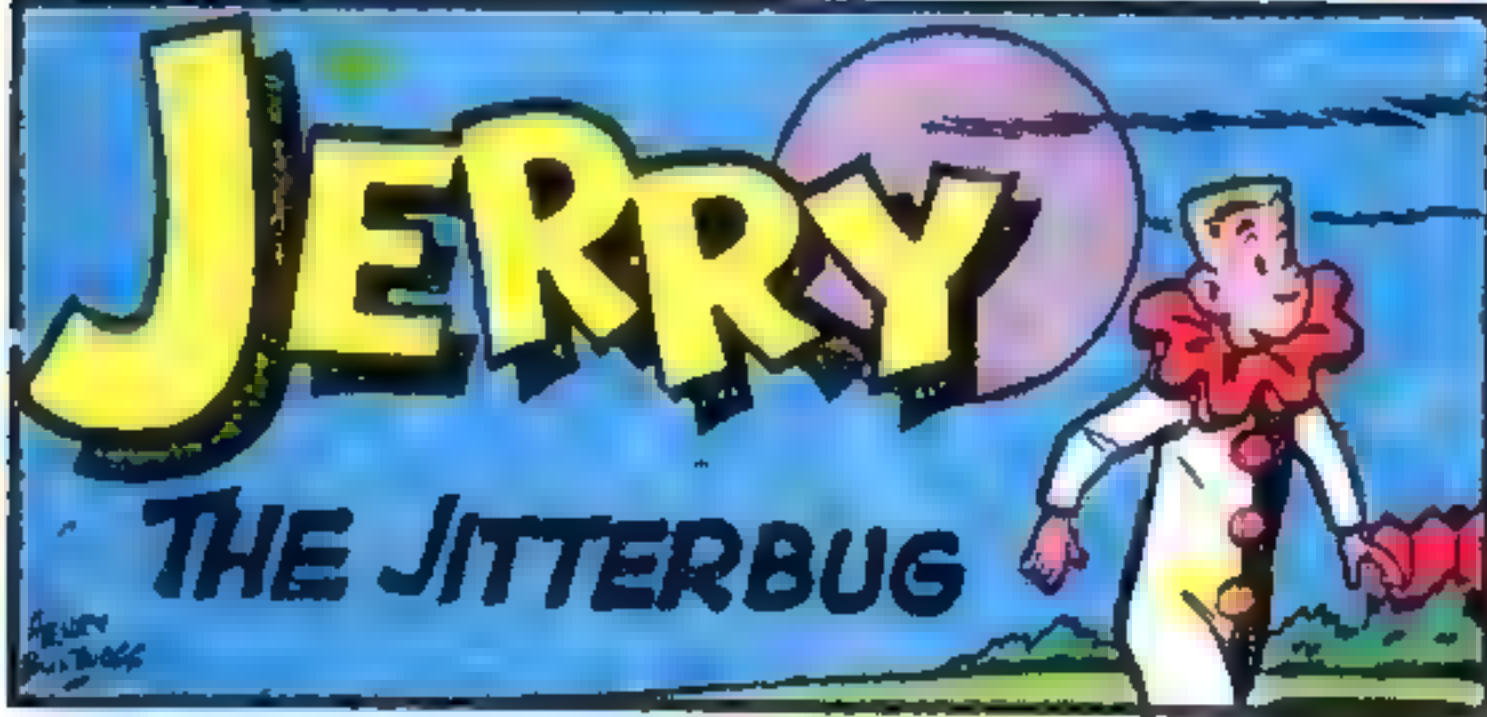
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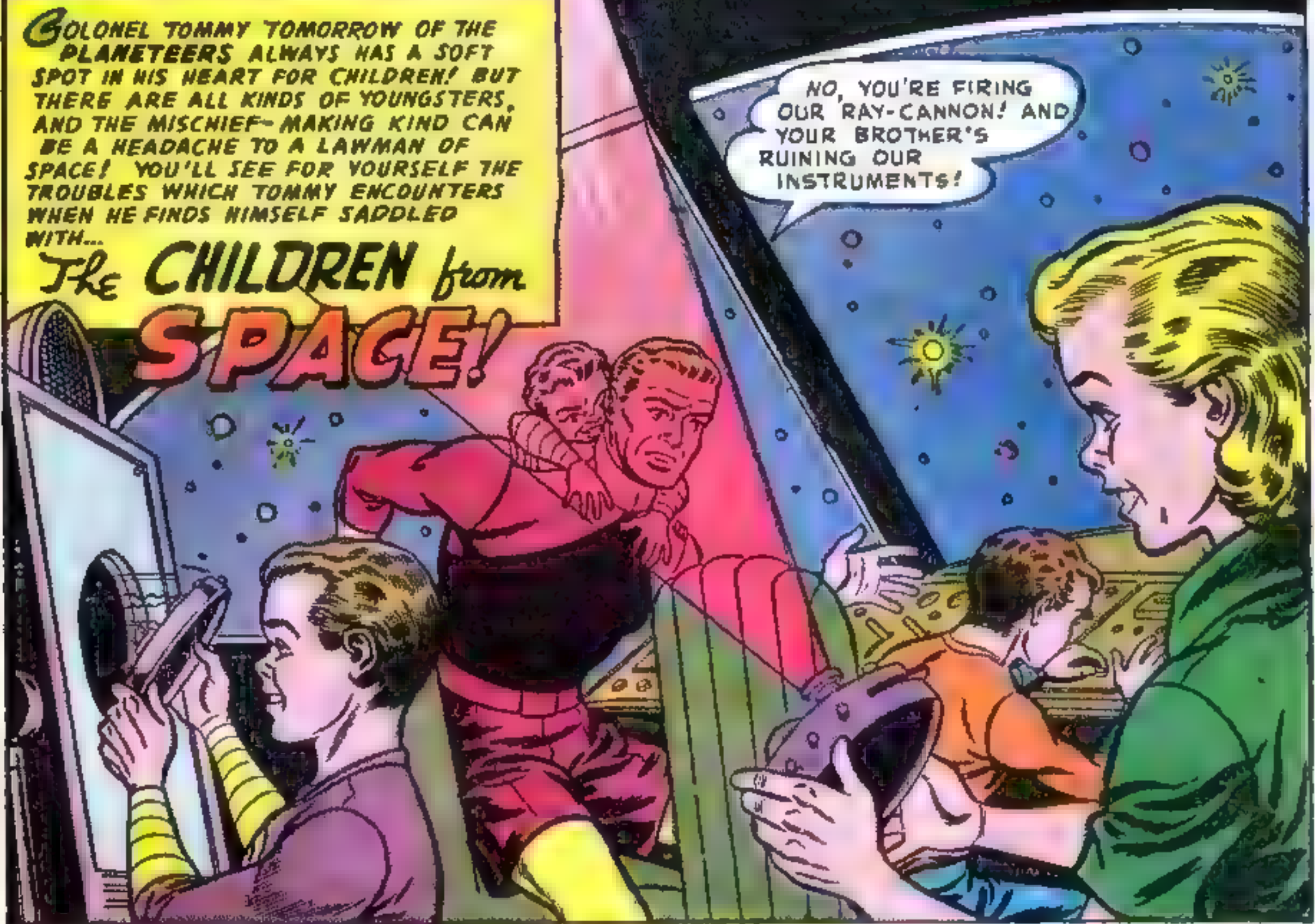
The advertisement features a large, colorful illustration of Superman flying over a city skyline, shown on a television screen. The text is in bold, stylized fonts.



Tommy TOMORROW

COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS ALWAYS HAS A SOFT SPOT IN HIS HEART FOR CHILDREN! BUT THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF YOUNGSTERS, AND THE MISCHIEF-MAKING KIND CAN BE A HEADACHE TO A LAWMAN OF SPACE! YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF THE TROUBLES WHICH TOMMY ENCOUNTERS WHEN HE FINDS HIMSELF SADDLED WITH...

The CHILDREN from SPACE!



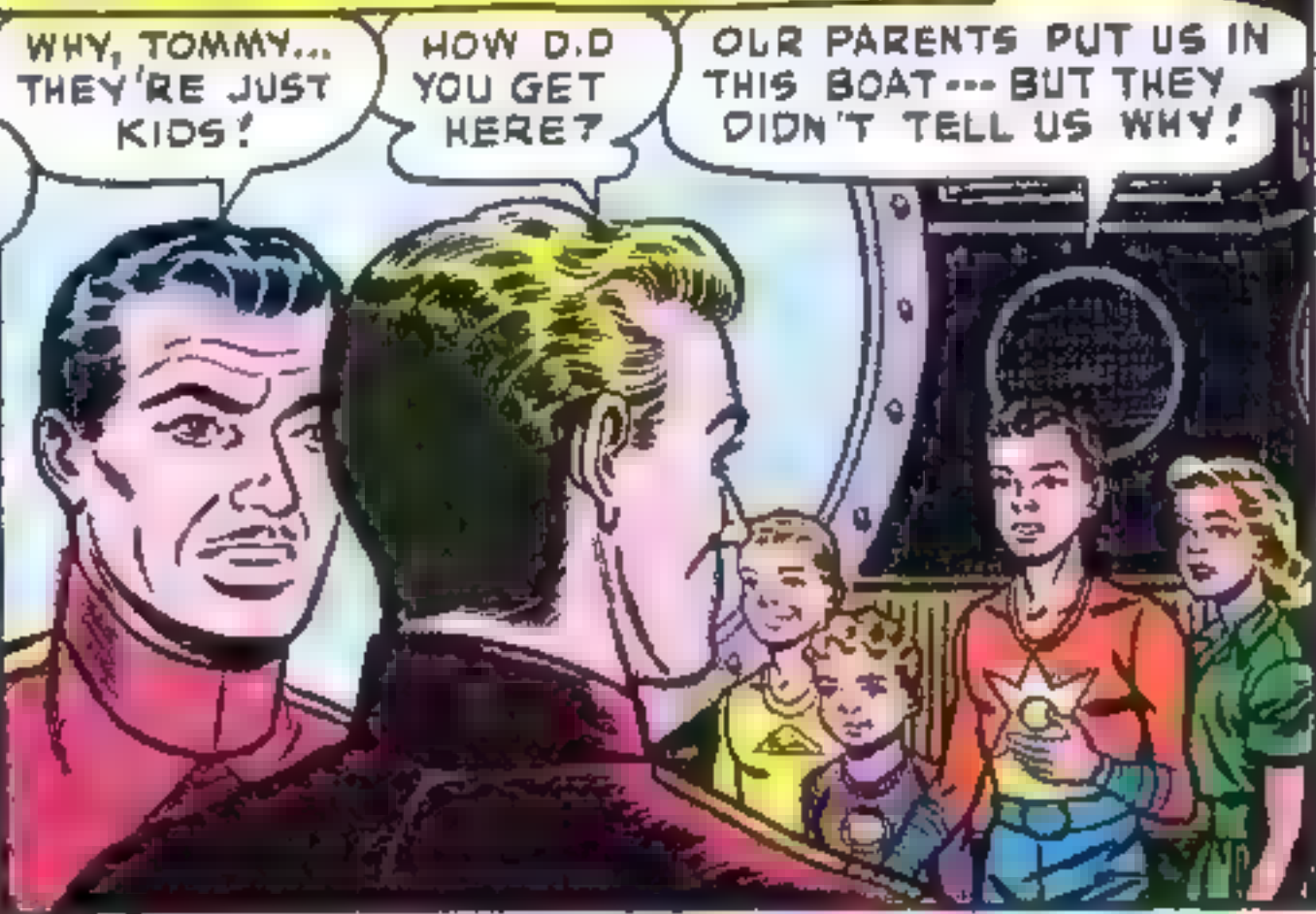
OUT BY THE FRONTIER SPACES OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, TWO PATROLLING PLANETEERS SIGHT AN UNEXPECTED OBJECT...

LOOK THERE, TOMMY... A LIFEBOAT FROM SOME SPACE LINER!

I DON'T GET IT, BRENT! WE'RE WAY OUTSIDE THE SPACE LANES, AND NO WRECK HAS BEEN REPORTED IN THIS AREA! WE'D BETTER HURRY OVER THERE!



AND A STARTLING SURPRISE GREET'S COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW AND HIS CO-PILOT, CAPTAIN BRENT WOOD, WHEN THEY BOARD THE STRANGE CRAFT...



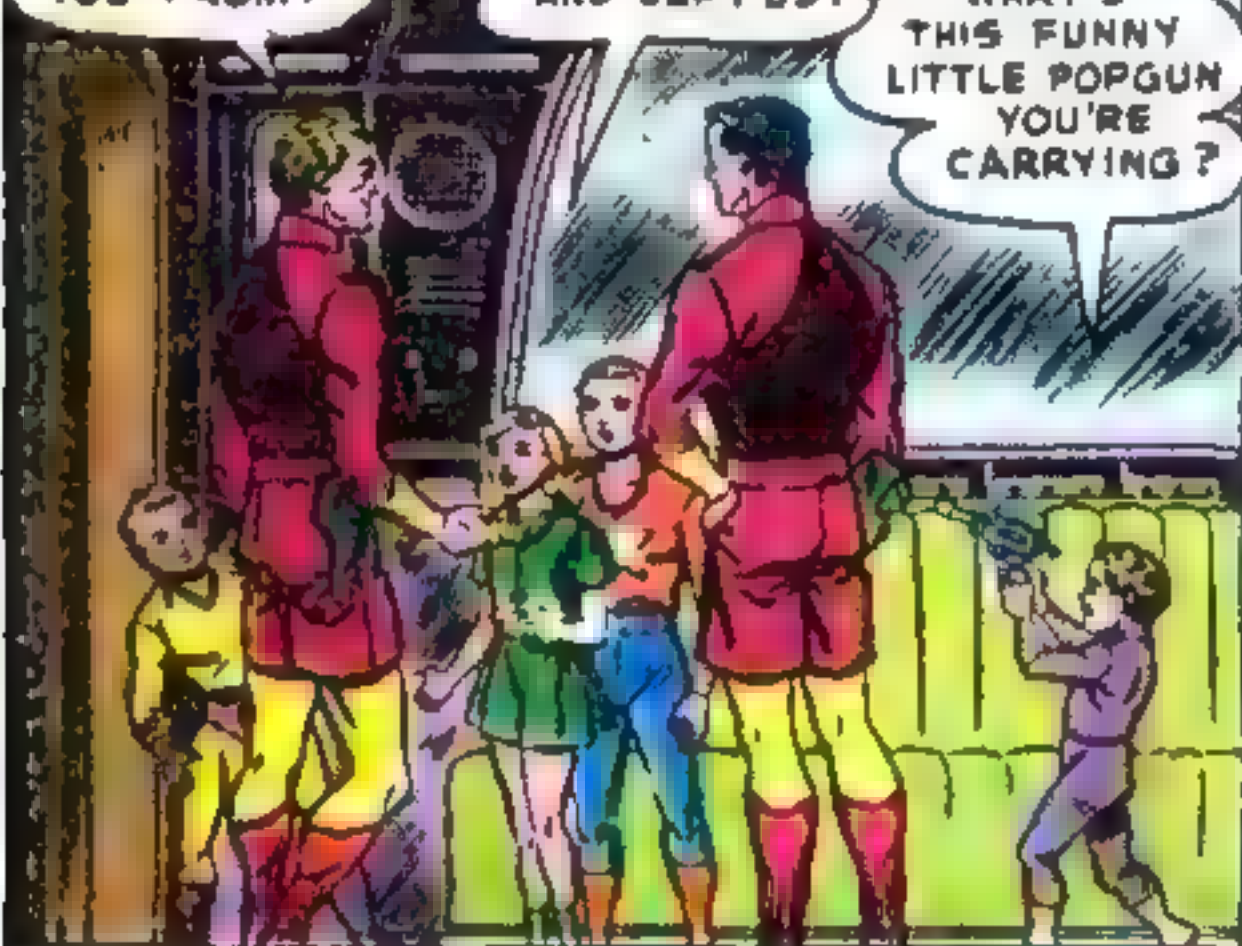
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR SHIP-- AND WHAT WORLD ARE YOU FROM?

WE'RE FROM ZURA-- AND OUR PARENTS' SHIP JUST WENT ON AND LEFT US!

WHAT'S THIS FUNNY LITTLE POPGUN YOU'RE CARRYING?

HEY-- GIVE THAT BACK! YOU WANT TO HURT YOURSELF?

NOW--WILD LITTLE YOUNGSTERS, AREN'T THEY? THEY ACT AS IF OUR EQUIPMENT ARE TOYS!



ANOTHER THING... I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT! THERE ISN'T ANY PLANET CALLED ZURA!

WELL, THEY'RE JUST CHILDREN... THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT THE NAME WRONG! ALL WE CAN DO IS KEEP THEM ABOARD OUR SHIP UNTIL WE CAN FIND OUT WHERE THEY BELONG!

ONCE INSIDE HIS FAMED CRAFT, THE SPACE ACE, TOMMY IS DESTINED TO ENCOUNTER ONE OF THE MOST PERPLEXING PROBLEMS OF HIS CAREER...

GEE-- I'VE NEVER SEEN A SPACE SHIP LIKE THIS BEFORE!

HEY, YOU! GET AWAY FROM THOSE CONTROLS!

WHEW! KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE KIDS BEFORE THEY WRECK THE PLACE, BRENT! I'LL BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS I'VE REPORTED THIS BUSINESS TO HEADQUARTERS!



SHORTLY, AS TOMMY RECEIVES HIS ORDERS FROM EARTH HEADQUARTERS...

WHAT A QUEER OLD-FASHIONED RADIO! I'M SURPRISED IT WORKS!

INVESTIGATE POSSIBILITY OF A WRECK IN THAT REGION-- AND MAKE EVERY EFFORT TO RETURN THE CHILDREN TO THEIR HOMES!

YES, SIR!

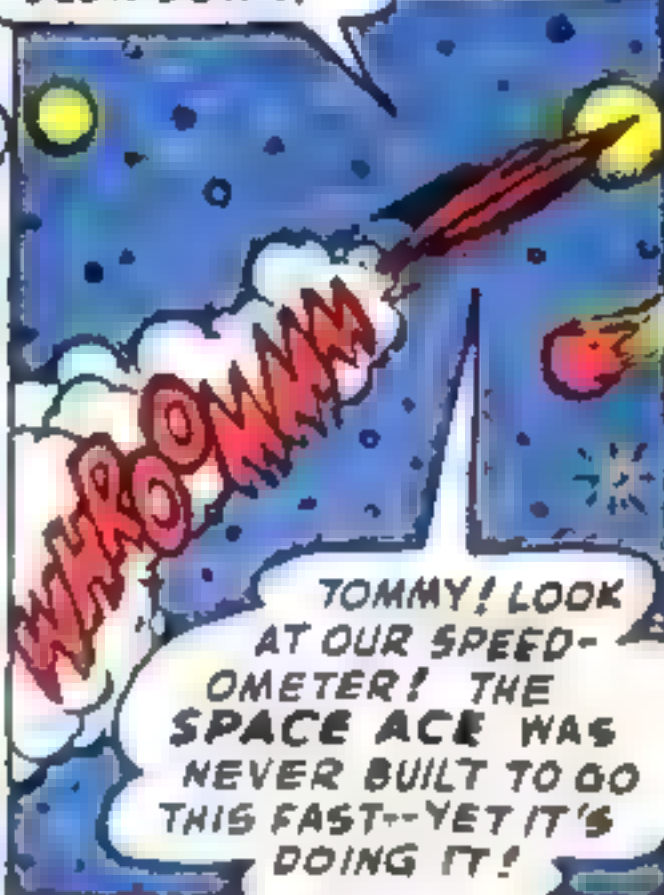
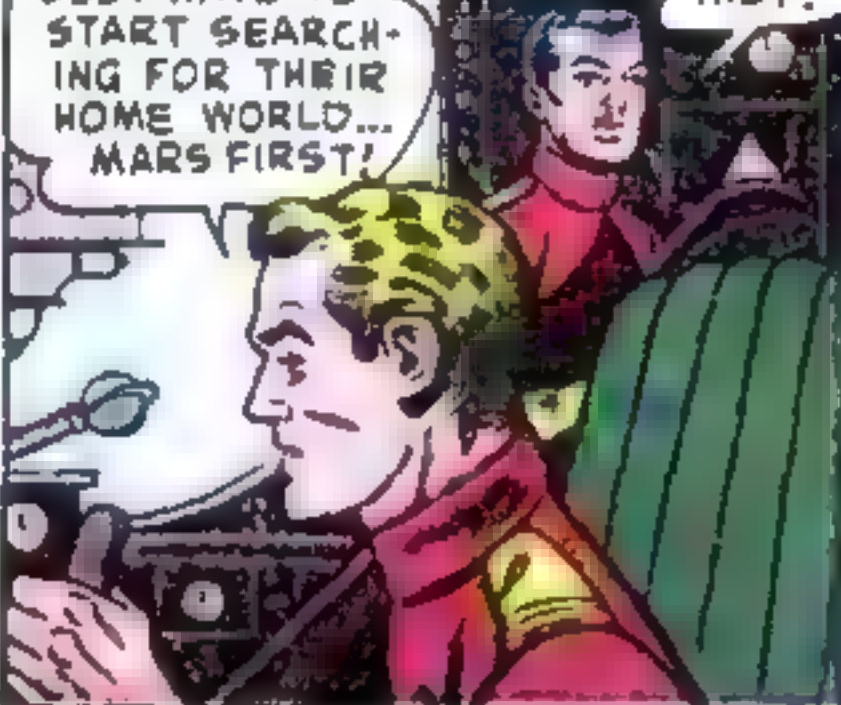
BUT AFTER A LONG SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF A WRECKED SPACE SHIP...

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT SHIP, IT'S NOT AROUND THIS PART OF SPACE! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO START SEARCHING FOR THEIR HOME WORLD... MARS FIRST!

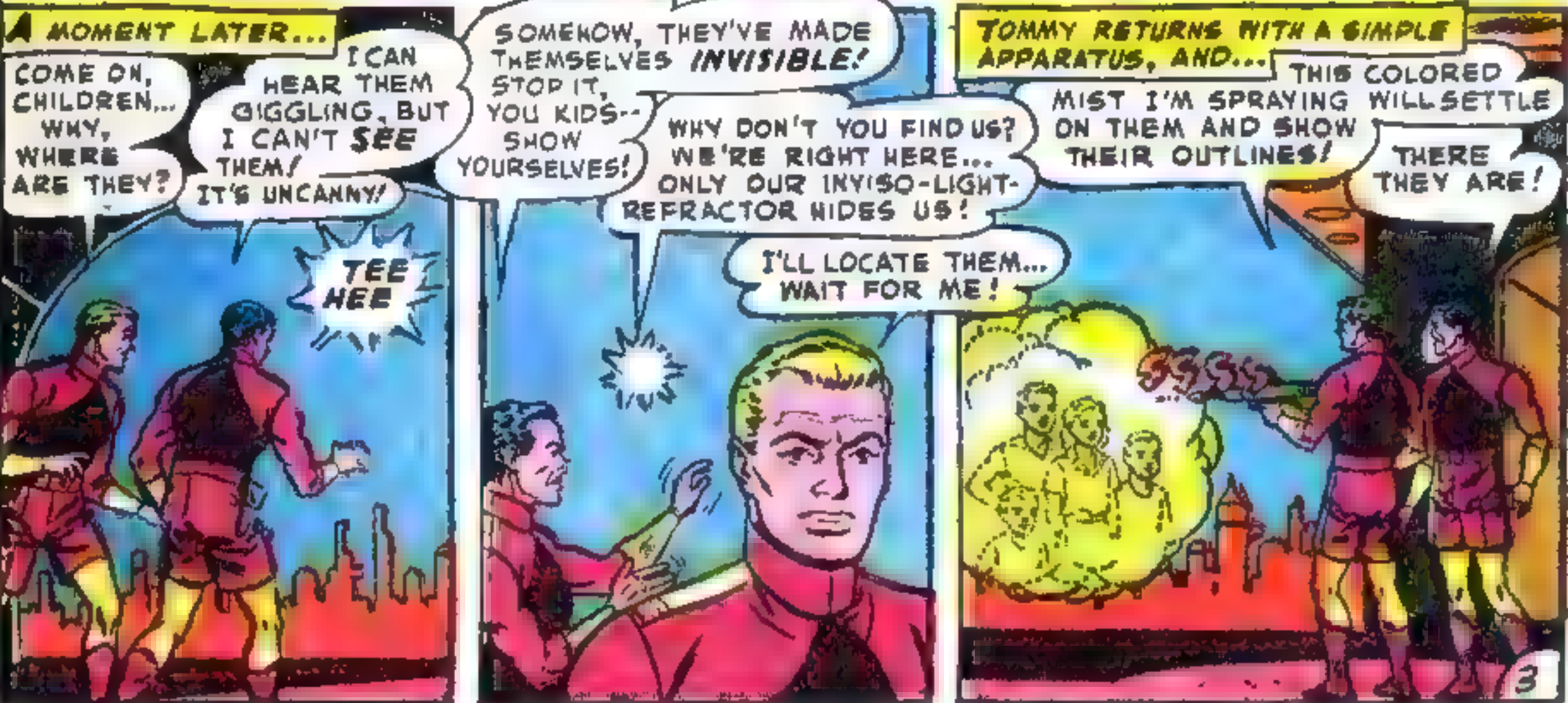
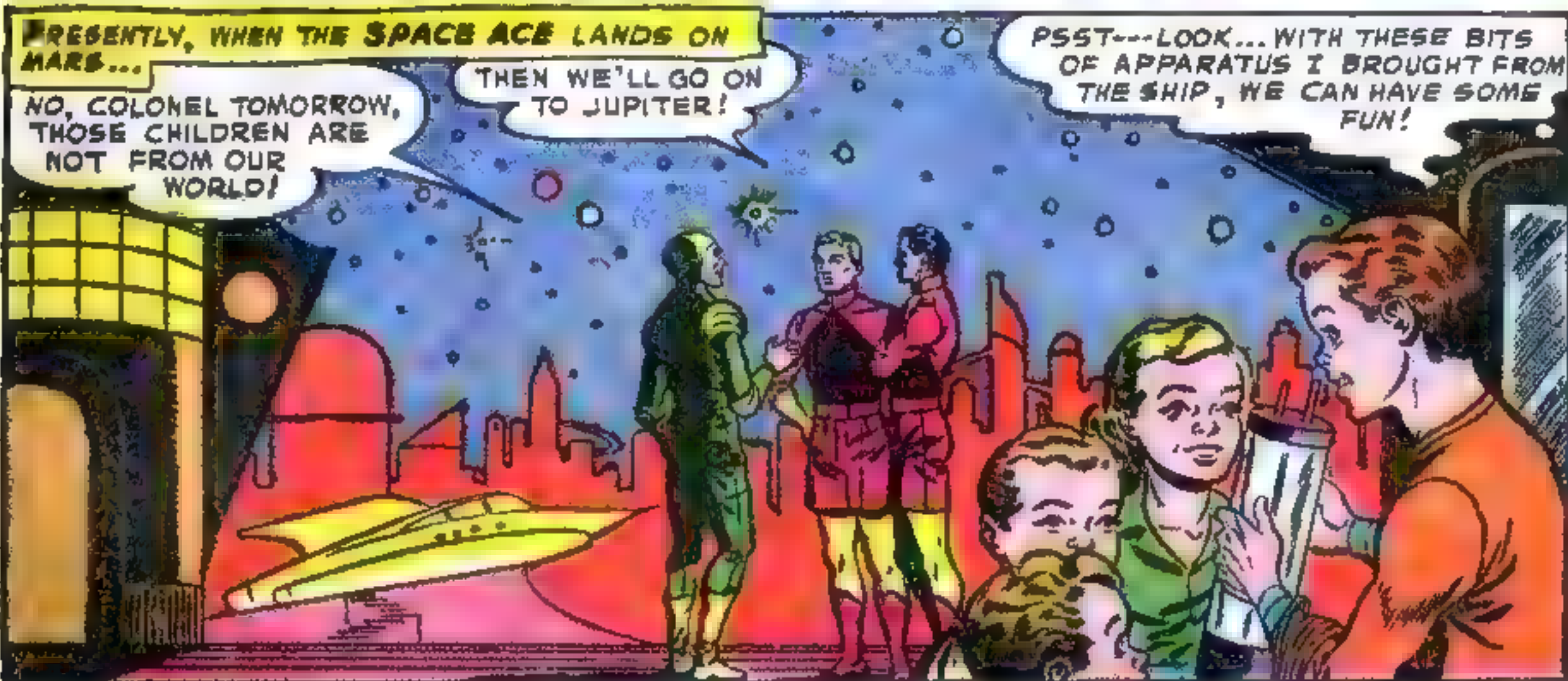
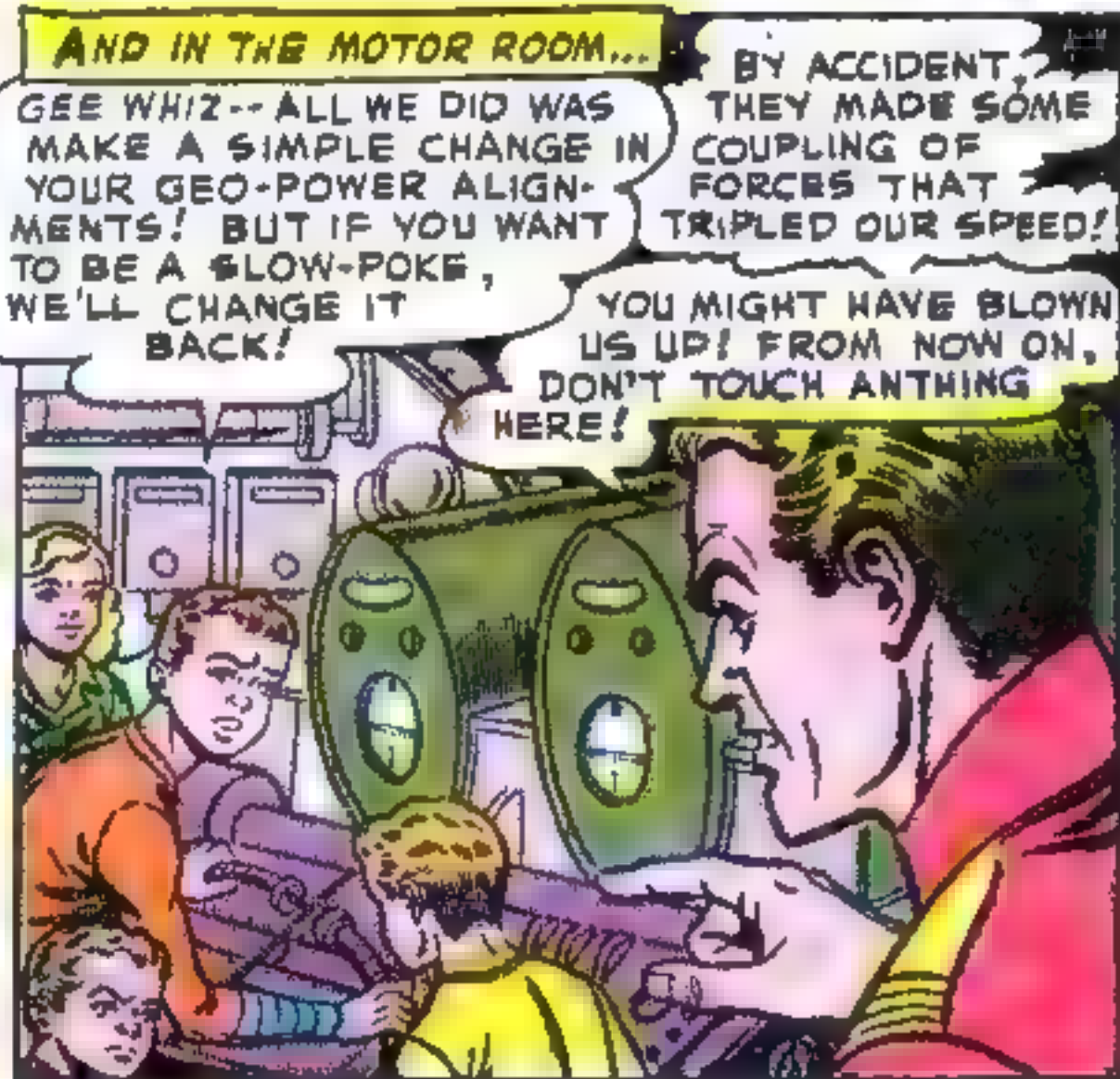
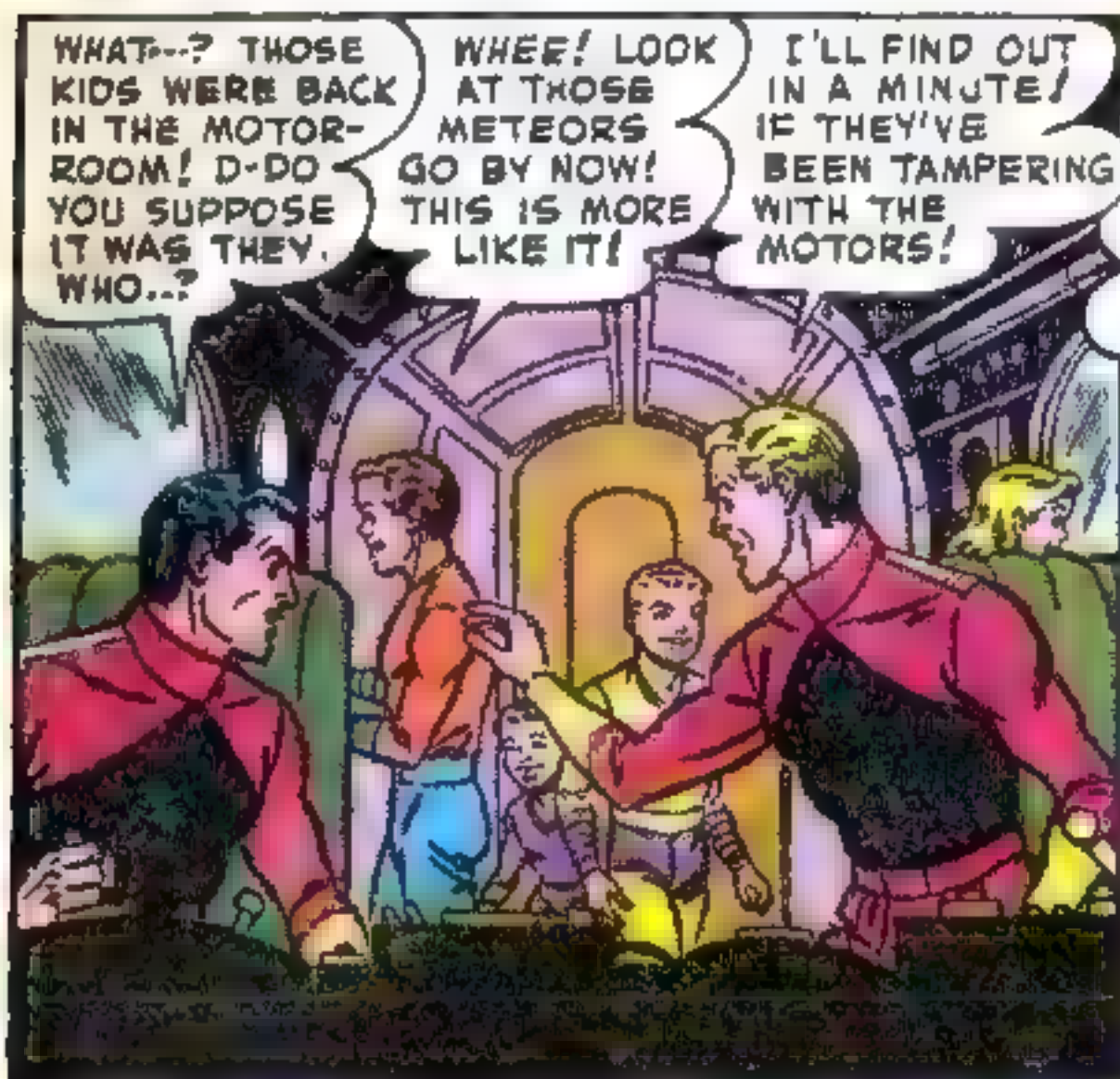
FUNNY THEY STILL INSIST THEY COME FROM A PLACE CALLED ZURA! BY THE WAY, WHERE ARE THEY?

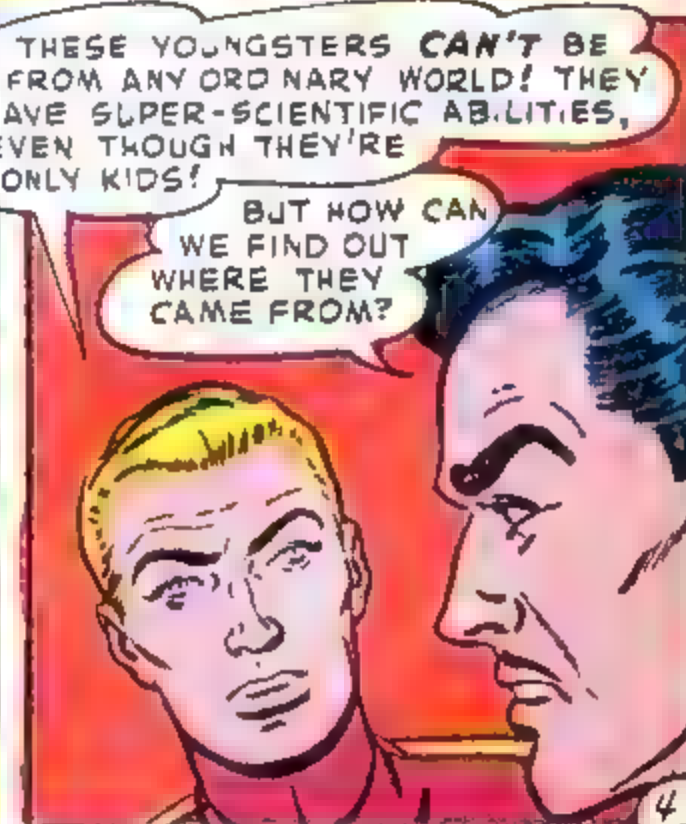
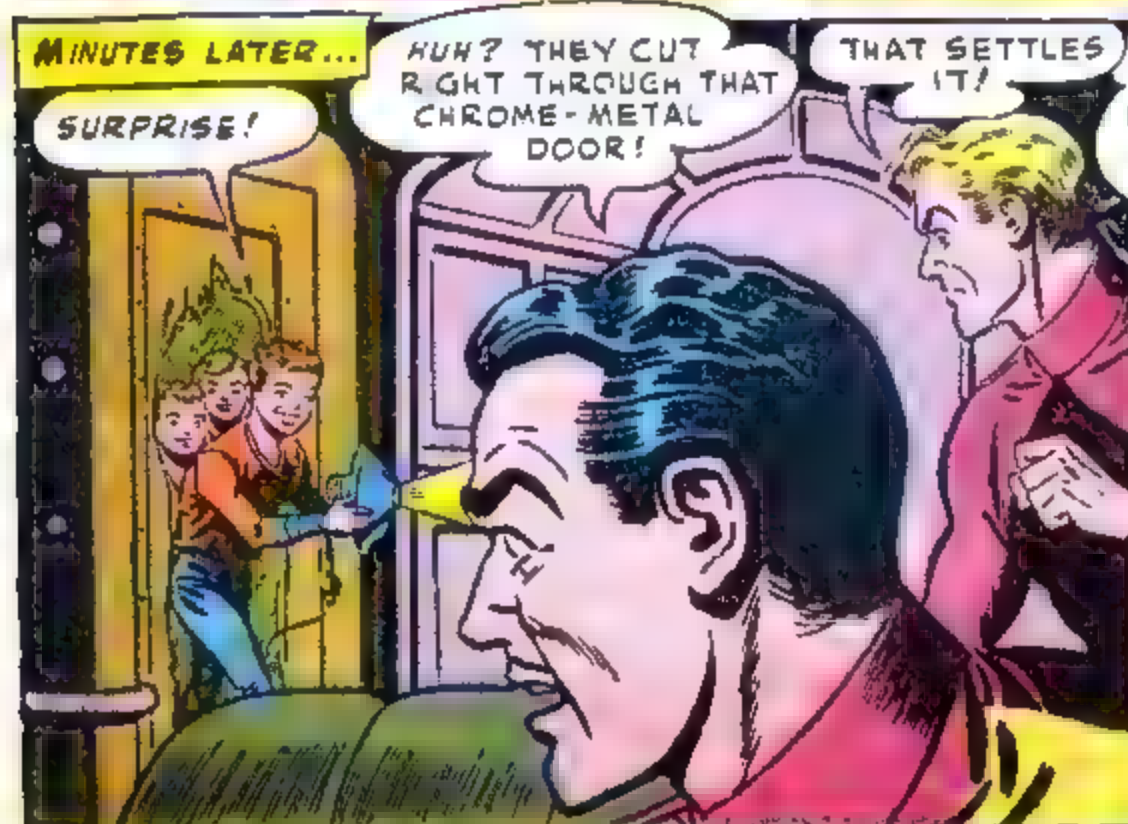
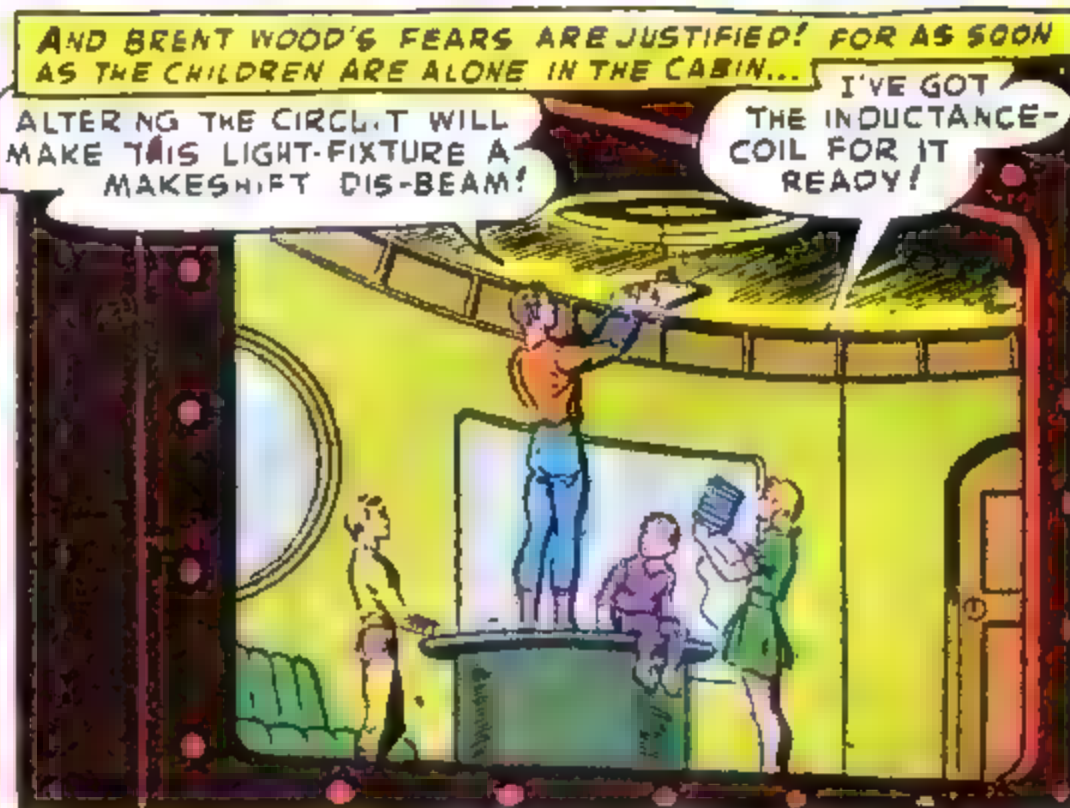
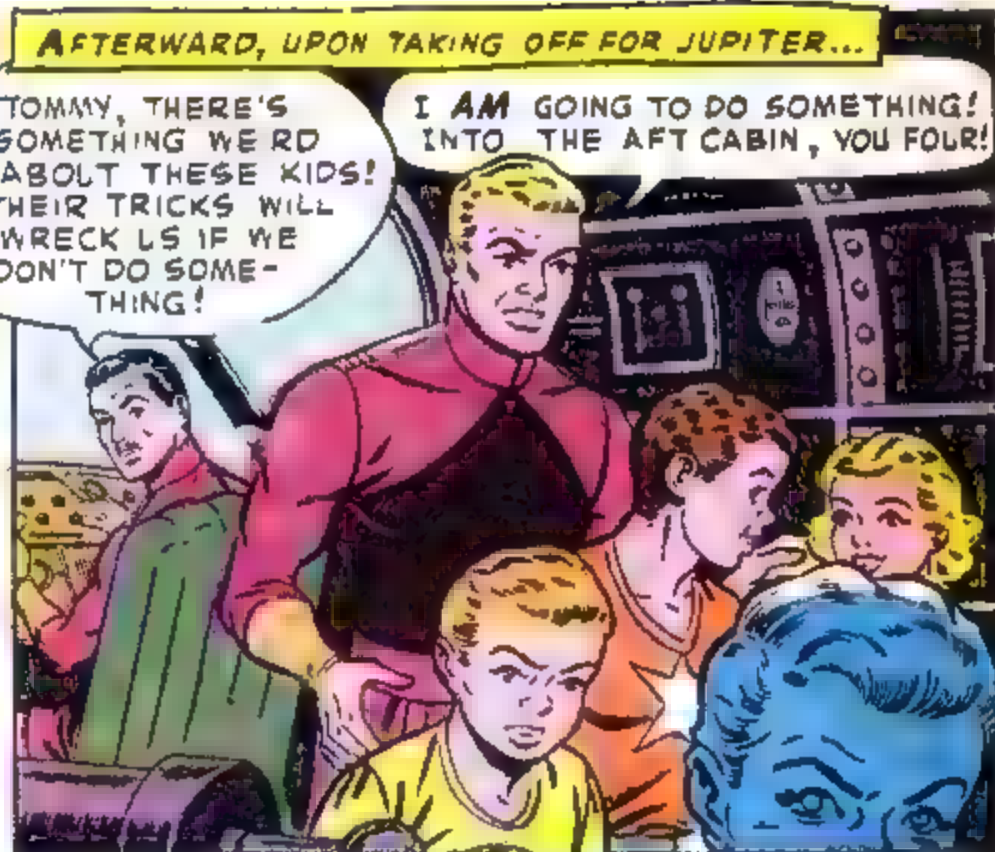
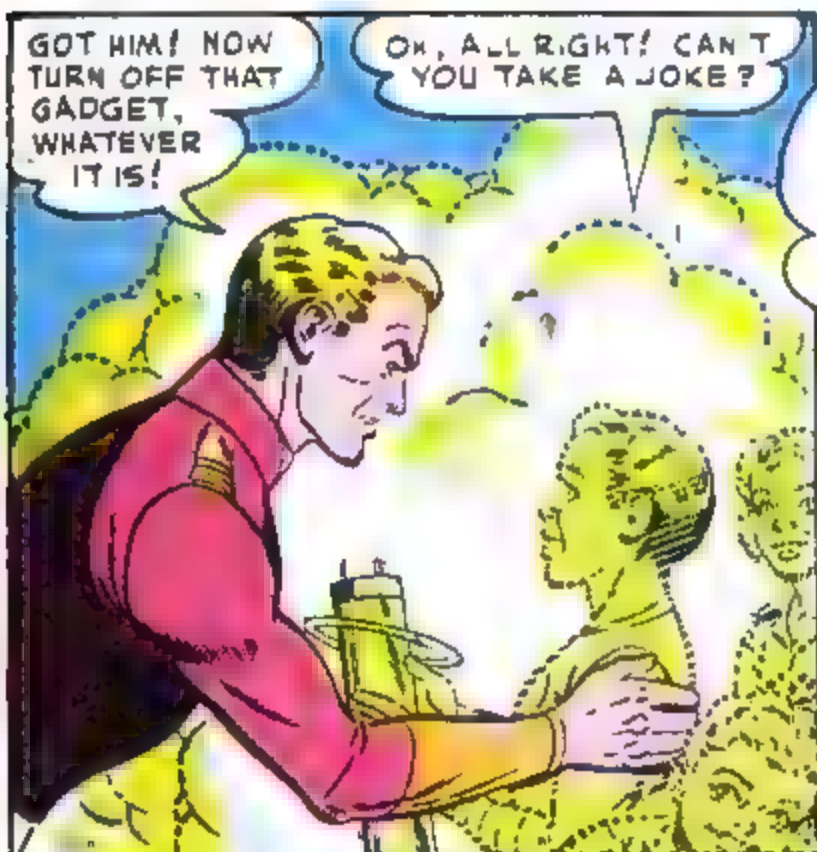
SUDDENLY...

YOW! WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? WE'RE PICKING UP TREMENDOUS SPEED, AND I CAN'T SLOW DOWN!



TOMMY! LOOK AT OUR SPEEDOMETER! THE SPACE ACE WAS NEVER BUILT TO GO THIS FAST--YET IT'S DOING IT!







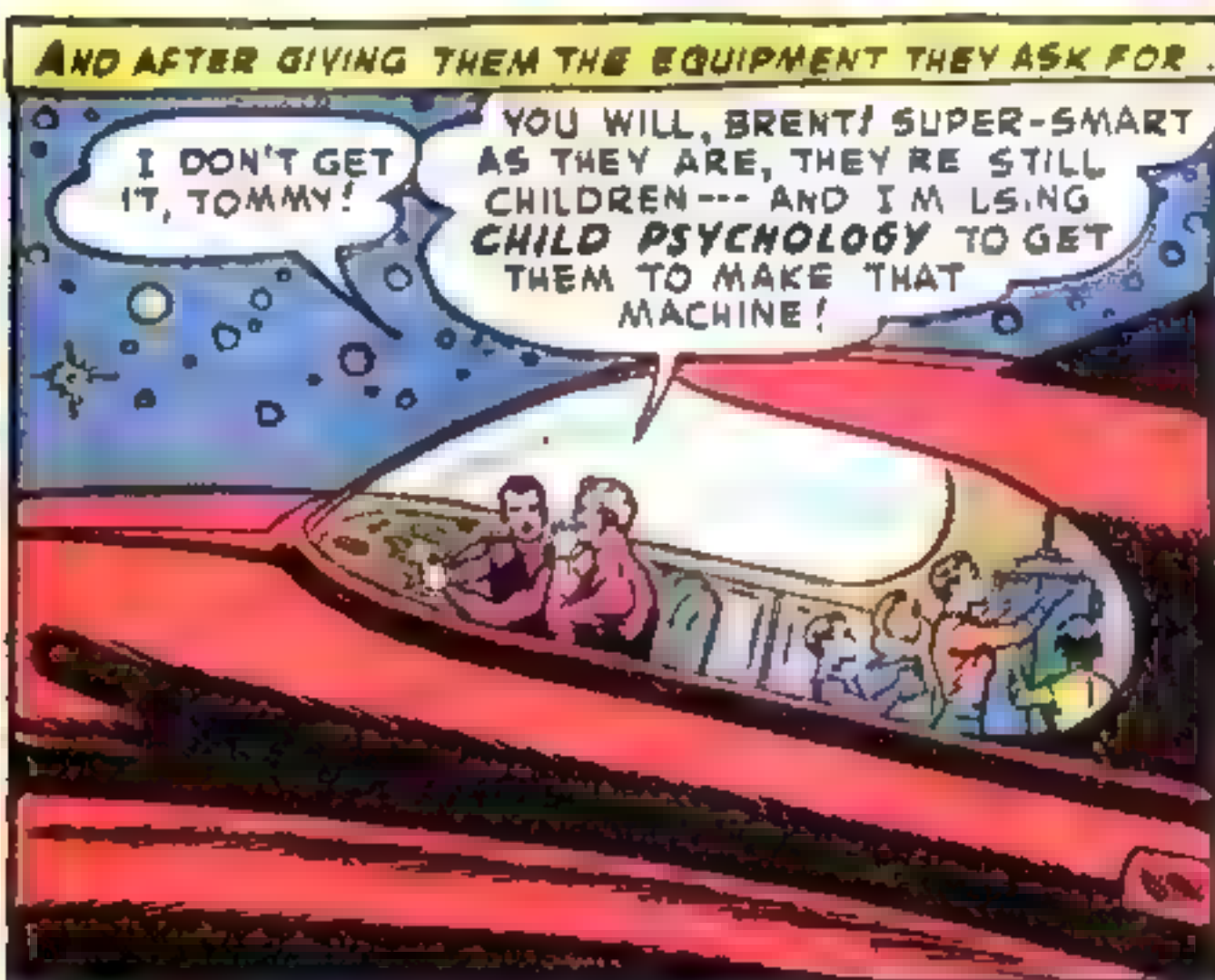
THERE'S ONE WAY TO DO IT, BRENT... LISTEN, YOU KIDS-- YOUR CHILDISH GAGS AREN'T FUNNY! YOU DON'T KNOW ENOUGH SCIENCE TO DO ANYTHING REALLY IMPRESSIVE!

WE CAN DO ANY SCIENTIFIC STUNTS THAT YOU CAN... AND MORE!



I DON'T BELIEVE IT! NOW ABOUT BUILDING A **TRUTH-CONFESSION MACHINE** THAT WOULD MAKE A PERSON TELL EVERYTHING IN HIS MIND AND MEMORY? I'LL BET YOU COULDN'T DO THAT!

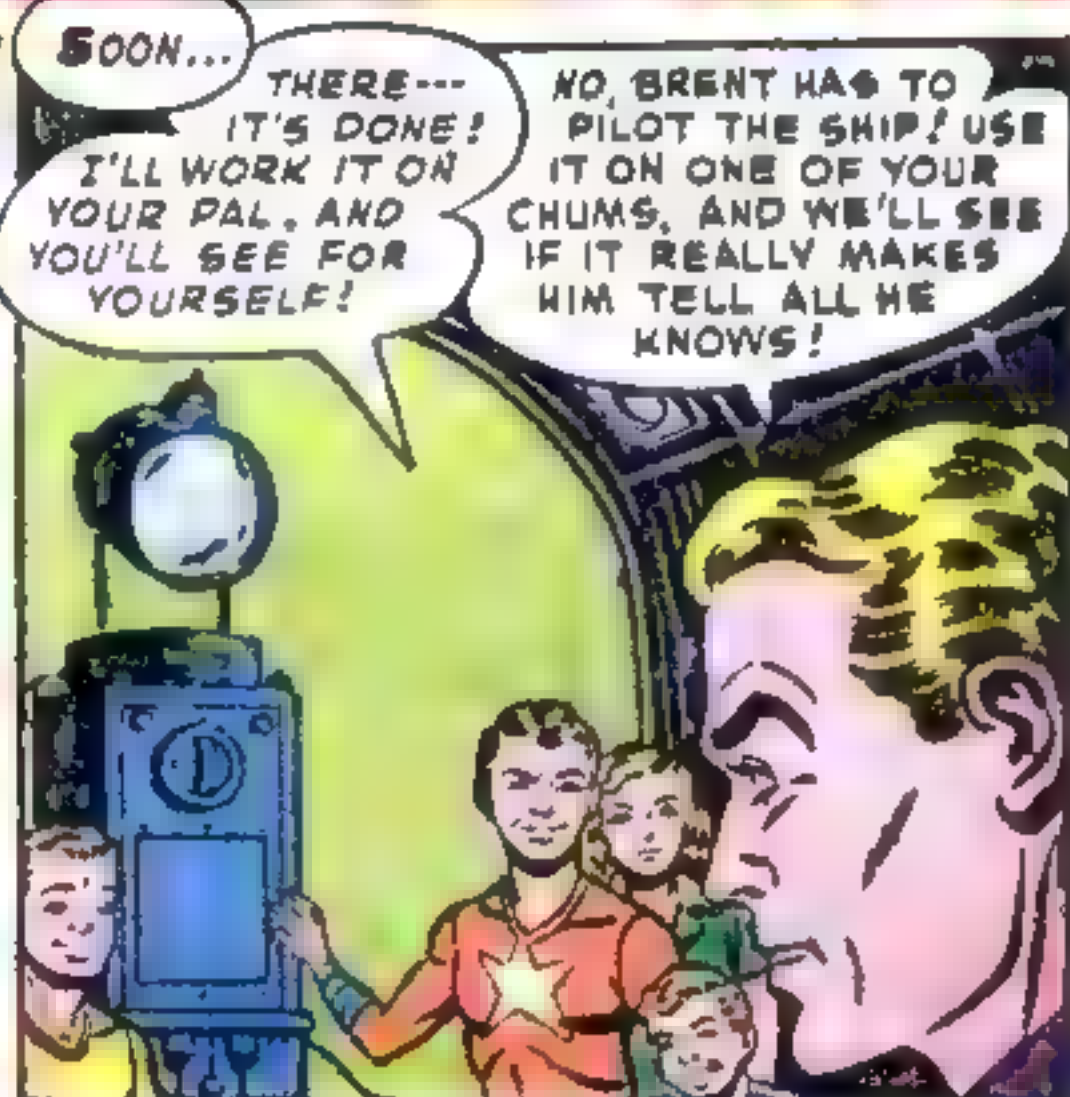
WE COULD, TOO! GIVE US SOME TOOLS AND I'LL SHOW YOU!



AND AFTER GIVING THEM THE EQUIPMENT THEY ASK FOR...

I DON'T GET IT, TOMMY!

YOU WILL, BRENT! SUPER-SMART AS THEY ARE, THEY'RE STILL CHILDREN--- AND I'M USING **CHILD PSYCHOLOGY** TO GET THEM TO MAKE THAT MACHINE!



SOON...

THERE--- IT'S DONE! I'LL WORK IT ON YOUR PAL, AND YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF!

NO, BRENT HAS TO PILOT THE SHIP! USE IT ON ONE OF YOUR CHUMS, AND WE'LL SEE IF IT REALLY MAKES HIM TELL ALL HE KNOWS!

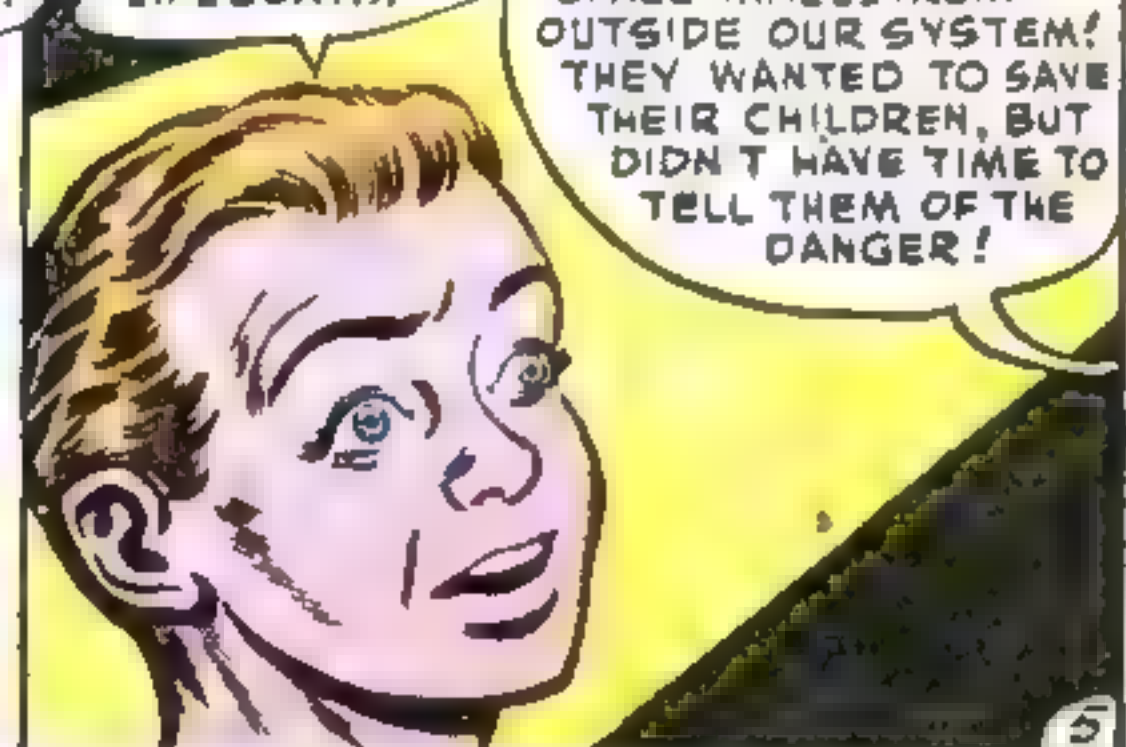
AND SO, AS THE WEIRD MACHINE OF OTHER-WORLD SCIENCE CASTS A HYPNOTIC SPELL OVER ONE OF THE LADS...

MY FIRST MEMORIES ARE OF OUR WORLD **ZURA**, AND OF OUR TWIN SUNS AND FOUR MOONS...

BRENT, THAT'S IT! THESE ARE CHILDREN OF A DIFFERENT, DISTANT STAR-WORLD!

...IN THE SHIP--GOING PAST THE SYSTEM OF **SOL** ON OUR VOYAGE TO **ANTARES**... OUR PARENTS WANT TO PUT US IN THE LIFEBOAT...

NOW I GET IT! THEY WERE PUT INTO THE LIFEBOAT BECAUSE THEIR PARENTS' STARSHIP WAS BEING DRAWN INTO THE SPACE MAELSTROM OUTSIDE OUR SYSTEM! THEY WANTED TO SAVE THEIR CHILDREN, BUT DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO TELL THEM OF THE DANGER!





ACTION COMICS

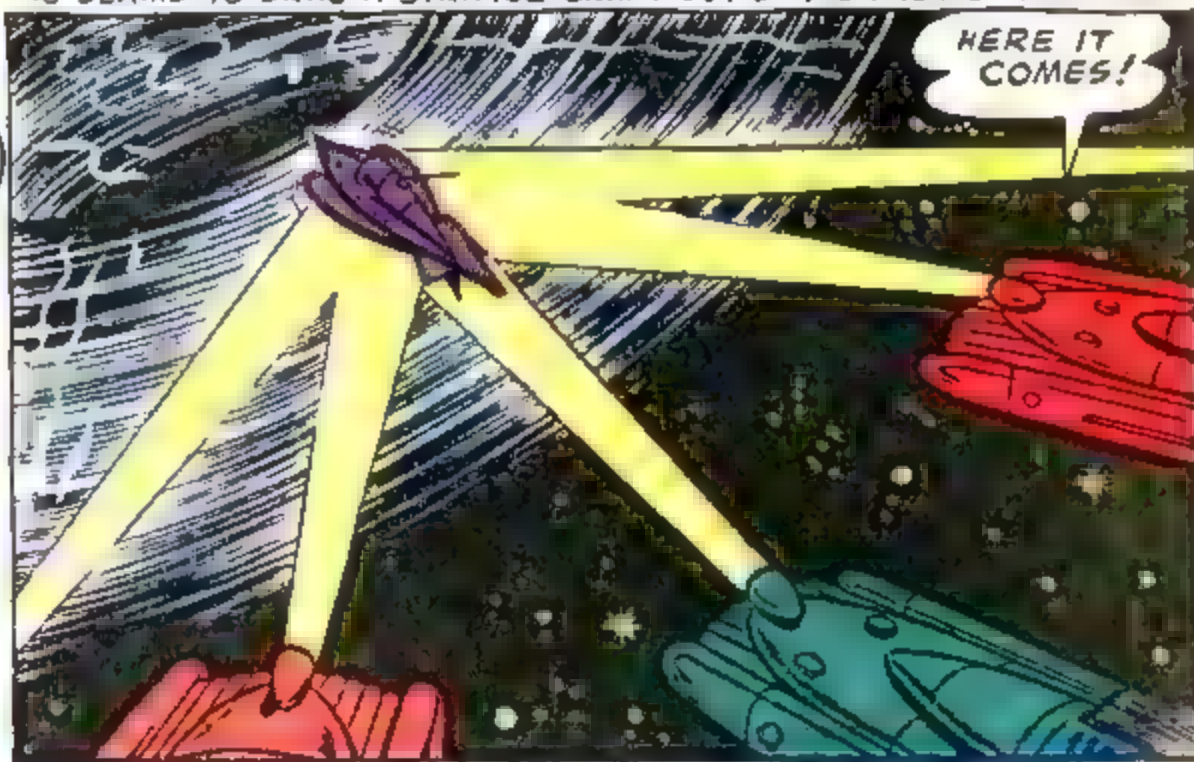


THEN THAT STAR-SHIP OF THEIR PARENTS MUST STILL BE IN THE MAELSTROM! OTHERWISE, THEY'D HAVE COME BACK HUNTING FOR THEIR CHILDREN!

YES, AND WE'VE GOT TO GET IT OUT! I'LL CALL ALL PLANETEER SALVAGE-TUGS AT ONCE!



THUS WITHIN AN HOUR, MIGHTY SALVAGE-TUGS ARRIVE WITH MAGNETIC BEAMS TO DRAG A STRANGE CRAFT OUT OF THE DREADED MAELSTROM.



HERE IT COMES!

AND SHORTLY, A JOYFUL REUNION TAKES PLACE...

WITH ALL OUR SCIENCE, WE COULD NOT ESCAPE THAT MAELSTROM WITHOUT OUTSIDE HELP. AND YOU BROUGHT IT!

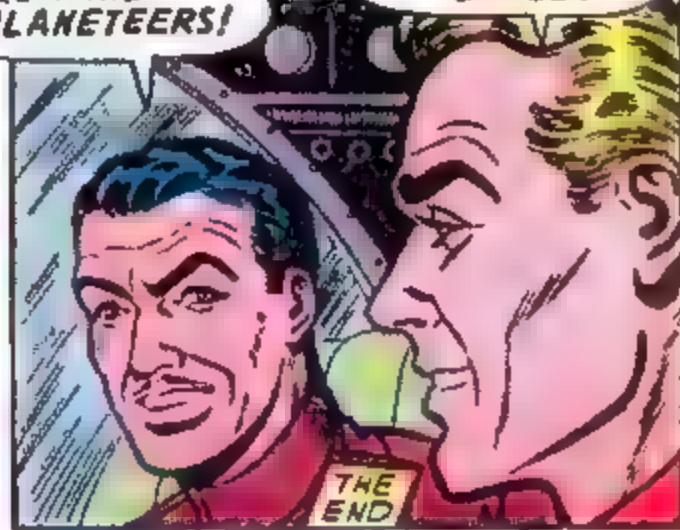
AND YOU BROUGHT US BACK OUR CHILDREN, TOO! WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

ER WE WERE GLAD TO BRING THEM BACK!

AND AS A STRANGER STAR-SHIP RESUMES ITS INTERRUPTED VOYAGE...

GLAD ISN'T THE WORD! IF WE'D HAD THOSE SUPER-BRATS ON OUR HANDS ANY LONGER, I'D HAVE QUIT THE PLANETEERS!

LET'S JUST HOPE WE DON'T EVER FIND ANY MORE FOUNDLINGS IN SPACE!



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

XWN MRBJYYXRWCVN-
WC WNENA TNNYB J PX-
XM VJW MXFW — RC
XWUH BYDAB QRV XW.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

FEB.

PERIL AT THE SOUTH POLE



Would He Fall or Freeze to Death, This G.I. Wondered Until Fate Furnished an Unexpected Answer

THE 15 fighting men who were set down on the desolate Antarctic coast weren't too happy about it. For two years they had had a real snap—soaking up geographical and meteorological training in a cushy center near Washington.

The order to pack their gear came suddenly, and now, after a long, long journey, they found themselves in what has been described as the coldest, most desolate and remote portion of the earth.

Sgt. Tommy Simpson, in particular, with his partiality for the moderate California sunshine in which he had been brought up, grumbled the most. Besides, Tommy fancied himself quite a hand with a rifle.

"This is no place for a soldier," he complained, as he shaded his eyes from the dazzling whiteness about him.

"What are you beefin' about?" retorted Sgt. Frank Brownly. "It's better than getting killed in Korea, isn't it?"

Tommy had picked up a few bits of information about the South Pole, and wasn't too sure about that. This was where the intrepid Norwegian explorer, Amundsen, had perished—and where so many of Captain Robert Scott's party had met their death.

"What's the Army have to know down here that's going to do any good, anyway?" Tommy continued. "No enemy's gonna be bats enough to attack us by way of the South Pole!"

Capt. Jerry Collins tossed his cigarette to the ice, where it instantly extinguished. "You'd be surprised, Tommy," he said.

"The meteorological info we collect inland has a direct bearing on weather and other conditions thousands of miles away. Don't ask me how it's used, but it is! Besides," he reminded them, "the GI at the bottom of a muddy foxhole doesn't know what's in his commanding officer's mind either."

The expedition's supplies were calculated to last about six months. All present fervently hoped that most of it was surplus, and that six months was only a wild guess.

The first thing the men did was to build a wooden headquarters hut, and erect a wireless mast. When this was completed, preparations were begun for the island journey.

"Ten men will be left at headquarters, here," Capt. Collins told the assembled group. "Five of us—Tommy, Frank, Joe, George, and myself—will travel inland 300 miles. We'll take three sledges loaded with the necessary scientific instruments, and enough food for two months although we won't be away that long."

Tommy, seated near the fire warming his body, groaned. "It's so cold out there," he muttered.

The party of five left headquarters a week later, having been held up by a blizzard of lashing winds and drifting snow. And after crossing two treacherous glaciers, Capt. Collins held his hand up.

"We're going to leave Tommy here, with one sledge, as a safety measure. The four of us might get hurt and need someone in full possession of his strength to get us back. Watch for our flares, Tommy!"

Tommy looked about him at the bleak desolation on all sides. "I'm to stay here alone?"

Collins laughed. "Don't worry, my boy—no one is going to bother you!"

Tommy watched the rest of the party continue with a heavy heart. And when they were mere black specks on the white horizon, he turned to the two dogs that were left behind with him.

The next morning was bright, clear, and cold—colder than Tommy ever believed it could get. And standing around waiting for the others to get back—it might be that day, or the next, or the next—could give you a pretty bad case of nerves.

He looked about him. Far to the left, Tommy thought he saw what looked like a crevasse. He hadn't noticed it the day before, but then, it hadn't been as bright the day before. A snow field lay in between, and Tommy decided to take no chances. He tied one end of the rope to the sledge, and grasping the other end, started out.

Unluckily, the crevasse he had sighted in the distance was the far side of the gaping hole, and before he knew it, Tommy felt himself going down a snow bridge. He held onto the rope momentarily, but the suddenness of the jerk when the rope became taut caused him to lose his grip, and he continued down.

But, abruptly, he touched bottom, falling to his knees. He breathed a sigh of relief—until the falling snow cleared and he realized his precarious position. He was resting on a narrow shelf, about four feet in diameter, about 40 feet below the lip of the crevasse. But it was when he looked down that he uttered an involuntary gasp of terror.

The shelf was the only thing that stood between him and a sheer drop of—well, he couldn't be certain, because he couldn't see the bottom! He froze against the side of the crevasse, pressing himself against it as hard as he was able. The end of the rope dangled over head, but even when he reached up on his toes, it was a good foot out of reach.

Meanwhile, an icy wind was roaring through the crevasse, making an eerie, wailing sound.

How long can a man hope to survive on a narrow shelf, on which there wasn't enough room to take a step in any direction?

His feet felt frozen, but he didn't dare stamp up and down for fear of weakening the ledge.

An hour later, Tommy was ready to call it quits. He prepared to die. The wind ripped through his fur-clad coat and bit at his numbed body. Already it seemed that he had reached the limit of his endurance, and his buddies might not return for hours, or days.

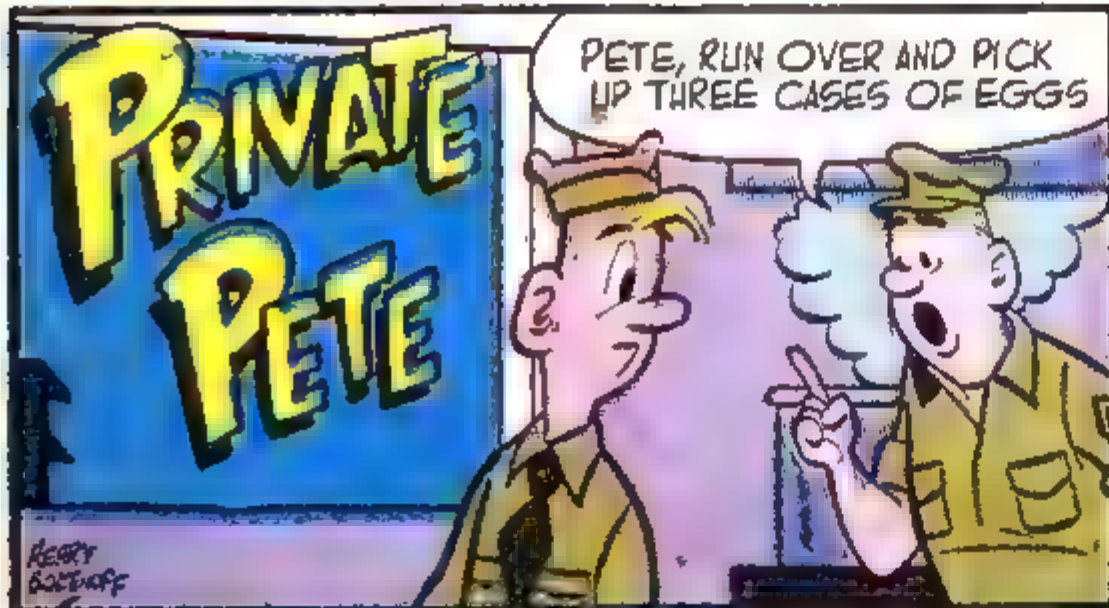
Then, suddenly, and just as he glanced up, he saw an amazing sight. The rope slipped down an inch or two, then a few more inches. Another inch and he would be able to grab it. In another moment, he had grabbed it in his hands. He tested it to see if it was going to slip any more. Then, he tried his full weight on it, and it held firmly!

By means of knots tied in the rope, Tommy hauled himself up until he reached the edge, but just as he began to climb out, he slipped and dropped the whole length of the rope.

After a breather, he again made the agonizing ascent, and this time he succeeded in pulling himself over the edge. He lay there panting, safe, at last, for a long time. Then, raising his head, he understood how the rope had been lowered. The dogs, in an effort to reach some food, had moved back the sledge to which they were tied, thus extending the rope to Tommy. Then the sledge had dug into the hard snow and had stuck.

Painfully, Tommy dragged himself back to the sledge, and collapsed over it. As he began to slip into unconsciousness, he heard the sounds of the rest of the party returning. And he heard the bantering words of Sgt. Frank Brownly, saying:

"Look at that lucky stiff, Tommy! We do all the tough, dangerous work, while he stays back here, living the life of Riley!"



PETE, RUN OVER AND PICK UP THREE CASES OF EGGS



CAN'T WE HAVE BOILED EGGS, SARGE? EVERY DAY IT'S SCRAMBLED EGGS - SCRAMBLED EGGS!

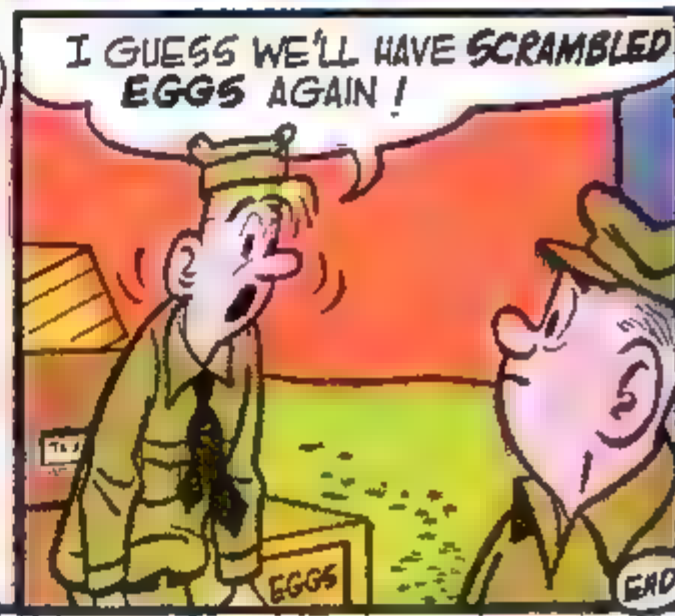
SURE!



LOAD UP ANOTHER CASE!



G-GOLLY-IT'S B-BOUNCY!



I GUESS WE'LL HAVE SCRAMBLED EGGS AGAIN!

END

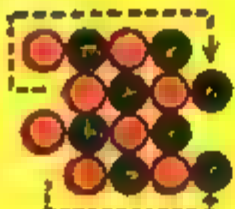
ADVERTISEMENT

MAGIC TRICKS

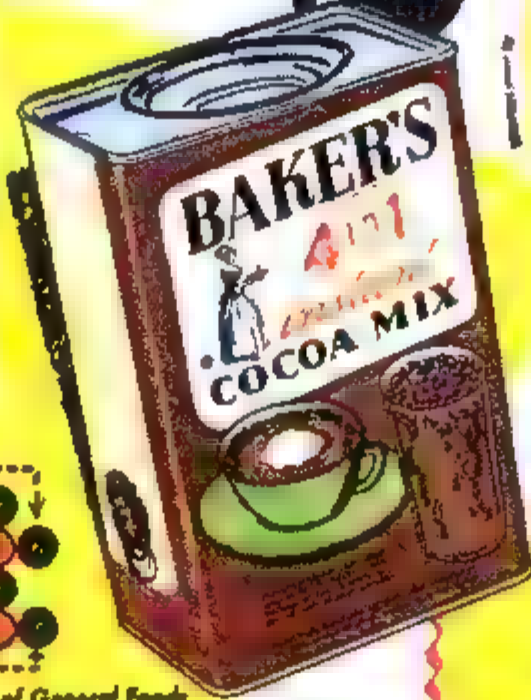
Here's one to try on all the kids. Set up 16 checkers, half red and half black, in four rows of four. Arrange them in alternate rows, one red and one black, like they are in the picture. Then have the gang try to arrange them in rows of all black and all red by moving only two checkers. It's pretty tough—see how long it takes them.



HERE'S THE ANSWER: Just move the two checkers marked in the picture. You'll see that makes the diagonal rows all red and all black. Try it on your crowd!



A Product of General Foods



MIX TRICKS

Here's a trick everybody loves! Put 2 to 3 heaping teaspoons of BAKER'S 4-in-1 in a cup and add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup hot milk. Then stir it. Like magic—faster'n lightning—you'll have the richest, most chocolate-y cocoa you ever tasted. And 4-in-1 makes the fastest, most luscious cold chocolate milk in the world! The directions are right on the can. Ask mom to get a big 1-pound can—she knows it makes milk more fun to drink and gives you lots more play-energy!

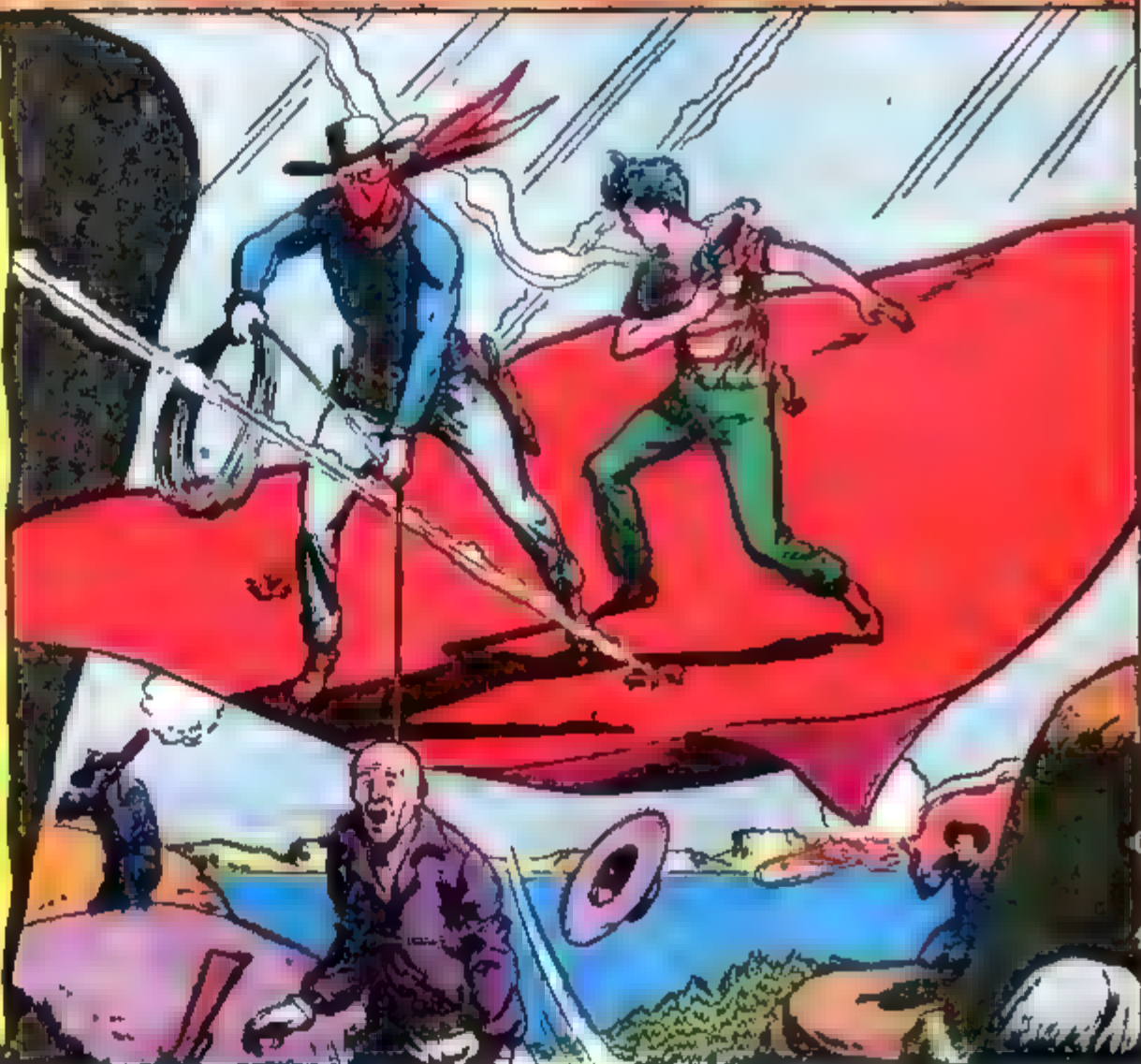


Everything CHOCOLATE tastes best when it's BAKER'S!

VIGILANTE

THE BANDANNA IS THE COWBOY'S TRADEMARK-- BUT TO THE VALIANT VIGILANTE, IT IS OFTEN HIS RIGHT HAND! FOR THIS SILKEN BIT OF CLOTH HAS OFTEN MEANT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH TO THE GALLANT MASKED LAWMAN-- AND SANTA FÉ OWLHOOTS SOON LEARN THE BANDANNA CAN BE MIGHTIER THAN THE SIX-SHOOTER IN THIS TALE OF...

FIVE BANDANNAS FOR VIGILANTE



ONE MORNING, NEAR SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO, AS GUITARIST GREG SANDERS, CONCLUDES ANOTHER OF HIS POPULAR SONG-FESTS...

NOW THAT WE'RE THROUGH HERE, GREG, CAN WE TAKE A LOOK-SEE AT THE SIGHTS YOU TOLD ME ABOUT?

SURE THING, GREG! STUFF!

SOURDOUGH BENEFIT

1949-1953



ONCE OUT OF SIGHT OF THE CROWD, THE FAMED PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR DONS A MASK AND A COLORFUL COSTUME...



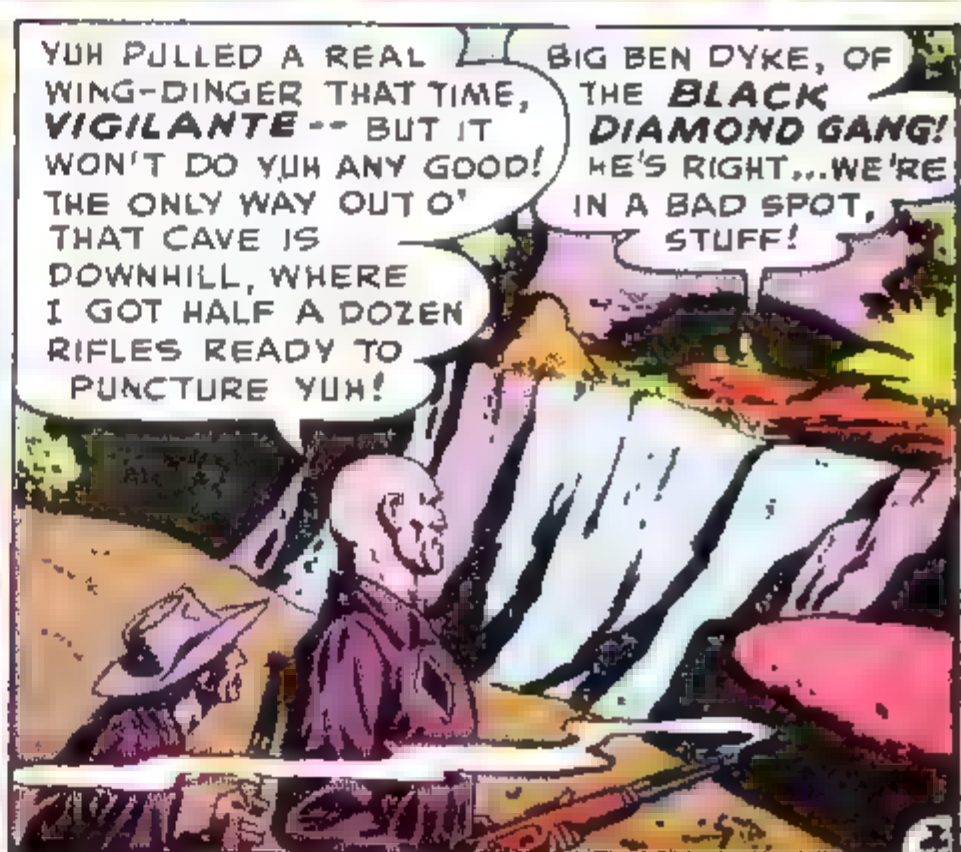
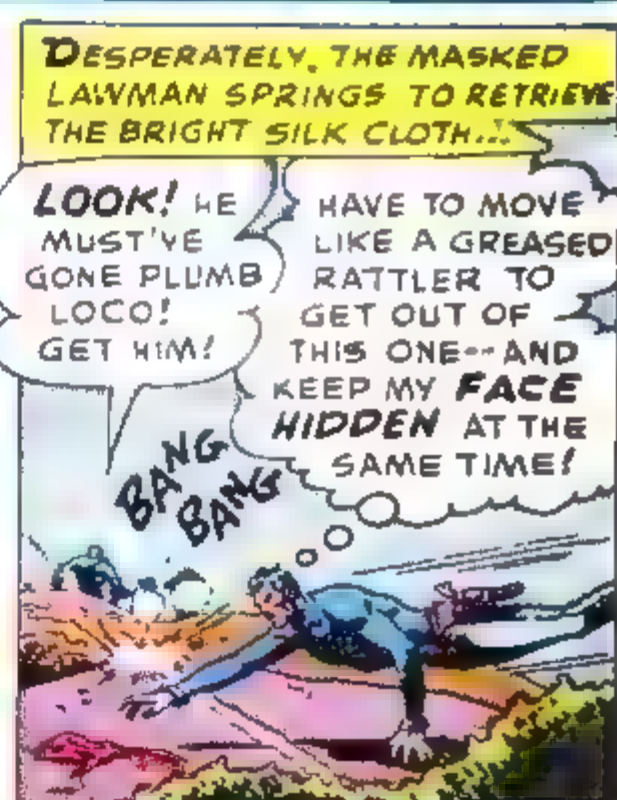
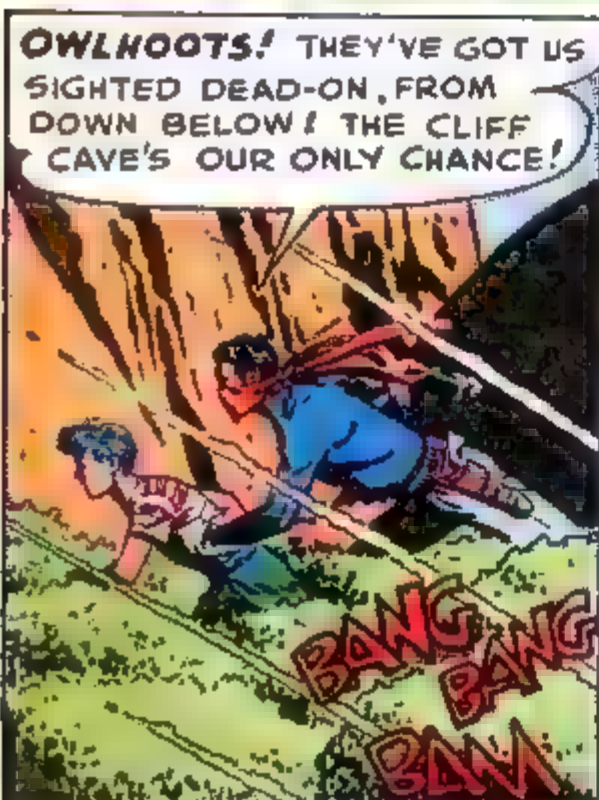
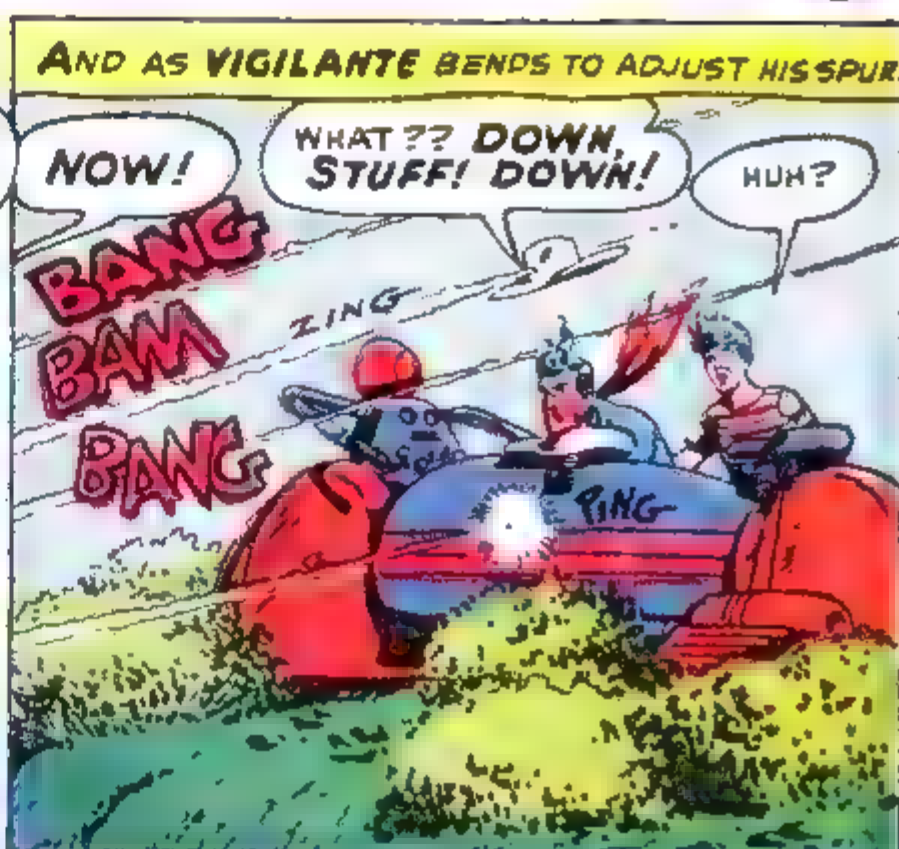
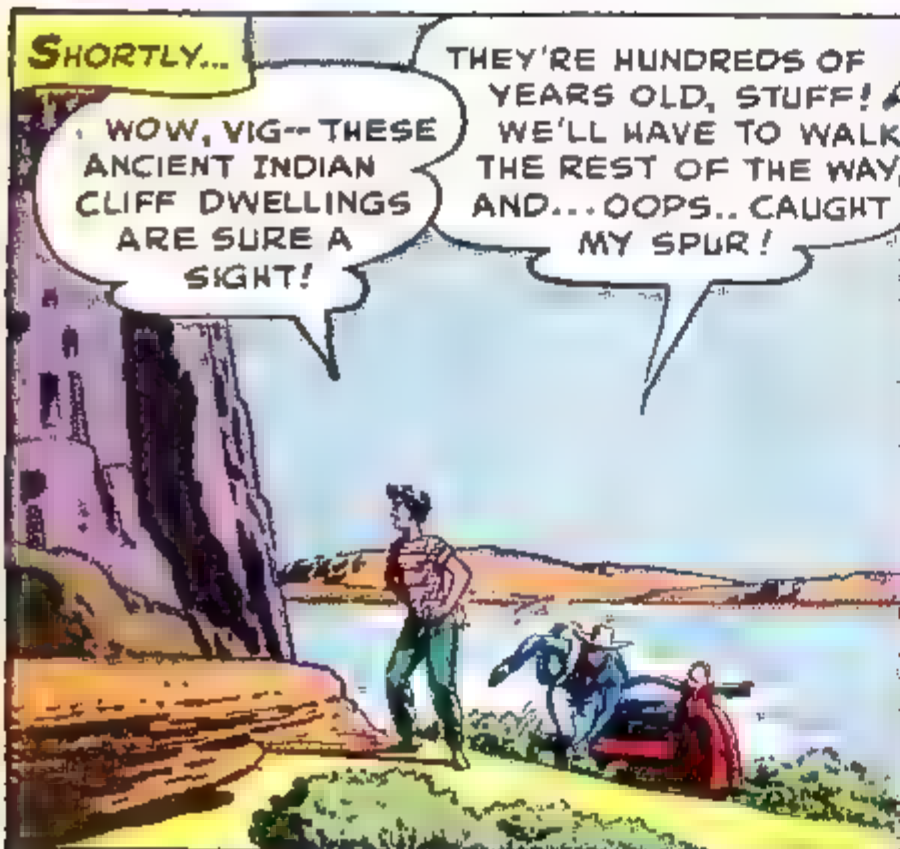
...TO BECOME VIGILANTE, GALLANT RIDER OF LAW AND ORDER!

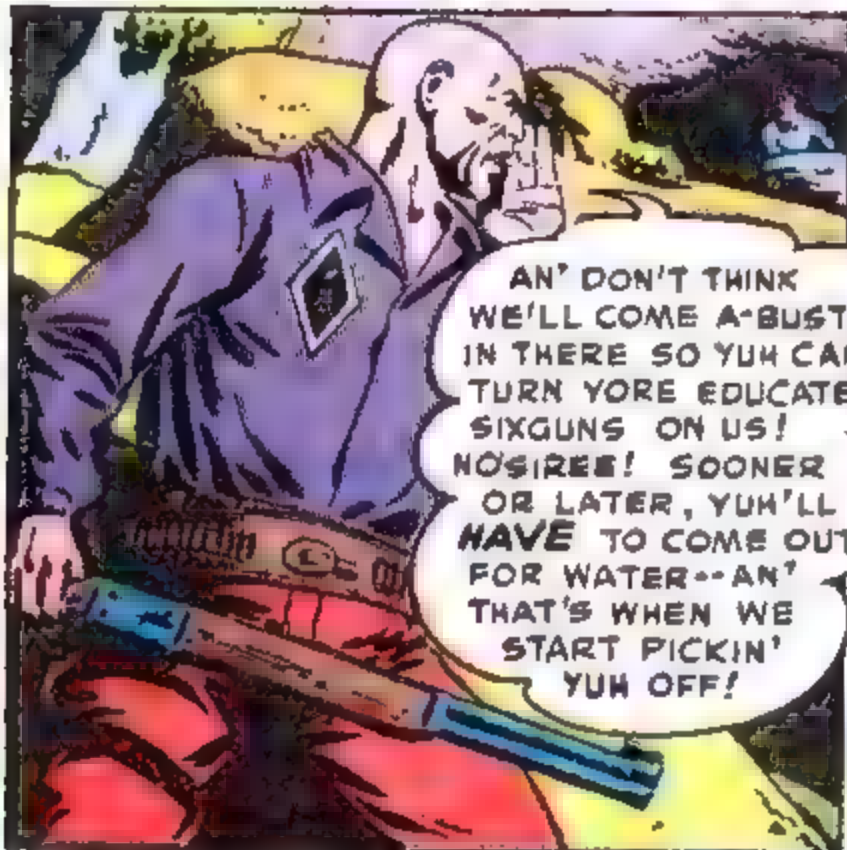
LATER, HIGH IN THE HILLS OF NEW MEXICO...

WELL, CORRAL ME A CACTUS, BIG BEN-- YOU WERE RIGHT! VIGILANTE'S RODE HIMSELF RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP!

YUP--JUST LIKE THE NEWS-PAPERS SAID... HE'S OUT SIGHT-SEEIN' OUR FAMOUS CLIFF DWELLIN'S-- AN' THAT'S JUST TOO BAD FOR HIM!







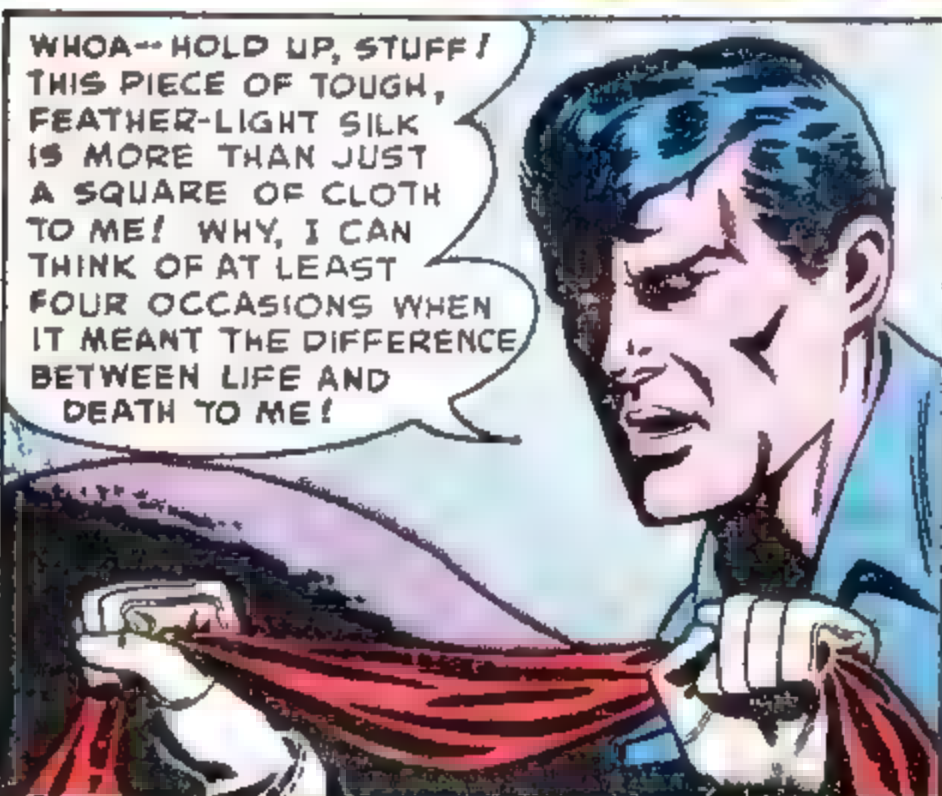
AN' DON'T THINK WE'LL COME A-BUSTIN' IN THERE SO YUH CAN TURN YORE EDUCATED SIXGUNS ON US! NOSIRES! SOONER OR LATER, YUH'LL HAVE TO COME OUT FOR WATER--AN' THAT'S WHEN WE START PICKIN' YUH OFF!



WE'RE PINNED DOWN HERE, ALL RIGHT! NO WAY UP--NO WAY DOWN! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT TILL NIGHTFALL AND GAMBLE A SHOWDOWN IN THE DARK!



RIGHT, VIG! BUT GOSH--I SURE CAN'T FIGURE YOU GOING BACK INTO THEIR FIRE LIKE THAT--JUST TO GET A **BANDANNA!** MIGHTY FOOLISH!



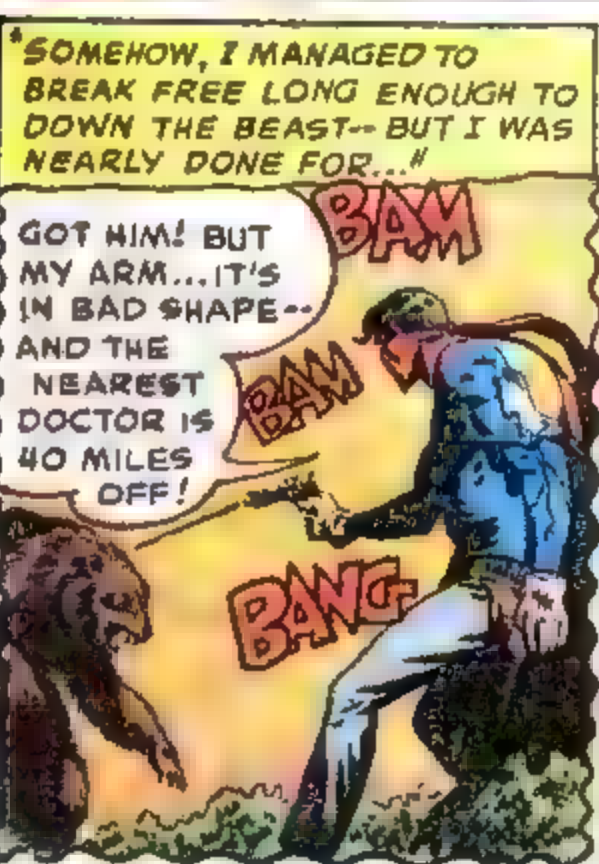
WHOA--HOLD UP, STUFF! THIS PIECE OF TOUGH, FEATHER-LIGHT SILK IS MORE THAN JUST A SQUARE OF CLOTH TO ME! WHY, I CAN THINK OF AT LEAST FOUR OCCASIONS WHEN IT MEANT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH TO ME!



"TAKE LAST SPRING, FOR INSTANCE, WHEN I WAS TRAILING TWO OWL-HOOTS IN MONTANA AND SUDDENLY RAN INTO FOUR-FOOTED TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY."

AR-R-RRGH!

HUH?



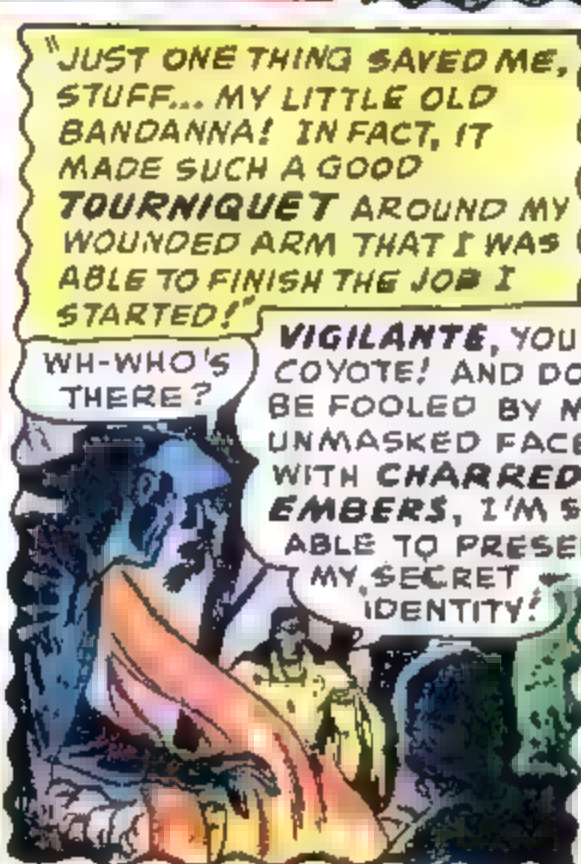
"SOMEHOW, I MANAGED TO BREAK FREE LONG ENOUGH TO DOWN THE BEAST-- BUT I WAS NEARLY DONE FOR..."

GOT HIM! BUT MY ARM...IT'S IN BAD SHAPE-- AND THE NEAREST DOCTOR IS 40 MILES OFF!

BAM

BAM

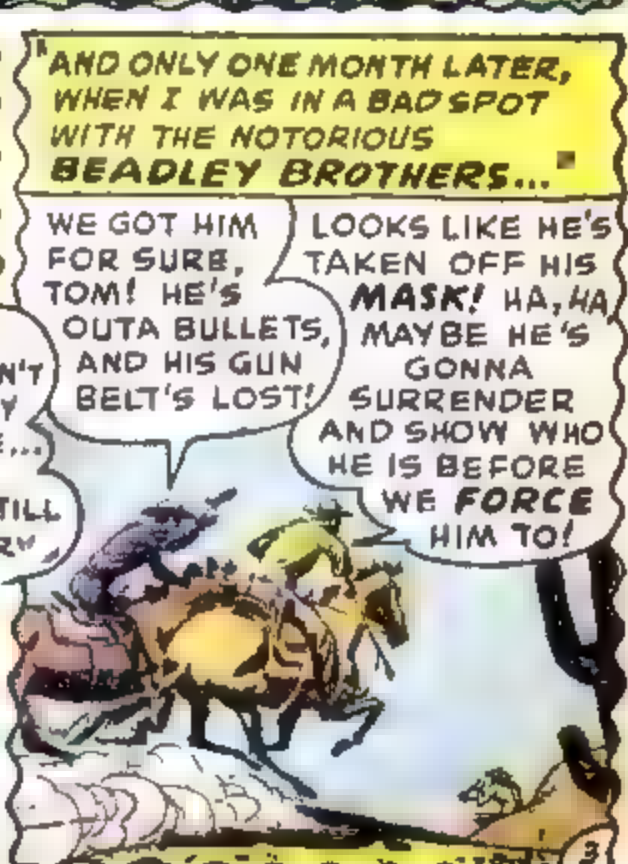
BANG



"JUST ONE THING SAVED ME, STUFF... MY LITTLE OLD BANDANNA! IN FACT, IT MADE SUCH A GOOD **TOURNIQUET** AROUND MY WOUNDED ARM THAT I WAS ABLE TO FINISH THE JOB I STARTED!"

WH-WHO'S THERE?

VIGILANTE, YOU COYOTE! AND DON'T BE FOOLED BY MY UNMASKED FACE... WITH **CHARRED EMBERS**, I'M STILL ABLE TO PRESERVE MY SECRET IDENTITY!



"AND ONLY ONE MONTH LATER, WHEN I WAS IN A BAD SPOT WITH THE NOTORIOUS **BEADLEY BROTHERS...**"

WE GOT HIM FOR SURE, TOM! HE'S OUTA BULLETS, AND HIS GUN BELT'S LOST!

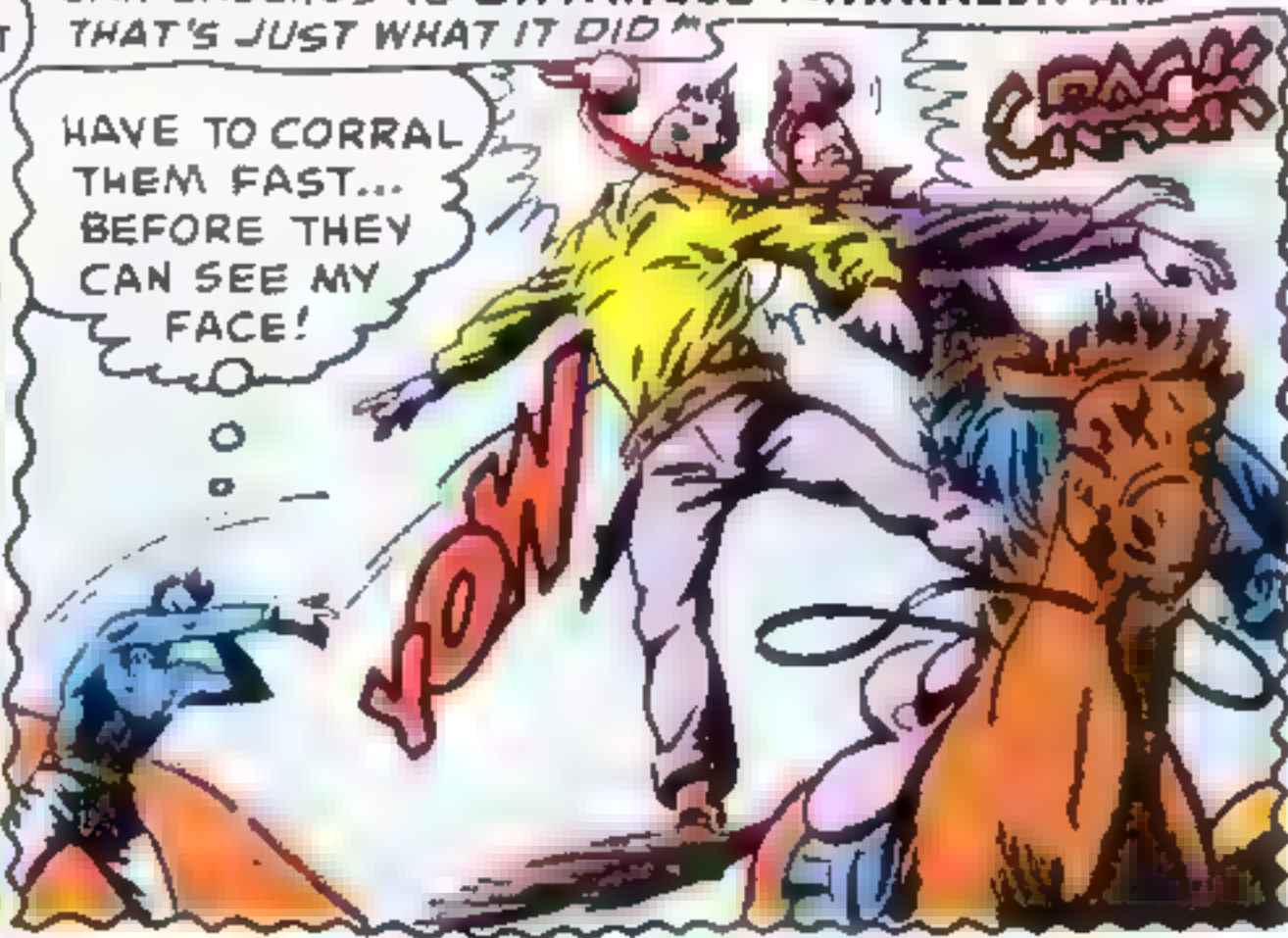
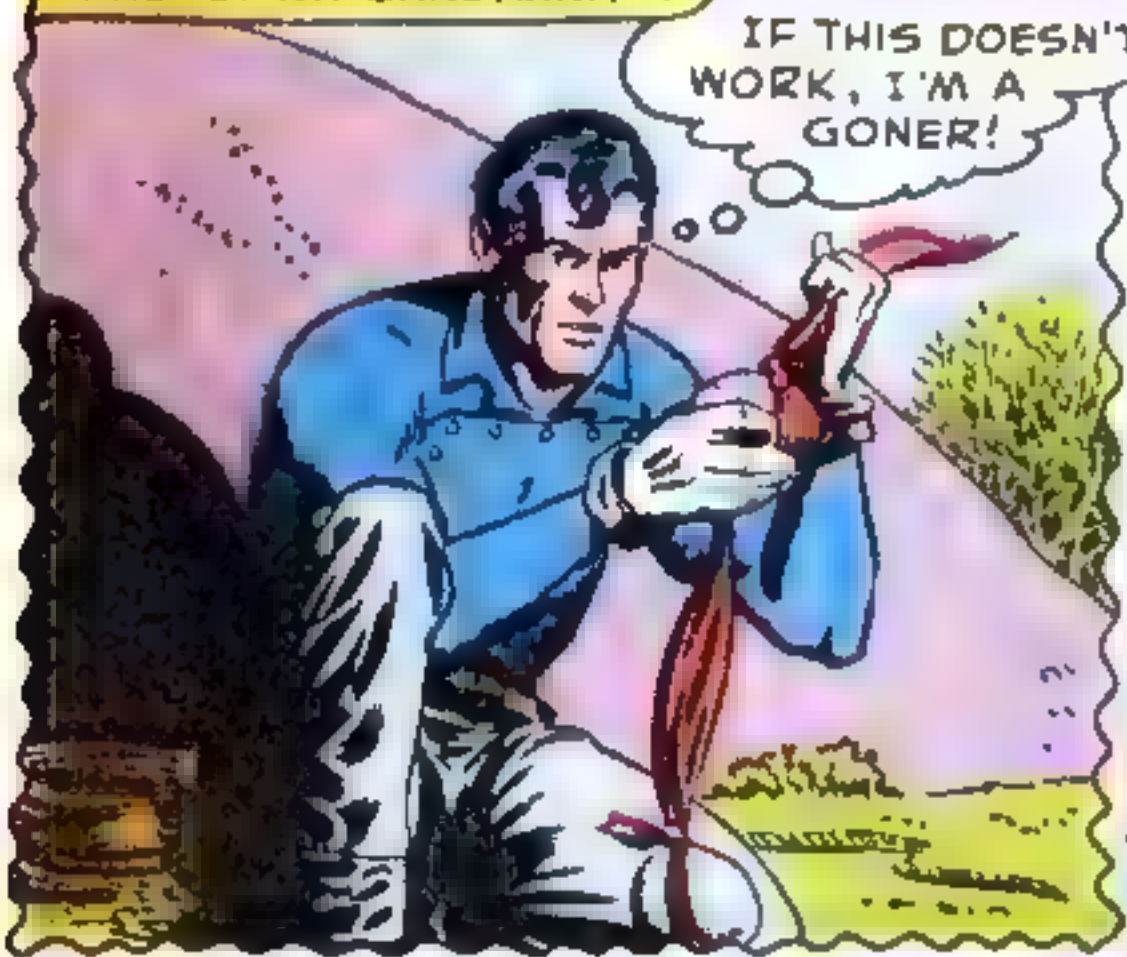
LOOKS LIKE HE'S TAKEN OFF HIS **MASK!** HA, HA, MAYBE HE'S GONNA SURRENDER AND SHOW WHO HE IS BEFORE WE **FORCE** HIM TO!

"THE MURDEROUS PAIR COULDN'T SEE THAT I WAS TYING TWO ROCKS ON EACH END OF MY BANDANNA..."

IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, I'M A GONER!

"WITH THE ROCK-WEIGHTED ENDS OF THE BANDANNA, I HAD A 'BOLAS,' THE WEAPON USED BY SOUTH AMERICAN GAUCHOS TO ENTANGLE ANIMALS.. AND THAT'S JUST WHAT IT DID!"

HAVE TO CORRAL THEM FAST... BEFORE THEY CAN SEE MY FACE!



WOW, VIG! MIGHTY SLICK!

PERHAPS, STUFF-- BUT NOT SLICK ENOUGH TO SAVE US FROM THE BOYS WHO HAVE US TRAPPED IN *THIS* PLACE! LET'S SEE NOW...THERE WAS THE TIME AT THE *MOONHEAD MINING CAMP*...



"...WHEN THE *DEEP RIVER BANDITS* WERE PULLING A ROBBERY, AND I WAS STUCK PLUMB ACROSS THE RIVER..."

THE CRITTERS BLEW UP THE BRIDGE! THEY'LL BE MILES AWAY BEFORE I CAN GET ACROSS, UNLESS ---HMM...THAT *HIGH TENSION WIRE* GIVES ME AN IDEA!

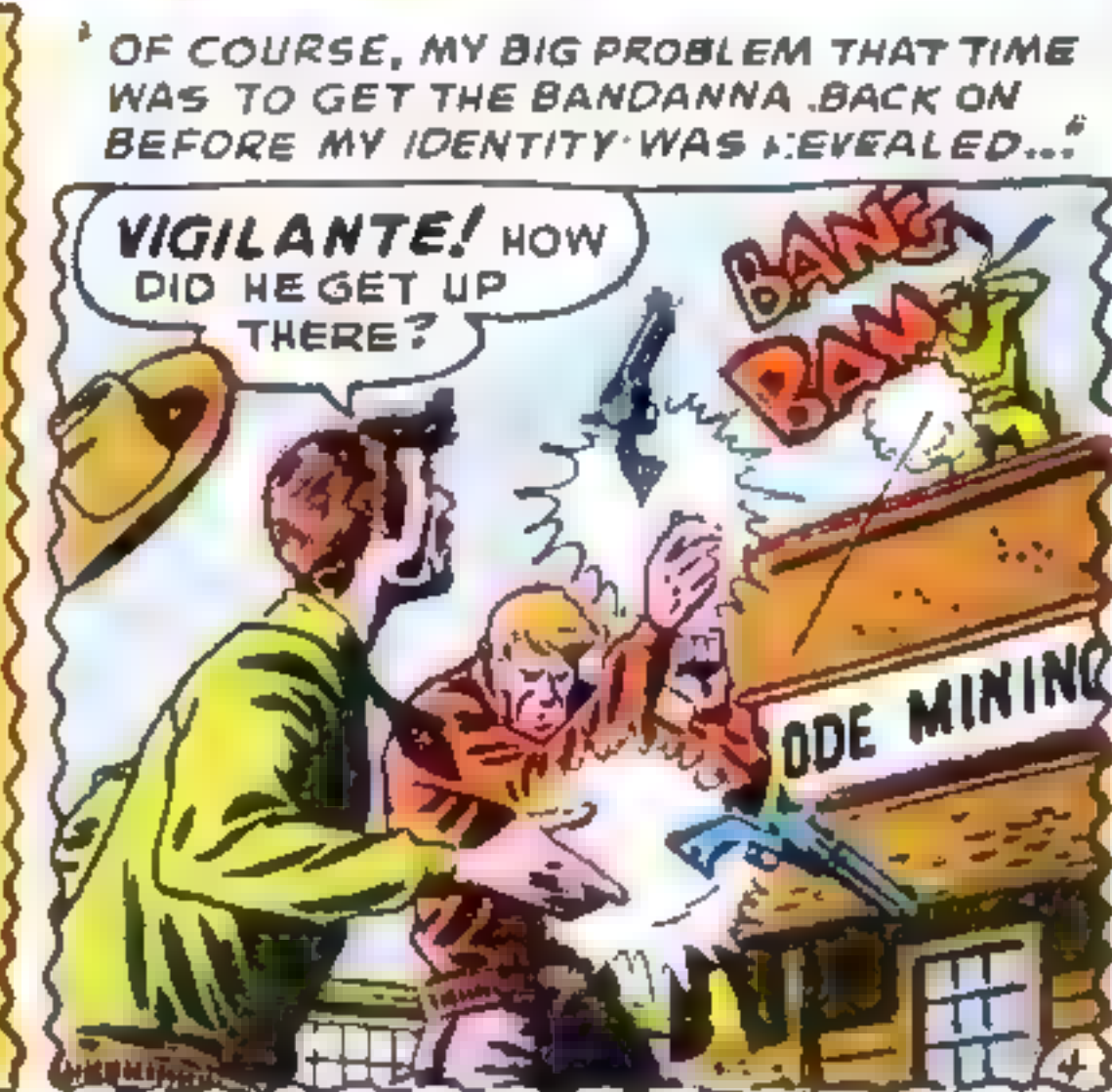
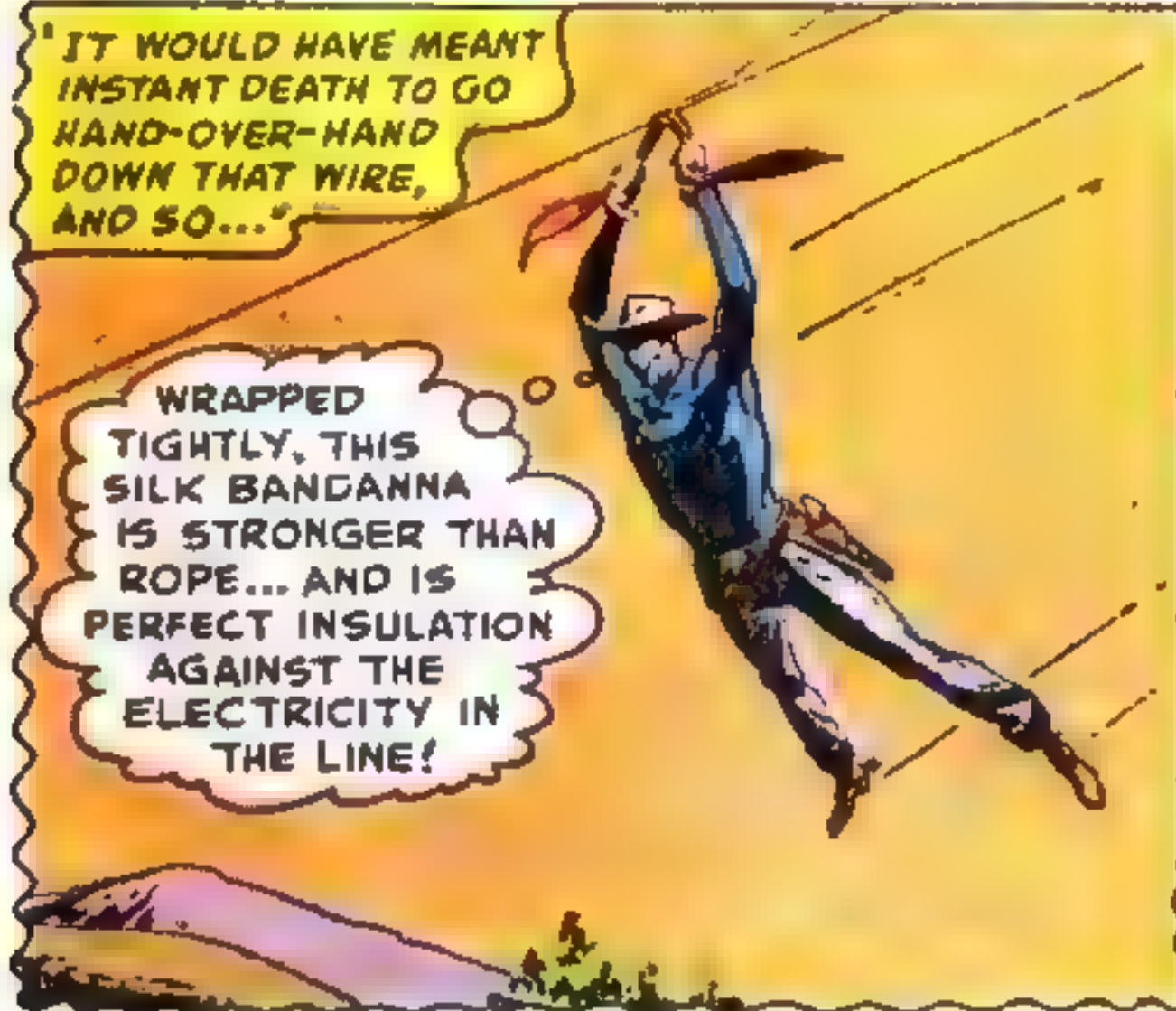


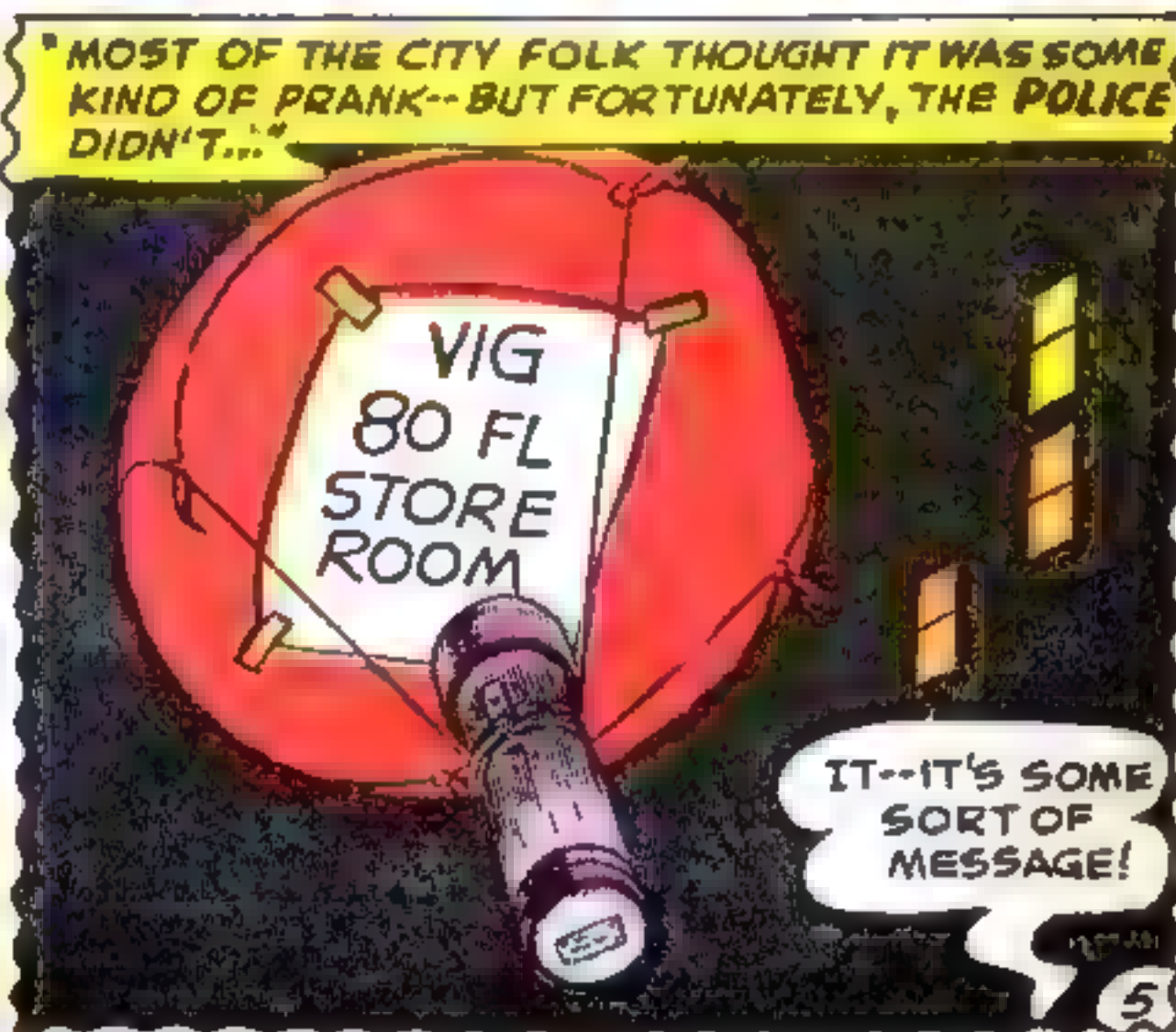
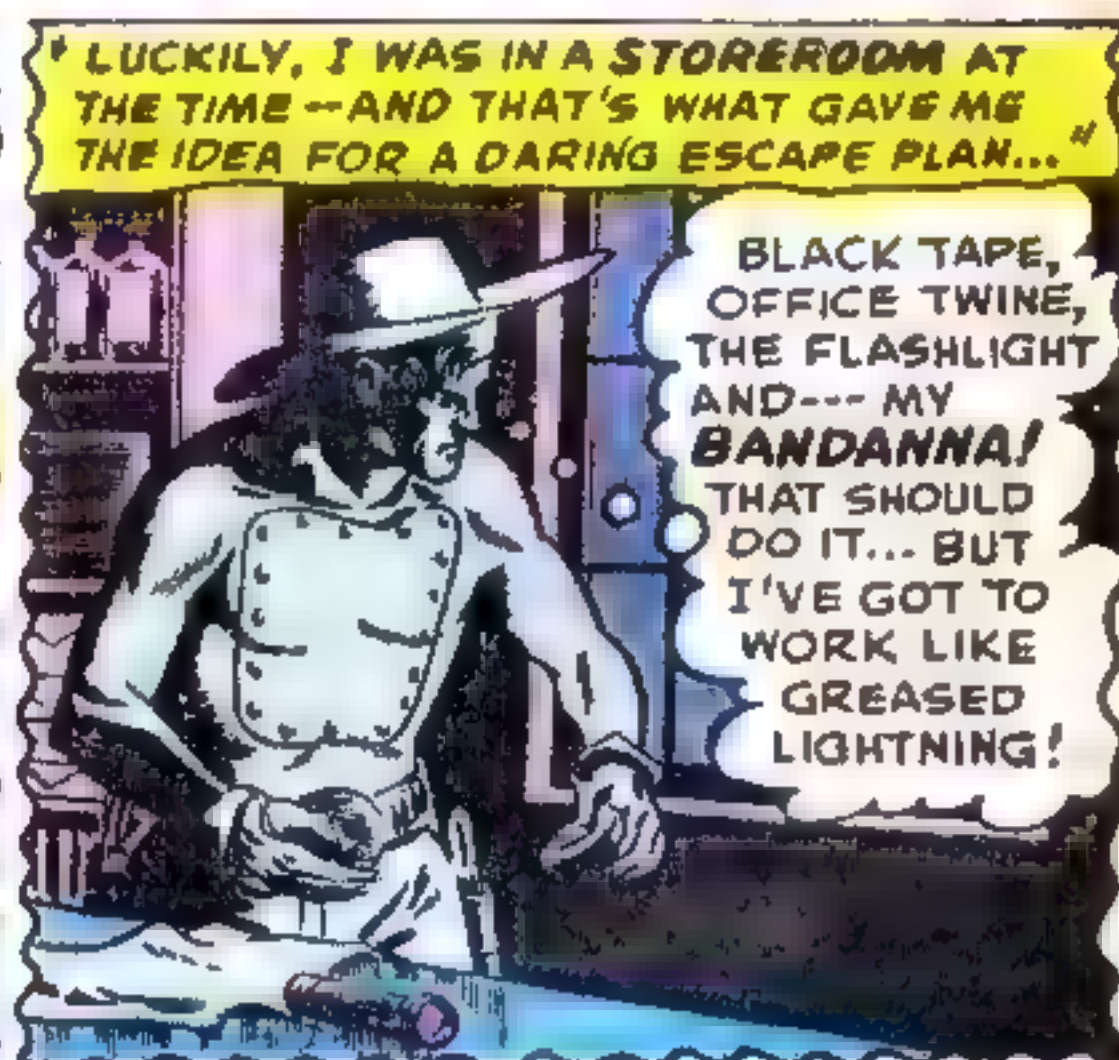
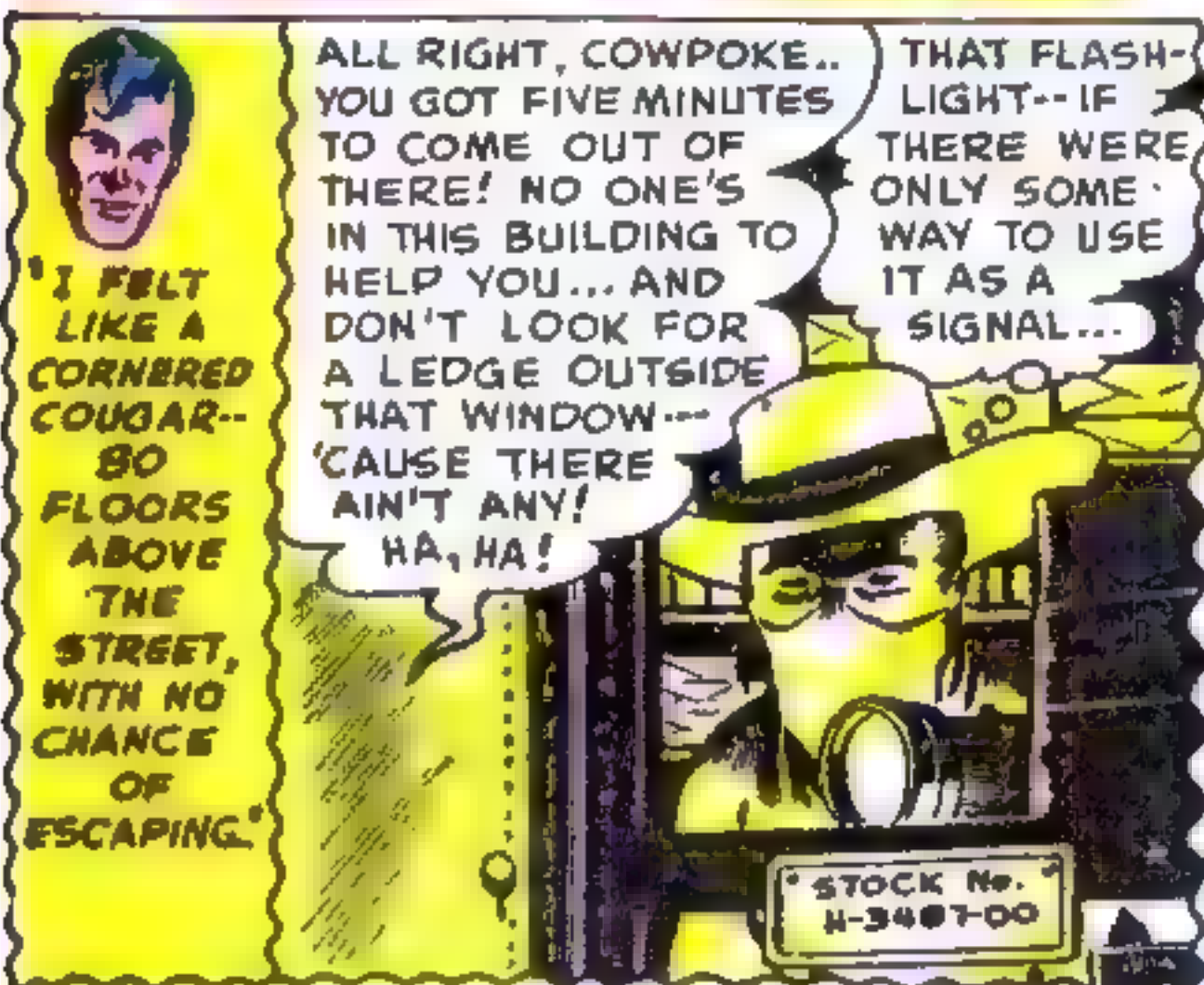
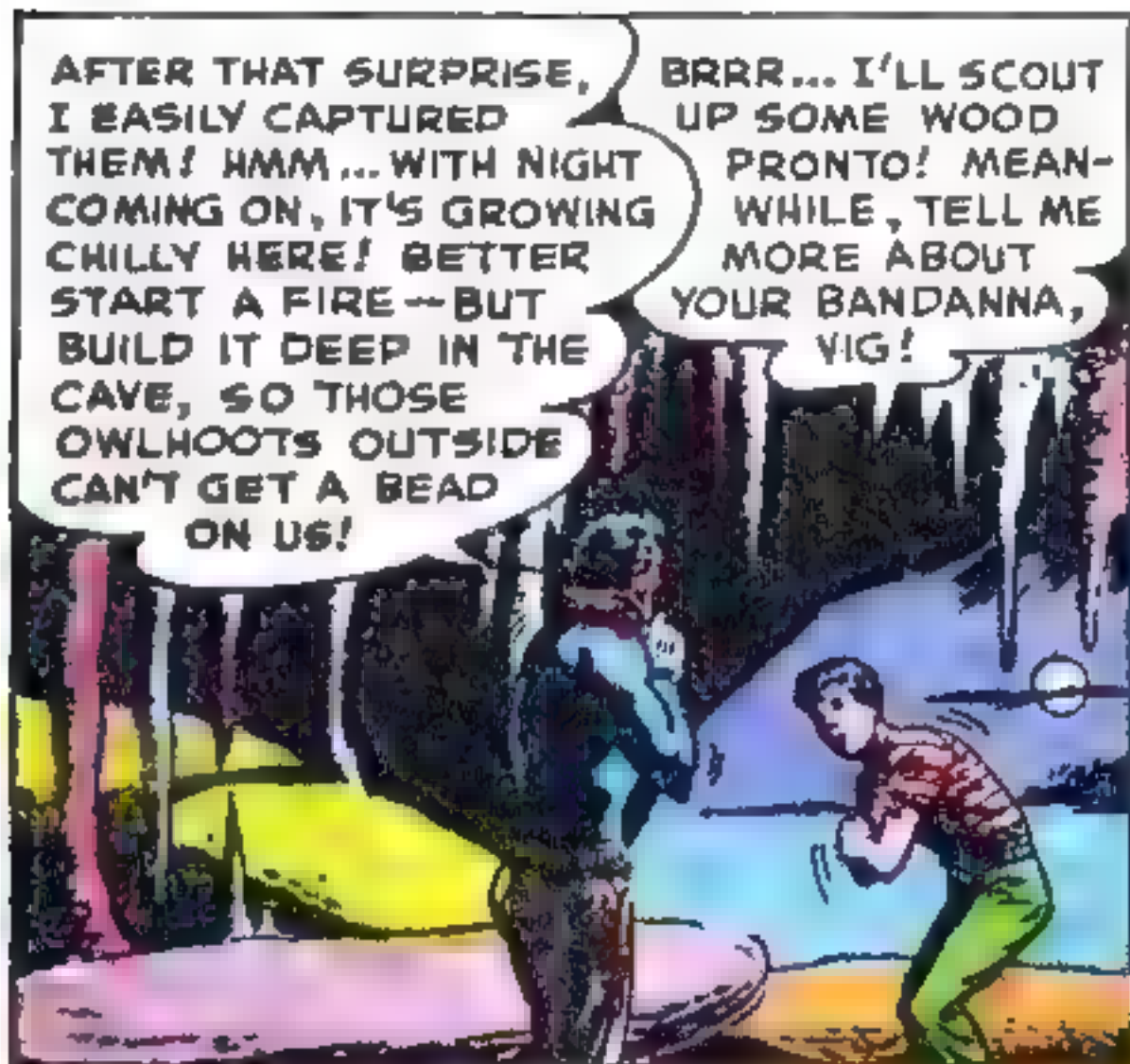
"IT WOULD HAVE MEANT INSTANT DEATH TO GO HAND-OVER-HAND DOWN THAT WIRE, AND SO..."

WRAPPED TIGHTLY, THIS SILK BANDANNA IS STRONGER THAN ROPE... AND IS PERFECT INSULATION AGAINST THE ELECTRICITY IN THE LINE!

"OF COURSE, MY BIG PROBLEM THAT TIME WAS TO GET THE BANDANNA BACK ON BEFORE MY IDENTITY WAS REVEALED..."

VIGILANTE! HOW DID HE GET UP THERE?





THOSE GUN-TOTING CITY CROOKS WERE ALL ARRESTED IN A MATTER OF MINUTES-- THANKS TO MY **BANDANNA PARACHUTE!** I UNDERSTAND WHY I THINK SO HIGHLY OF IT NOW, STUFF?

I SURE DO, VIG! BUT GOSH--I RECKON THIS IS ONE SPOT IT CAN'T HELP US... HEY--LOOK OUT! IT'S BLOWING INTO THE FIRE!

WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! BET IT GAVE YOU A SCARE, EH, VIG?

RIGHT... AND ALSO AN **IDEA**, STUFF! THIS OLD BANDANNA OF MINE JUST SHOWED ME A WAY TO **BREAK OUT OF HERE!**

HAND ME THOSE TWIGS YOU GATHERED FOR THE FIRE, STUFF! THEN START THREADING THE END OF MY LARIAT! HURRY... WE MUST PULL THIS OFF **BEFORE SUNRISE!**

SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME, VIG, BUT-- WHATEVER YOU SAY!

HOW WILL HIS TREASURED SILKEN CLOTH AID THE VALIANT LAWMAN THIS TIME? CAN YOU GUESS?

AN HOUR LATER...

I STILL DON'T CATCH ON! WHAT IN THUNDERATION IS THAT CONTRAPTION?

THERE'S A TREMENDOUS UPDRAFT OF AIR OUT THERE, STUFF! IT'S CAUSED BY THE BRISK PRAIRIE WINDS STRIKING THE BASE OF THE CANYON! NOW IF WE HAD SOMETHING THAT COULD FLY...

HOWLING CACTUS-- YOU'VE MADE A **KITE** WITH THAT BANDANNA OF YOURS!

RIGHT, STUFF... AND THAT LARIAT END YOU'VE THREADED WILL SERVE AS A PERFECT LEADER! LET'S GIVE IT A TRY...

BUT, VIG... EVEN IF IT DOES FLY, HOW IN TARNATION DO YOU FIGURE IT'LL GET US OUT OF HERE?

THE UPDRAFT SHOULD TAKE IT WELL ABOVE THE CANYON... AFTER THAT, WE'LL HOPE FOR SOME **BAD** FLYING LUCK! THERE'S GOT TO BE A STRONG **CROSSWIND** ATOP THIS ROCK!

AND AS THE TWO FRIENDS LOWER THEIR CRUDE KITE OVER THE LEDGE OUTSIDE THE CAVE...

ANY LUCK, VIG?

NOT YET... JUST KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!

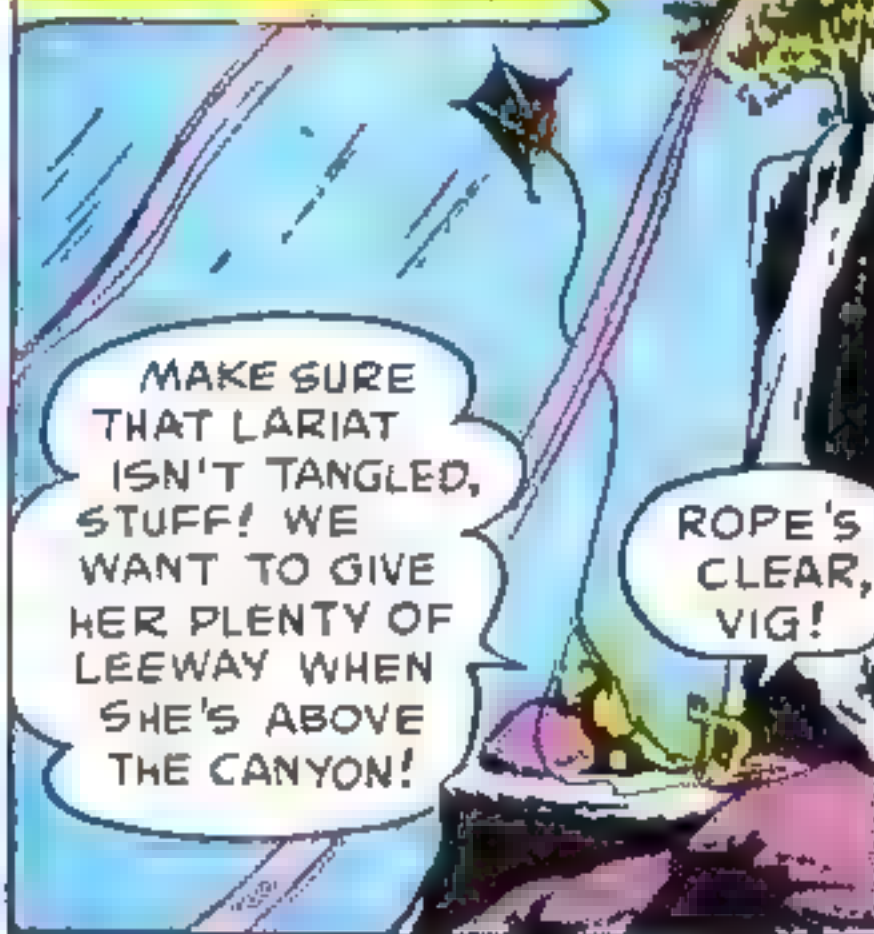
SUDDENLY, AS A GREAT GUST OF WIND CATCHES THE BANDANNA...



V-VIG!
SHE'S
TAKING
OFF!

GOT TO
KEEP PRIMING
HER... SHE
MUST CLEAR
THE TOP OF
THE CANYON!

WITH VIGILANTE PLAYING THE LINE, THE COLORFUL CLOTH GAINS ALTITUDE RAPIDLY...



MAKE SURE
THAT LARIAT
ISN'T TANGLED,
STUFF! WE
WANT TO GIVE
HER PLENTY OF
LEEWAY WHEN
SHE'S ABOVE
THE CANYON!

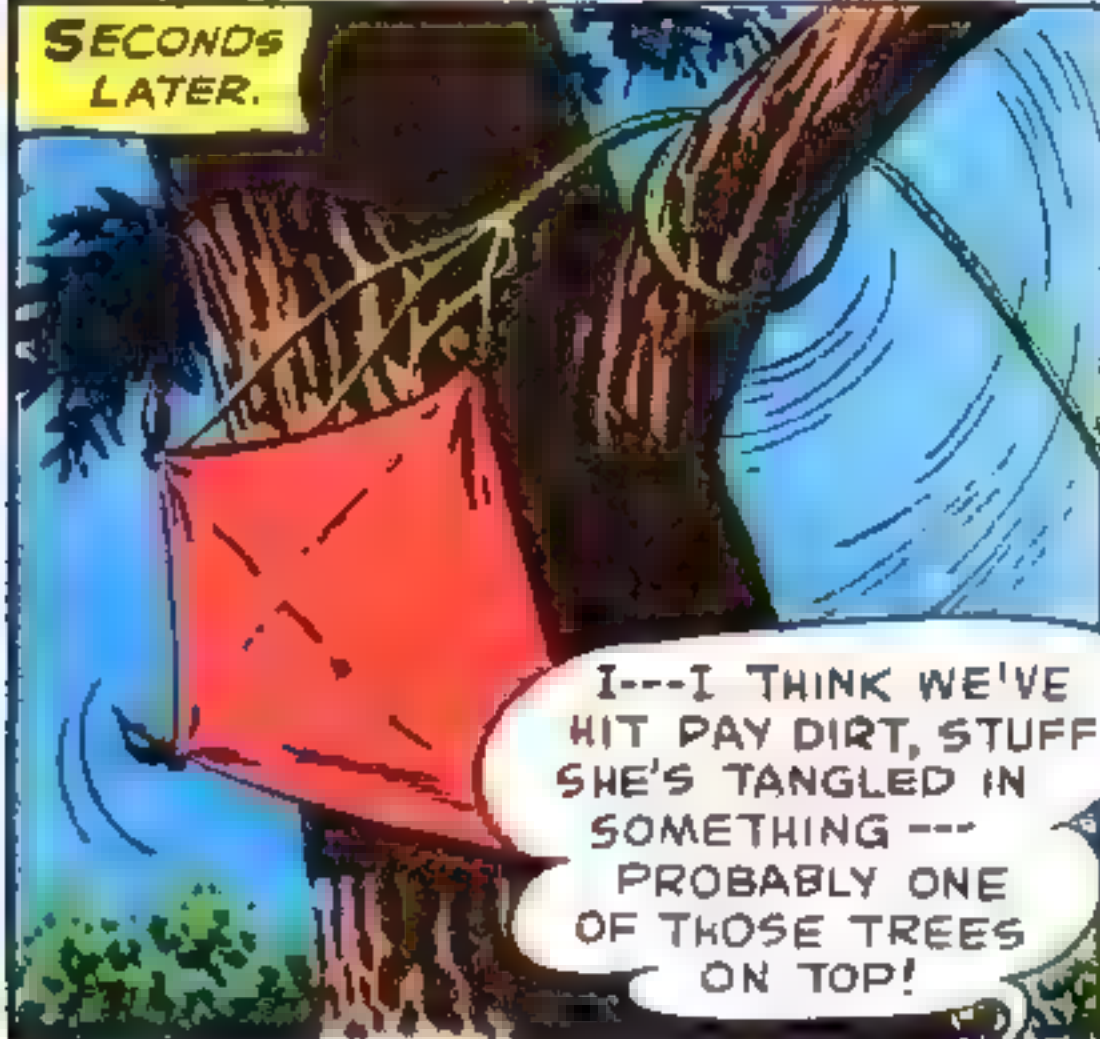
ROPE'S
CLEAR,
VIG!

THEN, AS THE KITE RISES ABOVE THE GREAT WALL OF ROCK...

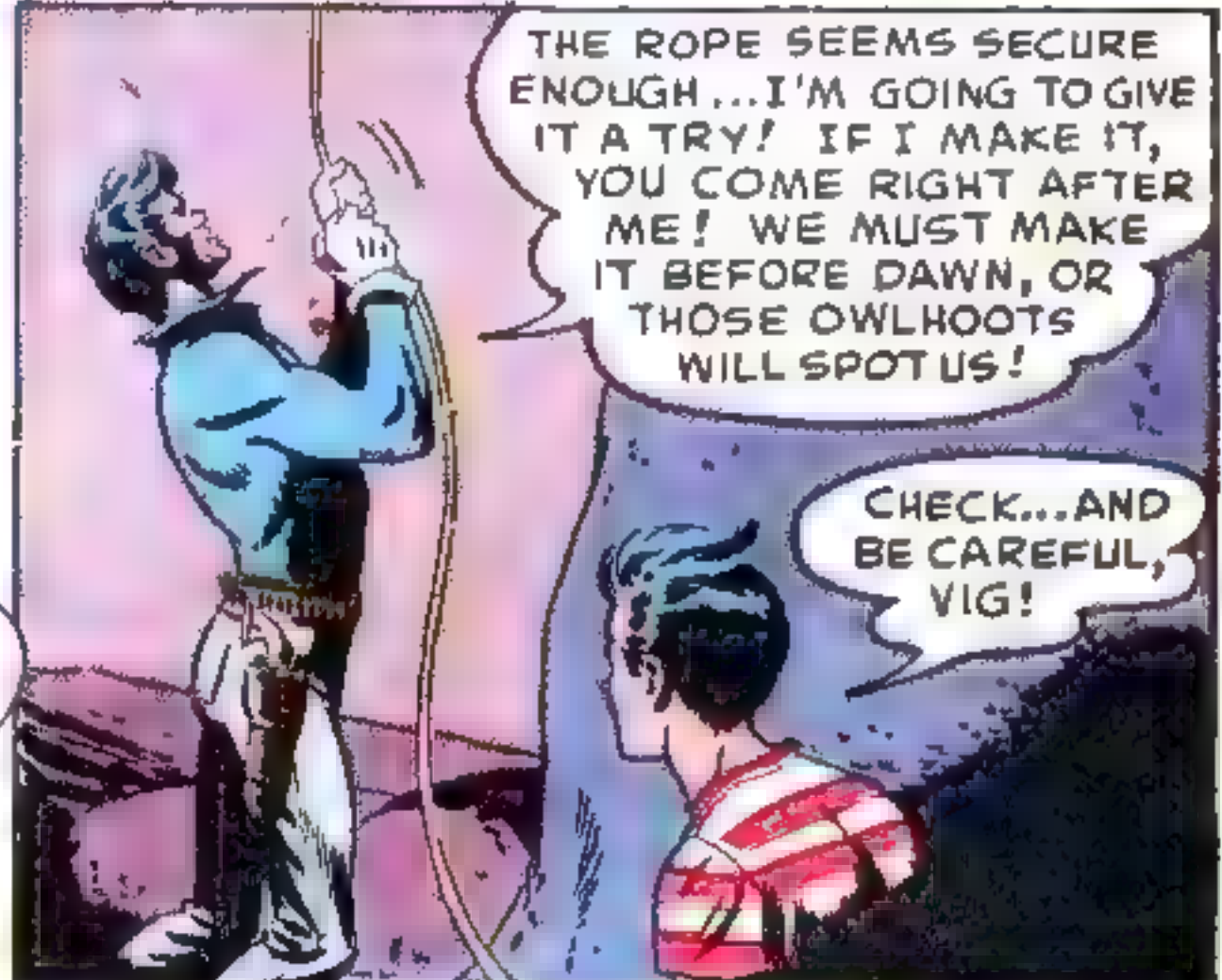


THE CROSSWIND'S
GOT HER! LET'S
RAVEL OUT
ALL THE LINE!

**SECONDS
LATER.**



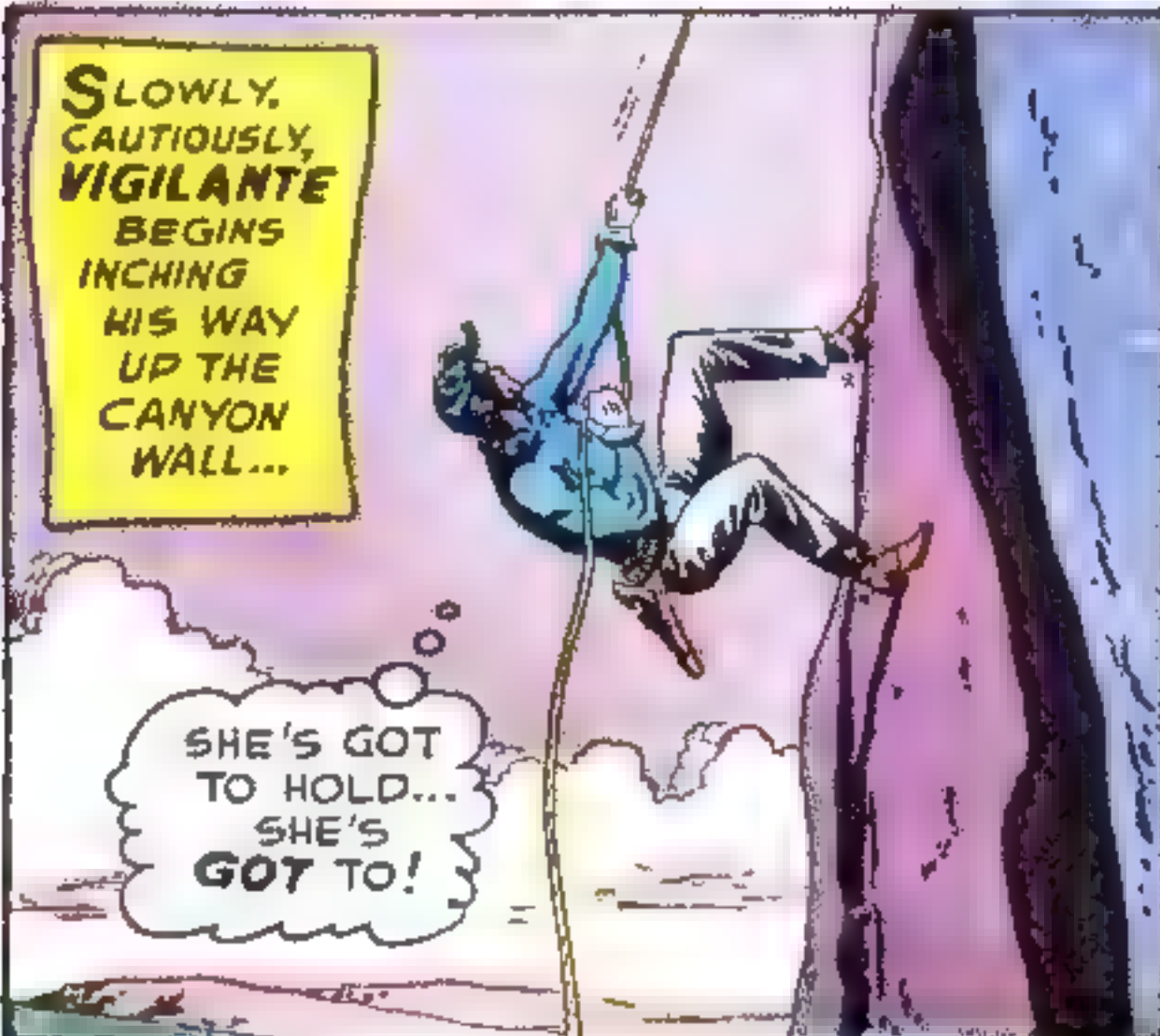
I---I THINK WE'VE
HIT PAY DIRT, STUFF!
SHE'S TANGLED IN
SOMETHING ---
PROBABLY ONE
OF THOSE TREES
ON TOP!



THE ROPE SEEMS SECURE
ENOUGH... I'M GOING TO GIVE
IT A TRY! IF I MAKE IT,
YOU COME RIGHT AFTER
ME! WE MUST MAKE
IT BEFORE DAWN, OR
THOSE OWLHOOTS
WILL SPOT US!

CHECK...AND
BE CAREFUL,
VIG!

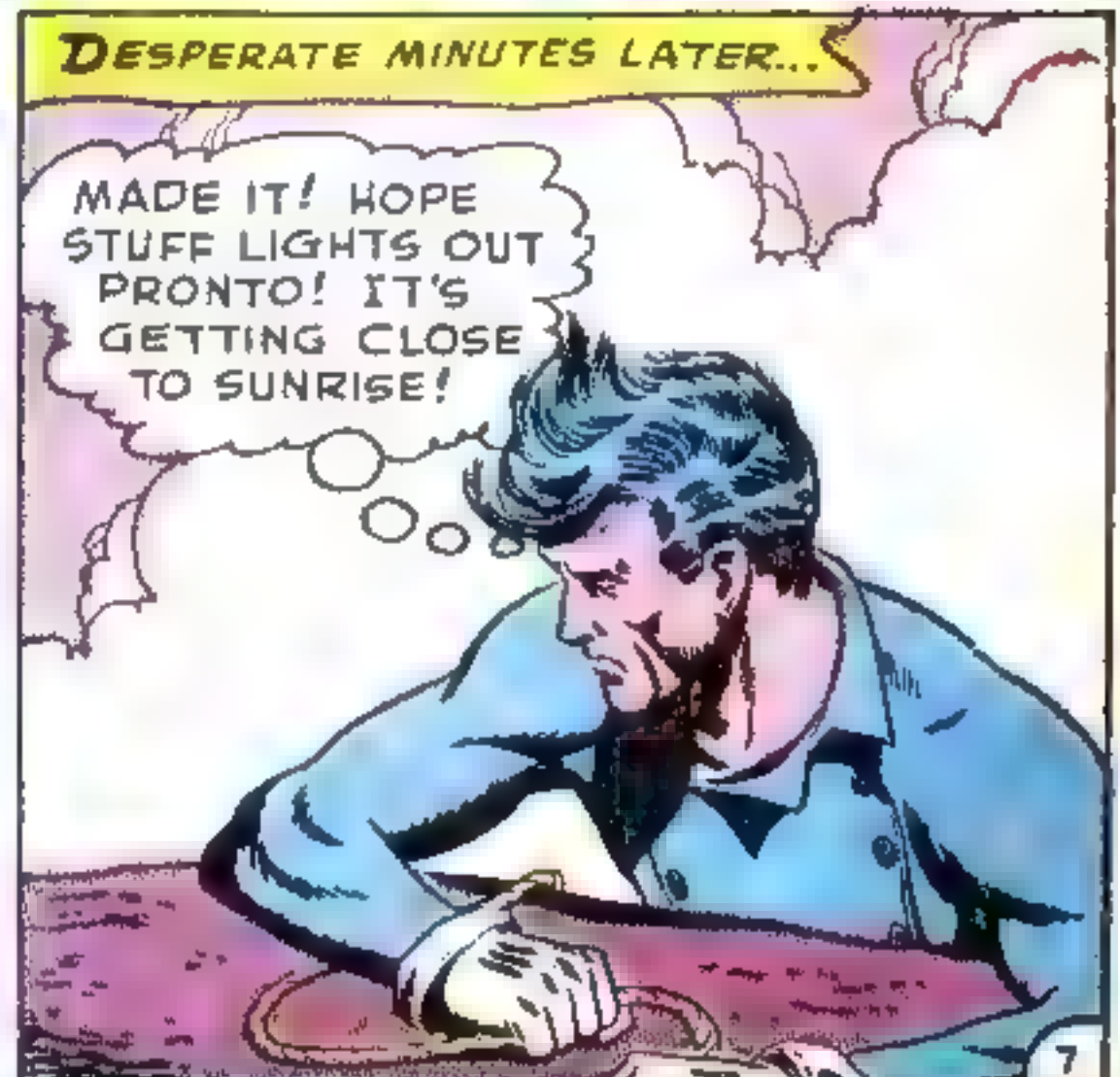
**SLOWLY,
CAUTIOUSLY,
VIGILANTE
BEGINS
INCHING
HIS WAY
UP THE
CANYON
WALL...**



SHE'S GOT
TO HOLD...
SHE'S
GOT TO!

DESPERATE MINUTES LATER...

MADE IT! HOPE
STUFF LIGHTS OUT
PRONTO! IT'S
GETTING CLOSE
TO SUNRISE!



AND SHORTLY, WHEN THE PAIR IS REUNITED ATOP THE CANYON...

NICE GOING, STUFF!
NOW LET'S HIGHTAIL IT
DOWN THE BACK TRAIL!
WE STILL HAVE SOME
UNFINISHED BUSINESS
TO ATTEND TO!

YAHOO!
LEAD THE
WAY, VIG!



THUS, AT DAYBREAK, AS THE OUTLAWS RESUME THEIR TAUNTING...

HA, HA...GIT
PLENTY O'
SHUT-EYE,
VIGILANTE?

WHY DON'T YUH COME OUT
O' THERE AN' GET THIS OVER
WITH LIKE A MAN?

GOOD IDEA!
GRAB SKY--
ALL OF
YOU!



VIGILANTE!

BUT... WE
HAD YUH
HOLED UP
IN THAT CAVE!
HOW'D YUH
GET OUT?

YOU MIGHT SAY
WE SPROUTED
WINGS AND
FLEW OUT!
ALL RIGHT--
LINE UP... WE'RE
TAKING YOU
INTO TOWN!



AND SO, PRESENTLY, AFTER JAILING THE GANG...

HEY, **VIGILANTE**...
GOT AN EXTRA
BANDANNA YOU
CAN GIVE ME,
AS A
SOUVENIR?

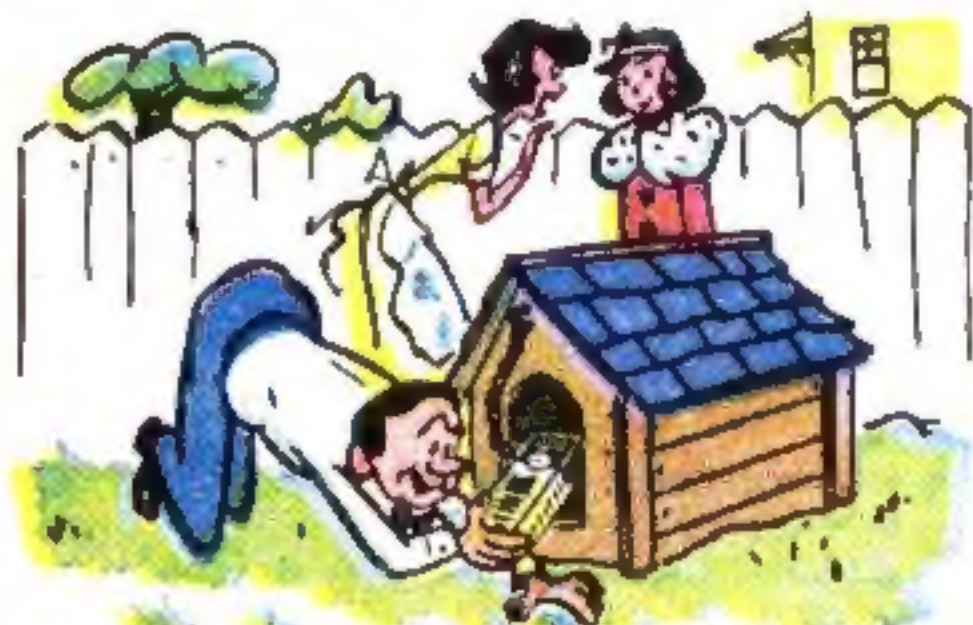
SORRY, STRANGER... I
NEVER PART WITH
MY BANDANNA, FOR..
ER... MANY REASONS!
RIGHT, STUFF?

RIGHT,
VIG... FOR
**FIVE
GOOD
REASONS!**



The END

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because it's his hair's best friend!"

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Nail Test! Don't let dry,
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GROOMS THE HAIR
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DRAW ME!



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Our students not eligible. Make copy of girl 5 inches high. Pencil or pen only. Omit the lettering. All drawings must be received by February 28, 1953. None returned. Winners notified.

ART INSTRUCTION, INC., Dept. 12502

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Please enter my attached drawing in your February contest.

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ Phone _____

City _____ Zone _____ County _____

State _____ Occupation _____

Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these 100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!
 I just won \$100. and this 15" tall Silver Trophy
 I just won this \$1,000,000 Body and a Gold Medal!

You Can Win All These
 just as I did
 in **10**
MINUTES
 OF FUN
 A DAY!

Yes! You still can win \$100 and other 25th Anniversary Prizes, if you MAIL coupon below NOW. Your success can soon be like mine. A few weeks ago I was a skinny weakling like you. I had no guts to fight for my rights. TODAY everyone admires my champ movie-star build. My mighty ARMS. My heroic CHEST. My wide manly SHOULDERS. My POPULARITY with boys. The way GIRLS go for me—once so girl-shy. My new prowess in SPORTS. My new quickness in STUDIES. My double-energy at work.

There's that skinny scarecrow JOHN. Let's pass him by!



John Sill
 NOW



JOHN SILL
 was a 125 lb.
 6 ft. WEAKLING
 LOOK at him NOW.
 A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
 from Head to Toe

as YOU
can be!
soon!

I GAINED
60 LBS. OF HANDSOME
MUSCLES! HARD-HITTING

Which of these
2 ME'S is YOU?
 that 125 lb.—6 ft. ■
CHICKEN WEAKLING BELOW
CHESTED WAS ME
 A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

NO! friend you
 don't have to be
SKINNY any more.
 Just mail **NOW** the **FREE**
 coupon below as I did.
 Soon **YOU** can add
7 inches to your **CHEST**
3½ inches to **EACH**
ARM and the rest in
 proportion as I did.

Come On, PAL
NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
 in YOUR OWN HOME
 and I'll give **YOU**

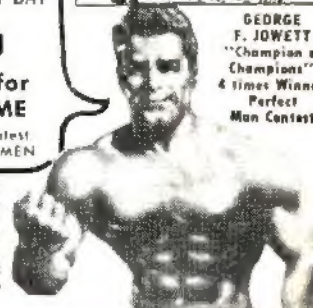
A NEW HE-MAN BODY for
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NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

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CHANCE
 TO GET FOR
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 PACKED COURSES.
MILLIONS HAVE
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 Perfect Man Contest

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to **YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST** deepened **YOUR BACK AND SHOULDERS** broadened. From head to heels, you'll become an **ALL-AROUND, ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN WINNER**—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

After a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way known to develop your body I have devised the **BEST by TEST**, my **"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER"** the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star **Tom Tyler** did. Like champ **John Sill** did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. **SO Mail coupon NOW!**

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!
1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

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 Building
 All-Around
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 —R. F. Kelley
 Physical
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JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
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LEVER-ACTION
DAISY
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Red Ryder Carbine holds nearly 1000 BBs—looks, feels, handles like real Western middle gun. Leather thong on Carbine Ring. Realistic full oval molded stock and fore-end—both "checked," Red Ryder's name, picture, horse "branded" on stock. Get one!

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REMINDS THEM TO
GET YOU A DAISY

FOR
CHRISTMAS



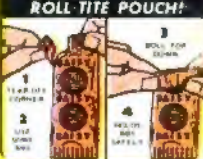
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Use the cash you got for Christmas to buy your favorite Daisy! And send coupon now for FREE "How To Start A Junior Air Rifle Club" booklet. Then show it to Mom, Dad or Guardian. It may help you get a Daisy!

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TO START
A JUNIOR
AIR RIFLE
CLUB

SHOOTERS!
TRY THIS
TRICK!

NO BB SPILLING WITH
ROLL-TITE POUCH!



AND DAISY'S ROLL-TITE
POUCH OF BULLS EYE
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